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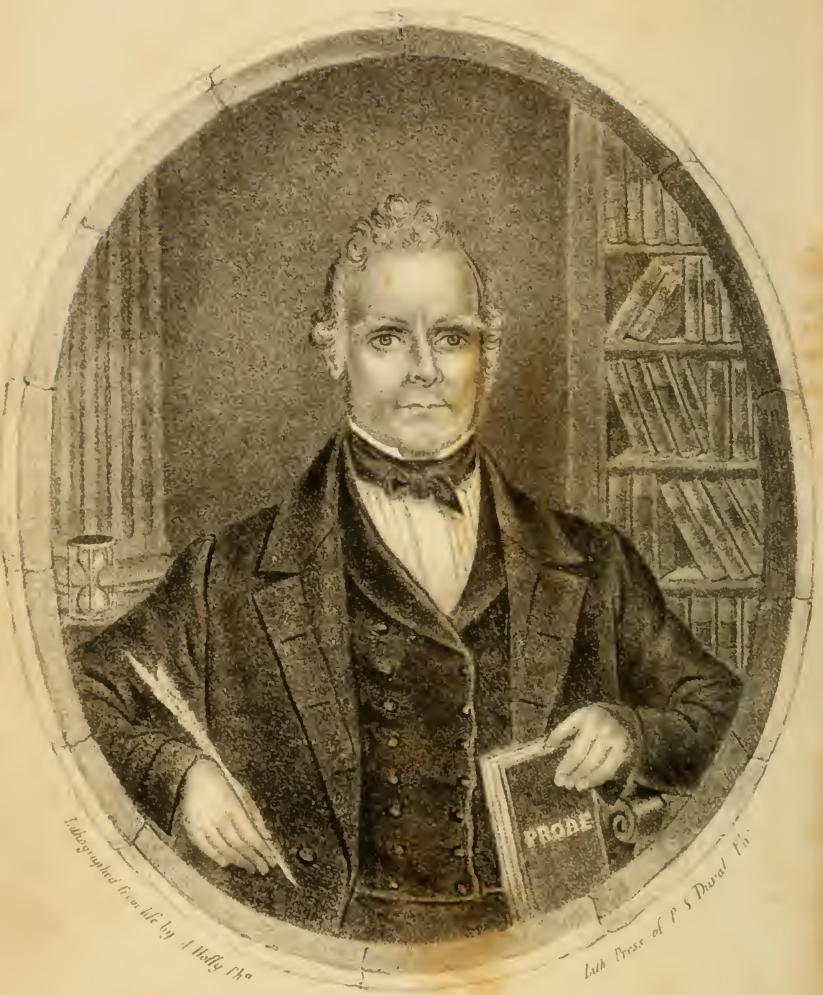
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THE
MORAL PROBE,
OR
ONE HUNDRED AND TWO ESSAYS
ON
THE NATURE OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY
L. CARROLL JUDSON,

AUTHOR OF A BIOGRAPHY OF THE SIGNERS OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

~~~~~  
"The proper study of Mankind is Man."—POPE.

The wounds that Fashion, Vice, and Folly,  
Have deeply inflicted on our fallen race,  
Much need the Probe.—AUTHOR.

~~~~~

With an Appendix,

CONTAINING

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, THE CONSTITUTION OF THE
UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS, AND
A MINIATURE BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON,
THE SIGNERS, AND PATRICK HENRY.

FOURTH EDITION.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1848.

BJ 1571

J8

1848

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846,
By L. CARROLL JUDSON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, of the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

GIFT

BERTRAM SMITH

Sept. 8. 1919

ROBERT CRAIGHEAD, PRINTER
112 FULTON STREET

PREFACE.

DURING the last fifteen years, I had spent much time in writing a series of essays, similar to the following, which, with most of my other effects, were consumed by the calamitous fire at Pittsburgh, on the tenth day of April last.

Convinced of the utility of a volume of short, pungent, and practical articles; relating to the multiform and every-day concerns of life, I have endeavored to repair the loss, by again putting my thoughts on paper, and giving to the world the result of my experience and observations, for nearly half a century.

My object has been, to probe the festering wounds of human nature, and point the afflicted patient to a healing remedy. I have aimed to present simple axioms and short propositions, calculated to rouse the mental powers of my readers; and induce them to examine; impartially, faithfully, and minutely; the vast circuit, the reaching powers, the lofty desires, and the native dignity of their immortal souls; and explore the labyrinthian mazes of the wilderness of mind; that they may form a correct estimate of themselves, and of men and things around them.

I have studied to present strong common sense and stubborn facts, in plain unvarnished language. The essays are interspersed with scraps of science, history, and anecdotes; and are intended to bring the reflecting powers of my readers, into pleasing and vigorous action. They inculcate sterling integrity, unyielding virtue, ardent patriotism, active philanthropy, pure benevolence, and universal charity.

If my arduous efforts to alleviate the miseries of my fellow creatures, produced by moral disease, shall be crowned with success, it will afford me great consolation. To raise higher the standard of morals, to promote social order, and to advance the general good of our country; should be the ruling object of all.

The Appendix is deemed an important addition, and should be often read by every citizen of the United States, and in all our schools.

· L. CARROLL JUDSON,
of the Philadelphia Bar.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 1, 1846.

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THE PROBE

ADVICE.

ADVICE, to prove beneficial, depends upon these grand requisites; honest persons, with capacity and discretion to give that which is salutary; and honest hearts, willing to receive and be guided by it. It is as abundant as spring flowers in May, but not always as odoriferous.

From Lawyers, it may be purchased in quantity, according to the purse; and in quality, from first, to fourth common, as lumbermen sell boards; the latter being the most plentiful, but usually the most expensive in the end. Lawyers can, and should be the promoters of social order; peace-makers in community, keeping people out, instead of leading them into the labyrinth of law. If no lawyers were patronized, but those who are emphatically peace-makers; who can clearly discern the right and wrong between litigants, and kindly enforce the one and correct the other, by patient and sound reasoning; a ray of millennial glory would burst upon us; millions of money would pass through a better channel, and thousands of friendships be saved from dissolution.

In the Healing Art, our country is flooded with ad-

visers, from those of science, judgment, and skill; to swarms of quack opathics, who know as much of Physiology, Pathology, Materia Medica, Pharmaceutics, Anatomy, and Physics; as a pet cat does about the battle of Waterloo. We have many of this tribe of advisers, whose self-assurance, backed by some patent nostrums, gives them a passport among the credulous, and sometimes enables them to leave in the distance, a man of science, merit, and worth; but too modest and unassuming for the times. Blustering impudence and foaming bragadocia, have performed astonishing feats in our country, within the last few years.

Specifics, in numbers that would amaze Æsculapius, are proclaimed to the wide world by trumpet-tongued newspapers, each of which is a *certain* cure for all the diseases flesh is heir to, and promises to restore the Methuselah age to the human race. The patient can be accommodated with medicine, from the microscopic dose, to the pound or gallon. He may be par-boiled in the steam bath, or chilled with ice water; he may be drenched with syrup, scoured with pills, covered with plasters, have his blood let out, or his system charged with lightning. If all these should fail, he may throw himself into the arms of Mesmerism, triumph over all diseases, and attempt to deceive death, as the man in the fable did the bear, by pretending to be dead, as the only means of saving his life. If, in the multitude of counsel there is safety, the sick should be preëminently safe.

In Politics, we have numerous advisers, most of them patriots in proportion to their interests, who counsel us to go with *their* party, right or wrong. In this matter, our own judgments should be well informed, and guide us.

In Literature, there is no deficiency in the number, variety, or quality of advisers. From the shallow-brained, self-conceited pedant, up to the able, honest, and erudite professor in our colleges, we may obtain advice, to direct our ideas how to shoot.

Bookology has also taken a high stand, and is unfurling its broad pendant before the genial breeze of science. These silent monitors may be consulted, from Tom Thumb, up to the voluminous Encyclopedia, and from that, up to the book of all books—the BIBLE.

In the every day concerns of life, there are always numerous volunteers, ever ready to give their advice, but not all, either honest or competent.

In matters of Religion, a subject of more importance than all other things combined, the advisers are legion, and as various and distinct in some non-essential particulars, as the lines of latitude and longitude. Sectarian walls tower to the clouds, and these clouds often bewilder the inquirer after truth. All Bible churches draw their creeds from the same pure fountain—all serve the same master—all aim for Heaven. In this state of things, what is to be done? My advice is, go to the Bible; there pure religion is described in few words—throw the excrescences of sectarianism to the winds, and extend charity to all Bible Christian churches. In what is necessary for the salvation of the soul, they are all right. Different sects of Christians, are like the children of one father; each has a different Christian name, but all belong to the same family—so all Christian churches belong to the household of faith, and should soar above family quarrels.

In giving advice, time, place, and manner, are of the first importance. Meekness, love, prudence, and

discretion; with other talents below mediocrity, will effect more in correcting error, reforming the vicious, and advancing pure and undefiled religion; than the talents of an angel could accomplish without them. To know what, how, and when to advise; is a matter too little understood, and less practised. If we wish the seed sown to take root, we must mellow the soil by proper cultivation. So in giving advice, we must first gain the confidence of those we deem it a duty to advise, and then look to God for success.

AGRICULTURE.

WHAT I have said on this subject in a former publication, I here repeat. Of all occupations, that of agriculture is best calculated to induce love of country, and rivet it firmly on the heart. No profession is more honourable, none as conducive to health, peace, tranquillity, and happiness. More independent than any other calling, it is calculated to produce an innate love of liberty. The farmer stands upon a lofty eminence, and looks upon the bustle of cities, the intricacies of mechanism, the din of commerce, and brain confusing, body killing literature; with feelings of personal freedom, peculiarly his own. He delights in the prosperity of the city as his market place, acknowledges the usefulness of the mechanic, admires the enterprize of the commercial man, and rejoices in the benefits that flow from the untiring investigations and developments of science; then turns his thoughts to the pristine quiet of his agrarian domain, and covets not the fame that accumulates around the other professions.

He has much time for intellectual improvement and reflection. Constantly surrounded by the varied and varying beauties of nature, and the never ceasing and harmonious operations of her laws, his mind is led to contemplate the wisdom of the great Architect of worlds, and the natural philosophy of the universe. Aloof from the commoving arena of public life, and yet, through the medium of that magic engine, the PRESS, made acquainted with the scenes that are passing there, he is able to form a dispassionate and deliberate conclusion upon the various topics that concern the good and glory of his country. In his retired domicile, he is less exposed to the baneful influence of that corrupt and corrupting party spirit, which is raised by the whirlwind of selfish ambition, and rides on the tornado of faction. Before he is roused to a participation in violent public action, he bears much, reflects deeply, and resolves nobly. But when the oppression of rulers becomes so intolerable, as to induce the farmers of a country to leave their ploughs and peaceful firesides, and draw the avenging sword—let them beware—the day of retribution is at hand.

Above all other occupations, that of agriculture enables those who pursue it, to live in a fuller, freer, purer enjoyment of religion. It is less exposed to temptations, calculated to lead frail men from the paths of virtue. If multitudes, who are hard run to get bread, would leave our pent up cities, and occupy and improve the millions of fine land in our country, yet unlocated, it would greatly enhance individual happiness and public good. Try it, ye starved ones—if you are disappointed, then I am no prophet, or the son of a prophet.

AMBITION.

Ambition is at distance

A goodly prospect, tempting to the view :
 The height delights us, and the mountain top
 Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven :
 But we never think how sandy's the foundation,
 What storms will batter, and what tempests shake us.—*Otway.*

SOME conceited wights, who study party politics more than philosophy or ethics, call all the laudable desires of the human heart, ambition, aiming to strip the monster of its deformity, that they may use it, as the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. The former are based on philanthropy, the latter, on selfishness. Lexicographers define ambition to be, an earnest desire of power, honour, preferment, pride. The honour that is awarded to power, is of doubtful gender, and the power that is acquired by ambition, is held by a slender tenure, a mere rope of sand. Its hero often receives the applause of the multitude one day, and its execrations the next. The summit of vain ambition is often the depth of misery. Based on a sandy foundation, it falls before the blasts of envy, and the tornado of faction. It is inflated by a gaseous thirst for power, like a balloon with hydrogen, and is in constant danger of being exploded, by the very element that causes its elevation. It eschews charity, and deals largely in the corrosive sublimate of falsehood, the aquafortis of envy, the elixir vitriol of revenge, and the asafœtida of duplicity. Like the kite, it cannot rise in a calm, and requires a constant wind to preserve its upward course. The fulcrum of ignorance, and the lever of party spirit,

form its magic power. An astute writer has well observed, that "ambition makes the same mistake concerning power, that avarice makes relative to wealth." The ambitious man begins, by accumulating it as the desideratum of happiness, and ends his career in the midst of exertions to obtain more. So ended the onward and upward career of Napoleon—his life, a modern wonder—his fate, a fearful warning—his death, a scene of gloom. Power is gained as a means of enjoyment, but oftener than otherwise, is its fell destroyer. Like the viper in the fable, it is prone to sting those who warm it into life. History fully demonstrates these propositions. Hyder Ali was in the habit of starting frightfully in his sleep. His confidential friend and attendant asked the reason. He replied, "My friend, the state of a beggar is more delightful than my envied monarchy—awake, he sees no conspirators—asleep, he dreams of no assassins." Ambition, like the gold of the miser, is the sepulchre of all the other passions of the man. It is the grand centre around which they move, with centripetal force. Its history is one of carnage and blood—it is the bane of substantial good—it endangers body and soul, for time and eternity. Reader, if you desire peace of mind, shun ambition and the ambitious man. He will use you as some men do their horses, ride you all day without food, and give you post meat for supper. He will gladly make a bridge of you, on which to walk into power, provided he can pass toll free. Let your aim be more lofty than the highest pinnacle ambition can rear. Nothing is pure but heaven, let that be the prize you seek,

"And taste and prove in that transporting sight,
Joy without sorrow, without darkness—light."

A N G E R .

It doth appal me
 To see your anger, like our Adrian waves,
 O'er sweep all bounds, and foam itself to air.—*Byron.*
 Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,
 And open all their rage, like summer storms,
 At once discharg'd, grow cool again, and calm.—*Johnson.*

BYRON seems to have viewed anger with contempt—Johnson, with compassion. The latter is right, and the former not far wrong. It is folly not to control our anger and keep it in subjection—long indulgence gives it a mastery over us—it then becomes a confirmed disease, and calls for our pity. It is one of the misfortunes of our fallen nature, and can best be disarmed by kindness. The bee seldom stings the hand that is covered with honey—the cross dog can be appeased with a piece of meat, the angry man is soonest cooled by gentleness. Anger is a species of momentary insanity—all humane persons treat the unfortunate subjects of this disease, tenderly, as the best means of restoring them to their right mind.

When anger comes in contact with anger, it is like the meeting of two fires—the conflagration and damage are increased. As water extinguishes the one, so will gentleness the other. *A soft answer turneth away wrath. Be angry and sin not.* By these remarks, I do not become the apologist of those who indulge this inflammable, explosive propensity—the treatment of the disease is my object. The patient who has long been afflicted, may do much towards effecting his own cure—at first, the malady was under his control. An ounce of pre-

vention then, was worth more than a pound of cure, after the habit is fixed. The disadvantages arising from anger, under all circumstances, should prove a panacea for the complaint. In moments of cool reflection, the man who indulges it, views, with deep regret, the desolations produced by a summer storm of passion. Friendship, domestic happiness, self-respect, the esteem of others, and sometimes property; are swept away by a whirlwind—perhaps a tornado of anger. I have more than once seen the furniture of a house in a mass of ruin, the work of an angry moment. I have seen anger make wives unhappy, alienate husbands, spoil children, derange all harmony, and disturb the quiet of a whole neighbourhood. Anger, like too much wine, hides us from ourselves, but exposes us to others. If the man who has, for years, been a confirmed drunkard, can form, and religiously keep, a resolution to refrain from the fatal poison, the man who has often been intoxicated with anger, should go and do likewise. He can but try—the effort may be crowned with triumphant success.

 APOTHEGMS.

SELECT AND ORIGINAL.

A SAGE and poor shepherd looked for truth. The former sought her among the stars, the latter found her at his feet.

Life, to youth, is a fairy tale just opened; to old age, a tale read through, ending in death. Be wise in time, that you may be happy in eternity.

Happiness, like a snail, is never found from home, nor without a home.

The rose is sweetest when it first opens ; the spike-nard root, when the herb dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it, but the odour of piety survives death, and perfumes the tomb.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times in a day, he patiently mends it each time. Make up your mind to do a good thing, it will be done. Fear not troubles, keep up your spirits, the darkness will pass away. If the sun is going down, look at the stars ; if they are hid by clouds, still look up to heaven, rely upon the promises of God, and be cheerful. Never yield to misfortunes. Mind what you run after ; avoid bubbles that will burst, and fire-works that end in smoke ; get that which is worth keeping, and can be kept.

Fight against a hasty temper ; a spark may set a house on fire ; a fit of passion may cause you to mourn long and bitterly. Govern your passions, or they will govern you. Conquer your enemies by kindness, preserve your friends by prudence, deserve the esteem of all by goodness.

The road ambition travels, is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, too dark for science, and too hilly for happiness.

Evil thoughts are dangerous enemies, and should be repulsed at the threshold of our minds. Fill the head and heart with good thoughts, that there be no room for bad ones.

Drinking water, neither makes a man sick nor in debt, or his wife a widow. Prosperity gains a thousand intimates, adversity often shows us that not one

of them is a real friend. Sunshine friends are the green flies of society.

Instruction by precept is tedious, by example, more effectual and short.

Life consists not in mere existence, but in spending our time in doing good here, that we may be forever happy hereafter.

Take special care what, and to whom you speak of any individual.

Fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich ; the wise keep out of the law labyrinth.

Help yourself and heaven will help you ; every man is the architect of his own fortune.

A V A R I C E.

O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this—then damn'd in that to come.—*Blair*.

A JUDICIOUS writer has well remarked, that avarice is the father of more children than Priam, and, like him, survives them all. It is a paradoxical propensity—a species of heterogeneous insanity. The miser starves himself, knowing that those who wish him dead, will fatten on his hoarded gains. He submits to more torture to lose heaven, than the martyr does to gain it. He serves the worst of tyrannical masters, more faithfully than most Christians do the best, whose yoke is easy and burden light. He worships this world, but repudiates all its pleasures. He endures all the miseries of poverty through life, that he may die in the midst of wealth. He is the mere turnkey of his

own riches—a poor fed and bad clothed slave, refusing proffered, unconditional freedom. He is the cocoon of the human race—death ends his toils, and others reel off the glossy product of his labors. He is the father of more miseries than the prodigal—whilst he lives, he heaps them on himself and those around him. He is his own and the poor man's enemy,—money is the tomb of all his passions and desires,—his mind is never expanded beyond the circumference of the almighty dollar. He thinks not of his immortal soul, his accountability to God, or of his final destiny. He covets the wealth of others, revels in extortion, stops at nothing to gratify his ruling passion, that will' not endanger his dear idol. He is an Ishmael in community,—he passes to the grave without tasting the sweets of friendship, the delights of social intercourse, or the comforts of a good repast, unless the latter is got by invitation, when abroad. The first voluntary expenditure upon his body, during his manhood, and the first welcome visit of his neighbours, both passive on his part, are at his funeral.

If we would enjoy the comforts of life rationally, we must avoid the miseries of avarice, and the evils of prodigality. Let us use the provisions of our benevolent Benefactor without abusing them, and render to Him that gratitude which is His due. Banish all inordinate desires after wealth—if you gain an abundance, be discreetly liberal—judiciously benevolent, and, if your children have arrived at their majority, die your own executor.

THE BIBLE.

Be thou my star in reason's night,
Be thou my rock in danger's fright,
Be thou my guide mid passion's way,
My moon by night—my sun by day.—*Milman.*

THE highest eulogy we can pronounce upon this book of all books, is, to take it for the man of our counsel, and the polar star of our lives—not merely to admit and laud its superior excellency, and let it remain on the shelf, until ANATHEMA MARANATHA, can be written in the dust upon its lids, and criminally neglecting to aid in giving it to the millions, who are groping in papal and heathen darkness. Divine in its origin, written by the pen of inspiration, dipped in the burning indignation of God against the wicked, on the one hand; and in the melting fountain of his love, for the good, on the other; the sublimity of its language caps the climax of Rhetoric. As a History of that grand epoch, when God said, "Let there be light; and there was light," it stands alone, clothed in the majesty of Divinity. As a Chronicle of the creation of man, after the moral image of Deity, of his ruinous fall, and of his subsequent mad career, it must remain unrivalled. As a Chart of human nature, and of human rights and wrongs, and of the character of the great Jehovah, its delineations, in precision, fulness, and force of description; far exceed the boldest strokes and finest touches, of the master spirits of every age and clime. As a system of Morals and Religion, every effort of man, to add to its transcendent beauty, or omnipotent strength, is presumption, and as vain, as

an attempt to bind the wind, or imprison the ocean. As a book of Poetry and Eloquence, it stands, in lofty grandeur, towering above the noblest productions of the most brilliant talents, that have illuminated and enraptured the classic world. As a book of Revelation, it shed a flood of light upon the wilderness of mind, that added fresh lustre and refulgence to those of Reason, Philosophy and Science, that had guided mankind to that auspicious, glorious era, when it burst upon the astonished world. As a book of Counsel, its wisdom is profound, boundless, infinite. It meets every case in time, and is the golden chain that reaches from Earth to Heaven. It teaches us our native dignity, the design of our creation, the duties we owe to our God, ourselves, our families, our parents, our children, and our fellow men. It teaches us how to live and how to die. It points the finally impenitent to their awful doom—it arms the Christian in panoply complete—snatches from death its poisoned sting, from the grave its boasted victory, and points the soul to its crowning glory—a blissful immortality beyond the skies.

BENEVOLENCE.

Soft peace it brings wherever it arrives,
 It builds our quiet—"latent hope revives,"
 Lays the rough paths of nature "smooth and even"
 And opens in each breast a little heaven.—*Prior.*

PURE benevolence is one of those amiable qualities of the human breast, that imparts pleasure to its possessor, and those who receive the benefits bestowed. It is of a modest and retiring nature, and renders its

gifts more valuable, by the delicacy with which they are conveyed. Those who most merit and need the aid of the benevolent, are usually possessed of fine feeling. The subjects of real misfortune, they are easily wounded, and dread the approach of those who carry a speaking trumpet in one hand, to proclaim the gifts they have bestowed with the other, forgetting the injunction of our blessed Redeemer, not to let one hand know the alms that are bestowed by the other.

I know some men who have refused cold bread and meat to a hungry man, yes, child and woman too, when they came famishing and *alone* to their doors, who never refuse to place their names very conspicuously upon paper subscriptions, especially if those subscriptions are to be published in some newspaper or printed document. They are like dorsiferous plants, that bear their seeds on their leaves, instead of in a capsule. Such men have the same claim to *benevolence*, as the devil has to preach religion; the donations of the former are as offensive to Heaven, as the sermons of the latter. They may both do good, but the one, being based on selfish pride, and the other on duplicity, neither the man nor the devil, are entitled to any credit for such unhallowed acts. It is well that the recipients and hearers are usually strangers to each. I know others, whose benevolence all oozes out of their hearts in whining sympathy, and rolls off at the end of the tongue. They feel deeply for the misfortunes of others, and say to them, be ye fed, warmed, and clothed, but from their abundance, do not contribute one cent, like too many who make pretensions to piety, but produce no more fruit than a hemlock tree, that has been seared with lightning.

Pure benevolence, like the dew from heaven, falls gently on the drooping flower, not at the blaze of noon-day, but in the stillness of night. Its refreshing and reviving effects are felt, seen, and admired—not the hand that distilled it. It flows from a good heart, and looks beyond the skies for approval and reward. It never opens, but seeks to heal the wounds inflicted by misfortune—it never harrows up, but strives to calm the troubled mind. Like their Lord and Master, the truly benevolent man and woman, go about doing good for the sake of goodness. No parade—no trumpet to sound their charities—no press to chronicle their acts. The gratitude of the donee is a rich recompense to the donor—purity of motive heightens and refines the joys of each. Angels smile on such benevolence. It is the attribute of Deity, the moving cause of every blessing we enjoy.

BREVITY.

BREVITY has been called the soul of wit, perhaps, because it has a short soul, floating in volatile spirits.

In his last public speech, which I heard, the celebrated Red Jacket remarked—*My speeches have one good quality*—THEY ARE SHORT.

Dr. Cotton Mather placed over the door of his office, BE SHORT. These two words should be placed over the speakers' chairs in our legislative halls, the benches of judges, the tables of authors, and over the clocks of some churches.

In business, punctuality and despatch make short work. Let friendly calls be short. Twice glad, in

formal visits, is coming short of the mark. Let your communications to those who are busy, be short. Hold no man by the button in the street, or in the door—be short. Let your anecdotes and stories be short. Let your credits, if you have any, be short. Let your speeches be short—be sure and stop when done. More noise is made in pouring a *little* water from a bottle, than when it is full. Let statute laws be short—then the sessions of our legislatures will be short. Let pleadings in court, instruments of writing, and opinions of judges, be short—that our books of reports may be short. If you have any bad habits, vicious practices, or bad companions, cut them short, or your happiness, reputation, and money may fall short.

Let the prayers, exhortations, and admonitions of every Christian, be humble, meek, fervent, sincere, earnest, affectionate, and short.

Let the sermons of ministers be nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and short. They may then be profitable; because pure, simple, and short.

Let the impenitent sinner turn from his sins at once—no delay, life is uncertain and short. This night thy soul may be required—a notice dreadful and short.

Let authors be clear, concise, pointed, comprehensive, independent, and short. Pardon me for feeding you, my reader, with shorts. Graham bread is healthy, and often made of shorts.

CALUMNY.

'Tis "calumny,"

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world! Kings, queens, and States,
 Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—*Shakespeare.*

THIS picture of Shakespeare, whose body has mouldered in the tomb over two hundred years, has lost none of its strong features by modern improvements in human society. Calumny is the same blighting Sirocco, the same envenomed scorpion, the same damning miasma, as it was when his master hand delineated its dark and fiendish physiognomy. As then, its pestiferous breath pollutes with each respiration—its forked tongue is charged with the same poison—it searches all corners of the world for victims—it sacrifices the high and low, the king and the peasant, the rich and poor, the matron and maid, the living and the dead; but, cursed propensity, delights most in destroying worth, and immolating innocence. Lacon has justly remarked, "Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts, with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow." As the Samiel wind of the Arabian desert, not only produces death, but causes the most rapid decomposition of the body; so calumny affects fame, honour, integrity, worth, and virtue. The base, black-hearted, triple-tongued, Janus-faced, cloven-footed calumniator, like the loathsome worm, leaves his path marked with the filth of malice, and scum of falsehood,

and pollutes the fairest flowers, the choicest fruits, the most delicate plants, in the green-house of character. Living, he is a travelling pest-house—dying, impenitent, his soul is too deeply stained for hell, and should be driven to that imaginary, elementless blank, beyond the confines of all worlds, shrouded in the darkness of nonentity, there to roam alone, through the ceaseless ages of eternity, without a pain or pleasure to relieve the awful monotony of that dreadful vacuum. O, reader, never calumniate the name of another—sooner plunge a dagger through his or her heart. So deep does the calumniator sink in the murky waters of degradation and infamy, that, could an angel apply an Archimedean moral lever to him, with Heaven for a fulcrum, he could not, in a thousand years, raise him to the grade of a convicted felon.

CHARITY.

Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch, my breast.—*Cotton.*

THIS golden chain, that reaches from heaven to earth, is much more admired than used—more preached about than practised. It has been remarked by some writer, “Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a Heaven, and Hell a fable.” It is another name for disinterested, lofty, unadulterated love—the attribute of Deity, that moved Him to provide a city of refuge for our fallen, ruined race, when exposed to the vengeance and penalty, imposed by the holy law of God, violated by our federal head. It is placed at the head of all the Christian virtues by St. Paul, the ablest divine that ever graced a pulpit or wielded a pen. It

is the substratum of philanthropy, the brightest star in the Christian's diadem. It spurns the scrofula of green-eyed jealousy, the canker of tormenting envy, the tortures of burning malice, the typhoid of foaming revenge. It is an impartial mirror, set in the frame of love, resting on equity and justice. It is the foundation and cap stone of the climax of all the Christian graces—without it, our religion is like a body without a soul—our friendships, shadows of a shadow—our alms, the offsprings of pride, or, what is more detestable, the offerings of hypocrisy—our humanity, a mere iceberg on the ocean of time—we are unfit to discharge the duties of life, and derange the design of our creation. Was this Heaven-born, soul-cheering principle, the mainspring of human action, the all pervading motive-power, that impelled mankind in their onward course to eternity, the polar star to guide them through this world of sin and wo—the ills that flesh is heir to, would be softened in its melting sun beams, a new and blissful era would dawn auspiciously upon our race, and Satan would become a bankrupt for want of business. Wars and rumors of wars would cease—envy, jealousy, and revenge; would hide their diminished heads—falsehood, slander, and persecution would be unknown—sectarian walls, in matters of religion, would crumble in dust—the household of faith would become, what it should be—one united, harmonious family in Christ—infidelity, vice, and immorality would recede, and happiness, before unknown, would become the crowning glory of man. Pure and undefiled religion would then be honored and glorified—primitive Christianity would stand forth, divested of the inventions of men, in all the majesty of its native loveliness

--the victories of the cross would be rapidly achieved --and the bright day be ushered in, when Jesus shall rule, King of nations, as he now does King of saints.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

INFANTS, of all the animal creation, when ushered into this world, are more helpless, and remain so longer than the young of any of the brute creation. The wisdom of God, in this, as in all his economy, is conspicuous. Nothing binds so firmly the union of hearts, as the increasing love of parents to their children, enhanced by the arduous and protracted care, necessary to sustain and bring them up. The mother, who is worthy of that endearing name, finds a new impetus to urge her on to the fulfilment of every duty, imposed by her marriage vows. The father, if not transformed from a man to a brute, feels, more deeply, his obligations as a protector, and nobly discharges them. A social compact is thus formed, and becomes one of the links of the great chain that forms a society, which increases to a state, and finally to a nation. The great length of time it requires, to prepare children to act and do for themselves, enlarges and strengthens this link, and operates as the most powerful incentive to maintain good government. Hence, not only the advantage, but the absolute necessity of the marriage institution. Let this become obsolete, the waves of destruction would roll over us like a mighty flood. Its abuse, by some miscreant wretches, demons in human shape, is no argument against it. The intrinsic value of religion is not reduced, because the devil gets into a church. It is the keystone of social order—properly

entered into and properly used, it is the desideratum of human happiness, and nothing refines this happiness so much, as a well regulated and skilfully cultivated juvenile nursery. Here, the scion is reared that makes the tree—be it crooked or straight.

As the mental powers of children are developed, and often when yet at the breast, certain traits in their dispositions are plainly seen. To be enabled to treat them properly, all their propensities must be well understood. The father is the king over this little community, but generally imposes upon his QUEEN, the duties of juvenile government, which is the first and important duty in the nursery. Laws must be enacted—few in number at the commencement—simple, plain, reasonable, and absolute. Too much governing and legislation, injure children, as well as our commonwealth. To govern properly, you must always govern yourself. Let your own examples enforce the precepts you inculcate. To train up a child in the right way, you must walk in the right way yourself. Children are close observers. The great secret in juvenile government, in the nursery and in the school, is, to gain and retain their love. This inspires respect, and these, more than any other thing, will induce obedience. Tenderness and firmness are the fulcrum and lever with which to operate. Anger should be manifested never—displeasure and tender regret, whenever the child violates any known rule of discipline. Rare and perverse is the disposition, that requires the rod, Solomon to the contrary, notwithstanding. Obedience, based on fear, and not on esteem and respect, makes a slave, and mars the native loveliness of the image of a son, daughter, or pupil. Harsh scolding language, and frequent hard

blows, create the former—kindness, reason, and a uniform firmness, improve the latter. Children have good memories—excessive severity is never forgotten; it may so dry up the fountain of love, that its gushing waters will never again flow clear and free. It has often rendered desperate, but has rarely softened a morose disposition. It has sometimes prostrated the energies of a child, but never gives them a healthy vigor. Too much pruning endangers a shrub, more than the shade of a dense forest. Dr. Cotton Mather made it a rule, never to resort to corporeal punishment, except for atrocious wrongs, or minor faults, obstinately persisted in. And when the rod *must* be used, by reasoning mildly with the offender, you may generally convince the child of the atrocity of the offence, the justness of the punishment, and the tender regard you have for his good, and thus preserve his esteem—in no other way can it be done. If he is naturally bad, improper punishment will make him worse. No unnecessary restraints or unreasonable tasks, should be imposed on children. In this way, their mental and physical powers may be crippled. Make their obedience passive, their hearts cheerful, and their actions free. Never excite them by unnecessary crosses and vexation, merely to exercise your authority. Blame them cautiously for errors, and commend them liberally for good conduct. Correct all faults the moment they appear; weeds grow more rapidly than the esculent plant, each hour of neglect retards the growth of the latter, and increases the labor of destroying the former. Beware of partiality. It is an incubus upon good government, and is as quickly perceived, and more keenly felt by children, than by adults. If one child is less amiable,

docile, and gifted, than another in the same family neglect will increase these qualities fearfully. A favorite child among children, is made unhappy by mistaken favoritism—arousing in the others one of the basest passions—envy,—which makes the latter worse and the former miserable. The merits of the favorite may justify the feelings of preference, indulged by the parents, but this feeling should be judiciously suppressed, at least, until the children arrive at their majority; and by some discreet fathers, is first exhibited in their wills.

The education of children should commence in the nursery, and the mother should be the teacher. I speak not of book learning, which is a mere adjunct. Impressions, deep and lasting, are imprinted on the mind of the young child, before it learns a letter. The infant, long before it can articulate a word, is impressed with things that please the eye and the taste, and by indulgence, may contract a habit, lasting as life. An infant may be fed on food, poisoned with alcoholic liquors, and imbibe an artificial taste, that may doom the *man* to a drunkard's grave, perhaps to a drunkard's hell. Imitation is early developed; the first oral lessons that are understood, are seldom eradicated—and have a great influence on the formation of character. The first lines of a hymn, the first simple prayers, lisped by the child, as it learns them from the lips of a pious mother, are remembered through life, and have often led to early piety, and laid the foundation of greatness, based on goodness. Early scenes of terror, shame, joy, and violent indignation, are seldom eradicated from the mind. Frightful bugbear stories of ghosts, hobgoblins, and witches, are never forgotten,

and are criminally pernicious, creating artificial fear, that remains unconquered by riper years.

How important, then, that first impressions, the preliminaries to a school education, should be as pure as the unsullied sheet on which they are imprinted, and that no foul blots deface its fair surface. How important that the mother and the nurse should be discreet, affectionate, kind, firm, intelligent, and pious. If all were so, we should have more Washingtons, who would bless their mothers and honour our country. Mothers, your responsibility to your children, and your country, is vast beyond conception. Your precepts and your examples, will tell through future time, for weal or for wo.

The great secret in teaching children, is, to gain so large a share of their love and confidence, as to direct their inclinations into the proper channel. Enlist their attention, convince them of the benefits in prospect, the rewards of application, and the degrading consequences of neglect. Treat them with kind and marked attention, uniform politeness and courtesy, but not with childish familiarity. Make them feel their importance as human beings, without inflaming their pride. Teach them the duties they owe to their parents, their teachers, their fellows, their country, and their God. Treat their inquisitiveness with patience and encouragement, and manifest a pleasure in their disposition to learn the reason of things. It is the germ of intellect, and if properly fostered, will ripen into the fruit of knowledge. A contrary course has blasted many a promising bud, like a killing frost, the tender vine. Curiosity in children, is the grand lever of nature, to raise them from the quarry of ignorance, and needs the fulcrum of a

patient teacher, to render it efficient. It is the main-spring of improvement, and if suffered to rust from neglect, impairs the motion of the machinery of the mind. Indifference or rebuke, destroys its elasticity—to answer all inquiries, is to lead the child up the hill of science, and prepare him for future usefulness.

Impress, deeply, upon the minds of your children, the importance of always speaking unvarnished, unprevaricated truth. Among the old *pagan Persians*, not a liar could be found.—In our Christian land, liars are more annoying, and as common as musquitoes in August, and may be found even in our churches. How great the contrast in morals! Some wicked parents teach this vice to their children purposely, as an adjunct of pilfering.—Some good fathers and mothers teach it through inadvertency. It is sometimes induced by too severe punishment for faults committed, causing the child to resort to falsehood, to avoid a castigation. Other parents teach it by practising deception on their children, which cannot long be concealed. In other instances, parents make promises to their children, only to break them, and thus inculcate this ill habit. Some parents wink and laugh at fibs in their little ones, as a mark of cunning and sagacity, instead of crushing the propensity in embryo. This is leading them into temptation, and not delivering them from evil. Some parents and teachers injure their children and pupils, by blunting their sense of shame, a powerful principle of human nature, that requires the most delicate and skilful hand to manage it to advantage. It is the hair-spring of the machine, and is operated upon by the least movement of the regulator, which, if turned too far, lets it out, and deranges the motion

of every wheel. Shame should be brought into action, only to correct the grosser errors. You may as well take the hair-spring from a watch, as to paralyze shame in a child, by over working it. The more delicate it is, the more readily will a rough hand destroy it.

To balance, properly, HOPE and FEAR, in children is a matter of high importance, and of rare attainment. Hope, without fear, engenders rashness—fear, without hope, destroys mental and physical energy. The former is the motive-power, the latter, the safety-valve of human society and civil government. A family is a government in miniature.—What is proper for one, is proper for both, notwithstanding the greater often indulges in wrongs, for which it would punish the lesser.

Parents and teachers, before they are prepared to balance these two great principles in children, must effect an equilibrium in themselves, and pursue a consistent, uniform course, in precept and example. Excessive indulgence one day, and chilling severity the next, will soon cause a vibration in the best balanced mind of a child. Thus, a teacher, at school, may destroy the good work of a correct parent; and the bad management of a parent, may counteract the unwearied exertions of a judicious teacher. This subject requires more attention than it receives.

To produce an equilibrium of hope and fear in the minds of children, they must be taught the cause and the certainty of rewards and punishments. They must be made to fear to do wrong because it is a violation of right, as well as an exposure to punishment—and to hope for a reward when they act correctly, because the natural result of good actions; and that a good

character is their highest reward in life. They should be taught to shun evil because it is sin, and to do right for the sake of righteousness. Such hope is not selfish—such fear is not slavish. Let them have a reasonable share of rational, innocent, and healthful recreation, and a fixed time for receiving instruction, either from oral lessons or books. Impress on their minds, the importance and advantage of system in every thing. Let them learn and practise the motto—*a time and a place for every thing, and every thing in its time and place*. Finally, teach them the enormity of every vice, and the blessings of every virtue, that they may early learn to shun the former and practise the latter. Above all, teach them pure and undefiled religion. The subject may appear trifling—it is so treated generally, and, *because* so treated, and *because* children are not properly trained, our county prisons and penitentiaries are crowded with felons, and our country with thousands more who ought to be there. Train up your children in the way they should go, and you will rob the penitentiary and the gallows of many a subject, and save souls from perdition.

CONDESCENSION.

THIS is an amiable, and, discreetly used, an advantageous quality. I have somewhere read of two goats that met midway, on a narrow pass, over a deep gulf. Neither could turn round to go back, without danger of falling off, and one very courteously laid down, and permitted the other to walk, not harshly, but gently over him, and both passed on in safety. This is not the first wise lesson I have learned from brute ani-

mals, who act much more consistently than some men, who claim reason for a guide, but seldom follow its directions.

In passing over the highway of life, it is often necessary to condescend to accommodate our fellow travellers, and put ourselves to mutual or individual inconvenience, to get along smoothly. By condescension, I mean not that any one shall yield a single thing that is not clearly right, or submit to any thing clearly wrong—but if we meet another in straitened circumstances, when he can neither go back or forward, without using us, gently, let him do it—do not be too particular which shall be walked over. The great social law of humanity requires, that we should grant all accommodations to our fellow travellers, that cannot essentially injure us, or that will not compromise the fixed principles of truth, justice, and righteousness.

If a more yielding disposition was exercised in things that tend to better and ameliorate the condition of man, and a more obstinate resistance made to injustice, vice, and immorality; peace and happiness would be promoted, and social order advanced.

In the domestic circle, obstinacy, and a want of mutual confidence, do much mischief. Instead of advising with each other, and profiting by mutual counsel, husbands and wives too often seek the advice of others, who have no interest, and perhaps less capacity, in giving safe counsel. Many a husband would have been saved from shipwreck, had he made a confidant of his wife in all his business, and taken her advice. No one can feel as deep an interest in his prosperity and happiness as she should, and does, if worthy to be a wife. Children should yield implicit obedience to

parents, and even manhood should not place them above their counsel. The best lessons on this subject are contained in the Bible—the best experience, in the enjoyment of religion.

CONSISTENCY.

CONSISTENCY is a jewel of more value to the human family, than all the precious stones and gold of the earth. It is the prime minister of mind, giving healthful vigor to reason, prudence, discretion, and common sense. *Be consistent*, was long a motto of the old Romans—when this became obsolete in practice, they ceased to be.

It was the motto of our revolutionary sires, and is still the watch word of every old school patriot among us—the Simon Pure republicans of our land—the salt of our free institutions. True, we have much of the paper currency of inconsistency in circulation, but I flatter myself, we have a sufficient quantity of the genuine coin in the vault of patriotism, to redeem enough of this paper, should a pressure come upon us, to save our country from bankruptcy. But, to render us safe, as a nation and people, the virtue of consistency must be more thoroughly and generally inculcated. Inconsistency is a rank, poisonous weed, and is taking deep root in our soil. Confined to no age or country, its unholy leaven, once introduced into the mass, may suddenly pollute the whole lump, and produce fearful and rapid destruction. Its march is onward; it gains force and velocity, and the moment it is permitted to pass the summit of the inclined plane of reason, the

rope of patriotism snaps, the hook of integrity is broken, the car of government and social order is plunged into the awful gulf of revolution, and often injured, beyond the possibility of repair. - When the death knell of our admired republic is sounded, it will be with the grating notes of the clarion of inconsistency.

How important that our public men be consistent, discreet, wise, virtuous. If they are not so, it is the fault of the people, if they do not supply their places by those that are. Upon the virtue and intelligence of the mass, a free government depends. Let consistency, in all things, be practised by our people individually; we will then insure the prosperity and safety of our free institutions, not otherwise. Each person contributes to form national character. The key stone of the arch of consistency, is pure and undefiled religion. No people can be truly great, unless they are truly good. All history proves the truth of this assertion. True greatness is that which produces the greatest amount of happiness. This is never based on military power, or the pageantry of courts. The ancient patriarchs, and those around them, enjoyed more substantial comfort than the kings of Greece, the emperors of Rome, or the monarchs of modern times, and their vassal subjects.

All power is in the people, and if surrendered to an individual, they enter into voluntary slavery. This is gross inconsistency; the spawn of duplicity, the scourge of slaves, and a national curse. Man came from the hand of his Creator free, and betrays his God by voluntarily surrendering that freedom to man. To make, and maintain laws of social order, is not, as some casuists have contended, a surrender of personal liber-

ty, when that liberty is predicated on its legitimate foundation—virtue. The arrangements of a social compact, are a consolidation of personal liberty, like the consolidation of money in a co-partnership, for the purpose of increasing, not of diminishing strength. This consolidation of personal liberty, raises the mass of individuals from savage barbarism, to national civilization and freedom, imparting and refining rational enjoyment, and prompting mutual improvement and protection.

That each member may add to the strength of the compact, let the following maxims be observed, as the indexes of consistency.

Remember that contentment is the real philosopher's stone. Shun idleness—it is the parent of poverty—the idle man's brain is the devil's work shop. Avoid intemperance—Bacchus has drowned more persons than Neptune. Bear misfortunes with fortitude—prosperity with meekness. Betray no trust, divulge no secret. Confine your tongue within proper limits, or it may confine you within the cells. Command your temper, or it may place you under the command of the police. Curb every licentious passion, throttle every unholy propensity. Remember that brevity is the soul of wit, business the salt of life, punctuality the life of business, and discretion, the safety valve of action. Equity is the bond of social order, truth the basis of all excellence—let them guide you through life. Enter not into party faction and political intrigue—they are the canker worms of our elective franchise, and the bane of legislation. Practise the golden rule—do not be content with the silver one—do as you are done by, and most scrupulously avoid the iron rule, to gain the

end regardless of *means*. Practise charity, love mercy, deal justly, walk humbly, trust in God, obey his precepts, do good and no evil to your fellow men, and BE CONSISTENT TO THE LAST.

CONTENTMENT.

'Tis better to be lowly born
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.—*Shakespeare*.

CONTENTMENT is felicity. Few are the real wants of man. Like a majority of his troubles, they are more imaginary than real. Some well persons want to be better, take medicine, and become sick in good earnest—perhaps die under some patented nostrum. Some persons have wealth—they want more—enter into some new business they do not understand, or some wild speculation, and become poor indeed. Many who are surrounded by all the substantial comforts of life, become discontented because some wealthier neighbor sports a carriage, and his lady, a Brussels carpet and mahogany chairs, entertains parties, and makes more show in the world than they. Like the monkey, they attempt to imitate all they see that is deemed fashionable; make a dash at greater contentment; dash out their comfortable store of wealth; and sometimes, determined on quiet at least, close the farce with a tragedy, and dash their brains out with a blue pill. Discontented persons live in open rebellion against their great Benefactor, and virtually claim wisdom, more than infinite. They covet they wish, and wishes are as prolific as rabbits. One

imaginary want, like a stool pigeon, brings flocks of others, and the mind becomes so overwhelmed, that it loses sight of all the real comforts in possession. False theories of human happiness are adopted, common sense and reason are paralyzed, a perverse temper, like cider in the sun, becomes changed to an acute sour; the imagined opinions of others, that they belong to the lower ten thousand, lash their pride into a foaming fury; old fashioned contentment is banished from the domicile, and they start in full pursuit after an *Ignis Fatuus*, and are led, rapidly, into the quagmire of poverty and want. They barter competence, domestic felicity, and substantial comforts, for ideal good, and obtain, for their labour, the dregs of wretchedness. Let all remember, that a contented mind is a continual feast; that most of the upper ten thousand are strangers to its enjoyments; that confidence in God and a sweet submission to His will, are the surest sources of happiness, and that Lazarus left his rags for Heaven, and the rich man left his riches, for that place of torment, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

“We want but little here below,
Nor want that little long.”

CURRENTS.

IN the Baltic sea, there is an upper and under current, running in opposite directions, a fit emblem of the men and customs of our country, in former times, and of the present day; the under current representing the happy simplicity and virtue of our pilgrim

fathers, and revolutionary patriots ; the upper, the inconsistency of many modern men, times, and practices.

The man who studies the laws and operations of unerring nature, and drinks freely at her crystal fountain, enjoys a happiness, purer and nobler, than that drawn from many of the highly varnished schools of the present luminous era. In the days of Penn, Franklin, and Rittenhouse ; industry, a clear head, a matured judgment, and a good heart ; with a good share of what the modern *litterati* are pleased to term, a *common* education, were the best recommendations and surest passports, to public esteem and promotion. Now, in view of very many, a *liberal* education forms the legitimate stepping stone to the pulpit, the legislative hall, and the temple of fame. The primary landmarks of common knowledge and common sense, are, in view of many, lost, in the blaze of light, shed upon our country, by the luminaries of newly invented systems of science. The under current of practical intelligence, fit for every day use, is sinking deeper and lower, beneath the foaming torrent of the upper current, formed of fashionable and polite literature. A sermon, or a public speech, to be acceptable to some modern *ears*, not *hearts*, must be trimmed, like a Parisian bonnet, with all the ribbons of a brilliant fancy, and flowers of rhetoric ; good sense and sound logic being a secondary matter. A few roses, culled from the dead, or foreign living languages, render it still more palatable. The waters of theology have become so deep, and so filled with snags and brush wood, that common fishermen can no longer labor with success. A man is no longer fit for the legislative hall, for the bar, or any of the *learned* professions, unless he has

mastered the classics and all the sciences, except the science of common business, and common sense, without which, he is a splendid ship without a helm.

I mean no disrespect to high seminaries of learning, or to the *literati*, but congratulate our country, and them, that we enjoy the shining lights of the classics, and the highest branches of science. I only aim to correct a mistaken idea that has gained credence with many, that, when a man has graduated at college, he is raised above the Heaven-born principle of equality, and is privileged to ride through life on the shoulders of commercial, mechanical, and agricultural men; called, by some high-toned, aristocratic professors, the *common herd*; but who are the bone and sinew of our country. Primary schools, where a thorough English education can be acquired, are of the first importance, and should never be overwhelmed by the upper current of incorporated colleges.

When the mechanic shop, the counting house, the plough, the distaff, and the kitchen; fall into disrepute, and are submerged by the upper current of fashionable accomplishments, vain show, pomp, and parade; the sun of our country's glory will set in gloom. When the republican simplicity of Greece and Rome receded before high classical literature, imported luxuries, and rules of etiquette—when they ceased to call men from the plough, to the cabinet and the field; when the women exchanged the kitchen for the drawing room; corruption supplanted virtue; the genius of LIBERTY veiled its face, and fled; dissolution followed—ruin closed the scene.

Fashion contributes largely to swell the upper current, now rolling its towering waves over our land.

Care, fatigue, vexation, envy, jealousy, loss of health, and a waste of wealth; are the bitter fruits she gives to her devotees; often producing the consumption of poverty, and the pleurisy of blue ruin. She is the *Ignis Fatuus* of fancy; the farther she is pursued, the deeper the mire in her path.

Idleness is an ingredient in the upper current, which was scarcely known, and never countenanced, in the good old linsey woolsey, tow and linen, mush and milk, pork and potatoe times of the pilgrim fathers, and revolutionary patriots. We now have those among us, who had rather go hungry and be clad in rags, than to work. We also have a numerous train of gentlemen idlers, who pass down the stream of life at the expense of their fellow passengers. They live well, and dress well, as long as possible, by borrowing and spunging, and then take to gambling, swindling, stealing, robbing; and often pass on for years, before justice overtakes them. So long as these persons can keep up fashionable appearances, and elude the police, they are received into the company of the upper ten thousand. Many an idle knave, by means of a fine coat, a lily hand, and a graceful bow; has been received into the *polite* circles of society with eclat, and walked, rough shod, over a worthy young mechanic or farmer, who had too much good sense to make a dash, or imitate the monkey shines of an itinerant dandy. A fine dress, in the eyes of some, covers more sins than charity.

Among the wealthy, there are many who ride high in the upper current, preferring pleasure to business, bringing up their children in idleness and extravagance, instead of teaching them frugality and economy; and

finally leave the world with their estates insolvent. Their sons and daughters, being ignorant of business, cannot provide for themselves by honest industry, and are often led into the purlieus of vice, and are quickly lost in the maelstrom of iniquity.

Vanity, self conceit, and self ignorance, contribute to swell the upper current. Lying and deceit are ever rolling their frightful surges over the under current of truth, creating a dense fog that is impenetrable, and has proved disastrous to many fine vessels, which had credulity for a pilot, and neglected to cast out the anchor of investigation, and lay to, until the fog was dispelled.

The politics of the present day form the foam of the upper current, and rush on, with a maddening fury, that constantly casts up mire and dirt. Formerly, the political car was moved by the motive power of reason, patriotism, and love of country—now, it is rushed forward by the locomotive of party spirit—and no one can tell how soon we shall be run off the track, and be dashed in pieces.

Aristocracy is also contributing largely to swell the upper current, and is doing much to destroy the republican simplicity of '76.

Sectarianism, in matters of religion, has contributed to swell the upper current, and has often covered charity, humility, and forgiveness, with the waves of persecution and revenge, wounding the blessed Redeemer, in the house of his professed friends.

In short, vice and immorality, in all their deceptive forms, are combined to swell the upper current, and would gladly sink the under current of wisdom and virtue, below the reach of mind; and waft the family

of man, on the fiery billows of sin and corruption, beyond the reach of hope, happiness, and peace. Let us all, in matters of domestic, political, moral, and religious economy; beware of the upper current. Let us fasten the lead of reason, and buoy of Revelation to the line of consistency, and let our soundings be deep and often.

DEATH.

Death is the crown of life.

Death wounds to cure! we fall, we rise, we reign.—*Young*.

THE thought of meeting this king of terrors, is made unwelcome by most of the human family. Even the Christian is prone to treat the subject unkindly, until he is compelled to approach this grim monster, and, as the acquaintance increases, the insatiate devourer of the body loses his deformity, and, in the end, proves himself a genuine friend. We should all make the acquaintance of this, our final deliverer, voluntarily and at once. Treat death as an enemy, and unkindly leave him to force himself upon us at the last hour! How cruel. Treat death as an enemy! How ungrateful, unwise, and imprudent. Is he an enemy, who delivers us from pains, follies, disappointments, miseries and wo? Is he an enemy, who transfers us from delusive dreams, from the region of bubbles and corroding cares; to a region where all is pure, substantial, enduring joy and endless felicity? It is a libel on DEATH to call him our foe, a king of terrors, an enemy.

Frail man comes into the world crying, cries on through life, and is always seeking after some desired thing which he imagines is labelled HAPPINESS, or is

mourning over some loss, which makes him miserable; a restless mortal body, with an immortal soul, that requires something more than earth can give to satisfy its lofty desires; the soul that hails death as the welcome messenger, to deliver it from its ever changing ever decaying prison house of clay, called man; on which time wages a perpetual war; whitening his locks, furrowing his cheeks, stealing his ivory, weakening his nerves, paralyzing his muscles, poisoning his blood, battering his whole citadel, deranging the whole machinery of life, and wasting his mental powers; until he becomes twice a child; and then delivers him over to his last and best friend, DEATH, who breaks the carnal bondage, sets the imprisoned spirit free, closing a toilsome career of infelicity; opening the door of immortal happiness, returning the soul to its own, original, and glorious home; to go no more out forever. Not to become familiar with death, is to endure much unnecessary fear, and add to the myriads of the other imaginary woes of human life. For the Christian, death has no real terrors—all who are wise, are Christians.

DEBTS.

THE money that has been lost by the ruinous credit system in our country, could it be gathered into one aggregate sum, would be sufficient to pay our national debt, the debts of each state and corporation, and build a railroad from Boston to Oregon. By the last Bankrupt Law, as short a time as it was in force, about one hundred millions of dollars, in bad debts,

were blotted out as by magic ; and thousands of honest men, who were better entitled to its benefits, than many who enjoyed them, did not apply for relief. Contracting debts, is not unlike the man who goes to sea without a compass—he may steer clear of rocks, sand-bars, a lee shore, and breakers ; but the chances are greatly against him ; and, if he runs foul of either, ten to one he is lost. The present indiscriminate credit system is a labyrinth, the entrance is easy, but how to get out—that's the question. It is an endless chain, and if one link breaks in a particular community, it deranges the whole. The concussion may break many more, create a panic, and the chain become useless. If this misfortune would cure the evil, it would be a blessing in disguise ; but so deeply rooted is this system among us, that no sooner is one chain destroyed, than another is manufactured ; an increasing weight is put upon it ; presently, some of its links snap, another concussion is produced, and creates a new panic ; car after car rushes down the inclined plane of bankruptcy, increasing the mass of broken fragments and general ruin, all so commingled, that a Philadelphia lawyer, aided by constables and sheriffs, can bring but little order out of the confusion. At the outset, especially among merchants, a ruinous tax is imposed by this system, upon the vendor and vendee. The seller, in addition to a fair profit for cash in hand, adds a larger per cent. to meet losses from bad debts, but which often falls far short of the mark. Each purchaser, who is ultimately able to pay, bears the proportionate burden of this tax, and both contribute large sums to indulge those who cannot, and, what is worse, those who never intended to pay ; thus encouraging fraud,

sometimes subsequent, but often original in its conception. Like the tariff, the sinuosities of this system are understood but by a few, and realized by fewer still. From the manufacturer to the consumer, the tax, induced by the credit system, is increased; the latter consumes more freely *because* he buys on credit, extravagance usurps the place of economy and produces idleness; the retailer, who has imposed the last and largest tax, often finds nothing left with his customer, but the rags of the goods he has sold, and the carcase his provisions have sustained. The officers of the law close the farce, by playing upon the rags and carcase with sundry paper implements, with results less curious and more expensive, than those of the galvanic battery upon a corpse. The consumer is the swivel link in the chain, the moment this swivel loses its head, by too much pressure and friction, the derangement commences. The links may be keyed together by delay, as the farmer keys his chain with wood, but the key soon wears out, and the last failure may be at a worse time and place than the first.

Debts contracted by borrowing, are more onerous, not to say, as many do, more honorable, than those incurred by purchase. The borrower becomes a bound slave to the lender, and places his heirs in the same situation. He goes to sea with a deck load, and little or no ballast in the hold, and a sudden squall of fortuitous wind, throws his craft on its beams ends, and often, the wreck but little more than pays the salvage of the court officers; lender and borrower are both carried into the breakers, and dashed on a lee barren shore, drenched and penniless. We have hordes of small borrowers of money, who are the gad flies of

community. Each is satisfied with a drop, but their numbers are so great, that, if not guarded against by the fly net of resolution, they will weaken the system by their combined draughts. To ask for small debts, is painful to the lender, and is considered an insult to the borrower.

We have many who are prone to contract new debts, and lose sight of old ones. They are mere passengers in the life boat, and leave others to work at the oar, and furnish every thing. As time rolls on, the Statute of Limitation dims their vision: the Rubicon passed, the debts are cancelled. It is "a fair business transaction," say they, the law intervenes; abused confidence, honour, integrity, justice and conscience; have no part or lot in the matter. We will obey the law, "and make it honorable."

We have also another species of small borrowers, who may feel neglected if not noticed: those who borrow a bucket of coal, a piece of butter, a little meat, salt, pepper, flour, ginger, tea, coffee, milk, sugar, with a piece of candle, and a little of all the good things for the stomach, and sometimes, not so often, a piece of soap, wash basin, and towel. These borrowers have generally bad memories, and, if their memories serve them, their weights and measures are lessened by long use; or, perhaps they think it right to take toll enough to pay for running their borrowing machine.

So long as the pernicious credit system is the order of the day, monetary pressures, panics, convulsions, and revulsions will continue in our country; producing distress and ruin at each periodical return. *Owe no man*, is an injunction of Holy Writ, and, if not obeyed, like the violation of the other injunctions radiating from

that polar star to guide man to happiness and peace, the consequences are often disastrous.

DESPAIR.

A dark cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm, or brighten—like that Syrian lake,
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain—for all beneath is dead.—*Moore.*

No calamity can produce such paralysis of the mind, as despair. It is the cap stone of the climax of human anguish. The mental powers are frozen with indifference, the heart becomes ossified with melancholy, the soul is shrouded in a cloud of gloom. No words of consolation, no cheerful repartee, can break the death-like calm: no love can warm the pent-up heart, no sunbeams dispel the dark clouds. Time may effect a change; death will break the monotony. We can extend our kindness, but cannot relieve the victim. We may trace the causes of this awful disease; God only can effect a cure. We may speculate upon its nature, but cannot feel its force, until its iron hand is laid upon us. We may call it weakness, but cannot prove or demonstrate the proposition. We may call it folly, but can point to no frivolity to sustain our position. We may call it madness, but can discover no maniac actions. We may call it stubbornness, but can see no exhibitions of indocility. We may call it lunacy, but cannot perceive the incoherences of that unfortunate condition. We can call it, properly, nothing but dark, gloomy despair, an undefined and undefinable paralyzation of all the sensibilities that render a man happy,

and capable of imparting happiness to those around him. It is a state of torpid dormancy, rather than a mental derangement of the cerebral organs.

It is induced by a false estimate of things, and of the dispensations and government of the God of mercy. Disappointments, losses, severe and continued afflictions, sudden transition from wealth to poverty, the death of dear friends; may cast a gloom over the mind that does not correctly comprehend the great first cause, and see the hand of God in every thing; and produce a state of despair, because these things are viewed in a false mirror. Fanaticism in religious meetings has produced the most obstinate and melancholy cases of despair, that have come under my own observation. Intelligence, chastened by religion, are the surest safeguards against this state of misery; ignorance and vice are its greatest promoters. Despair is the destruction of all hope, the deathless sting, that refines the torment of the finally impenitent and lost. It is that undying worm, that unquenchable fire, so graphically described in Holy Writ.

Reader, if you desire an insurance against the iron grasp of despair, you can obtain it without money and without price, by applying to the immaculate Redeemer. He stands, with open arms, to receive, and keep in safety, all who believe in His name and put their trust in Him, for time and eternity. Then you may hope on and hope ever. Then you will have a sheet anchor to your soul, that will enable you to out-ride the storms of time, and at last, be moored in the haven of eternal rest.

DISCRETION.

THIS important principle is, wisdom applied to practice. It is one of those terms that many measure by the sliding scale, so much in use by those whose judgments are warped by circumstances, who are men of principle according to their own interest; whose consciences are as elastic as India rubber; who wind themselves up in self, like a cocoon, and run counter to the design of their creation; mere automatons in the scale of being, so far as usefulness is concerned. The party man deems it discreet to do all within his power to advance the interests of his party, right or wrong. The applicant for an office, in many instances, deems it discreet to resort to wire working, pipe laying, and all other means within the compass of his ingenuity, to accomplish his object. Many incumbents of elective offices, consider it discreet to use every exertion to make capital for their reelection; others, who hold their places at the will of a superior, crouch and fawn, like spaniels, before their master.

Each religious sect is prone to deem it discreet to make all the proselytes in its power, seeming more anxious to increase numbers, than Christian graces, especially, when coldness has paralyzed the hearts of its members, and nothing but the form of godliness is left. The man of ambition deems it discreet to gratify his desires, by turning every occurrence to his advantage, that will forward his designs. The miser deems it discreet to hoard up his gold from every source from which it can be drawn; starve and freeze his body, and neglect the interests of his immortal soul. Some deem it discreet to use

alcohol moderately every day; others, to have a real spree now and then; and others think they are discreet, if they do not drown their mental powers with this deadly poison, more than once a month. There are many other degrees on this sliding scale, that the reader is left to figure out.

Do you ask, what is DISCRETION? I will first answer negatively. It is not that grasping propensity, that imposes increasing toil without enjoyment; it is not that narrow, selfish disposition that starves those around it, and spurns the hungry poor when they approach; it is not the calculating spirit, that studies the rule of loss and gain, more than the Bible; it is not that jealousy, that keeps a feline watch over all around, and distrusts every one; it is not that cunning, that prefers intrigue to manly openness; it is not that want of moral courage, that shrinks from any call of duty; in short, nothing is discretion, that is adverse to wisdom.

Affirmatively; discretion is the development of a sound and wise judgment—a benevolent and good heart. It seeks a happy equilibrium in all things; it aims at pure happiness in time, and in eternity; it pursues noble ends by honorable means; it shuns all appearance of evil, and meets, with fortitude and resignation, the ills flesh is heir to; it applies the touchstone of plain, common sense, aided by Revelation, to every thing; it is practical in all its operations; it rigidly tests fine spun theories, before it adopts them; it induces rational enjoyments—but considers no pleasures rational, that disqualify the soul for the enjoyment of a blissful immortality beyond the grave; it clearly discerns what is right, and has sufficient moral force

and energy to pursue the right and shun the wrong ; it is cool, deliberate, reflective ; but resolute, strong, and efficient ; it is economy, without parsimony ; liberality, without prodigality ; benevolence, without ostentation ; wealth, without pride ; sincerity, without dissimulation ; and goodness, without affectation.

Parents should teach it to their children by precept and example. Teachers should enforce it upon their pupils ; it should take its appropriate place in the political arena—in the departments of State—in our legislative halls—in the cabinet—in the executive chamber—in our international negotiations and intercourse—in our courts of justice—in our seminaries of learning—in our pulpits—in our social meetings—in the domestic circle—in family government—in the juvenile nursery—in match making—in short, discretion should regulate all our conduct for time, and in view of eternity. Let it be the helm to guide our bark on the sea of life, that we may be safely wafted to the haven of lasting rest.

D U E L L I N G.

Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No.—*Cowper.*

FALSE honor, like false religion, is worse than none. They both lead to destruction, and are deprecated by all good men. The one is a relic of the barbarous ages—the other is somewhat older, having first been imposed on old mother Eve, by the devil.

That cool, deliberate murder should be tolerated in this land of gospel light and moral reform, is as aston-

ishing, as it is humiliating and disgraceful. And that the murderer should afterwards be countenanced, and even caressed, and honored with places of public trust and emolument; is shocking to every man, who has a proper sense of moral obligations. He who can calmly make up his mind to take the life of his fellow man, on the field of false honor, is an enemy to God and the human race, and, if he succeeds in his cowardly purpose, should be treated as an outlaw, and have the mark of Cain branded, in blazing capitals, on his blood-stained forehead. The man who has not genuine courage enough to refuse a challenge, forfeits his native dignity, insults Deity, violates reason, betrays the trust reposed in him by his great Creator, and is guilty of prolonging this barbarous practice. By refusing, he punishes him who seeks his life, in the severest manner. The man who refuses the first challenge, is seldom annoyed with a second. Those who are known to be opposed to this hellish practice, are not interfered with by the gentlemen "bears" of false honor. Let public opinion, uniformly and universally, point the finger of withering scorn at the duellist—this would do more to cure him of his fighting mania, than any other thing, except the want of subjects.

I recollect many cutting answers to challenges, that inflicted severer wounds than to be shot with the blue pill. Here is one, "Sir, Your desire to have me shoot you, cannot be complied with. My father taught me, when a boy, never to waste powder on game not worth bringing home." Another, "Sir, I am opposed to murder in any form—of course I cannot consent to shoot you, or volunteer to be shot myself. To gratify your strong desire for burning powder, mark out my

full length portrait on a barn—if you can hit that, consider me shot, and your honor vindicated.” Another, “Sir, I fear not *your* sword, but the sword of God’s anger. I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot venture my soul in a bad one. I will charge upon the cannon’s mouth for my country, but I want courage to storm hell.” No man, who is engaged in duelling, is a Christian or a philosopher.

EDUCATION.

IN one of my former publications, I referred to the increasing errors on this subject—that of overshooting the mark. Too many have imbibed the idea, that to obtain a sufficient education to enable a man to appear advantageously upon the theatre, especially of public life; his boyhood and youth must be spent within the walls of some classical seminary of learning, that he may commence his career under the high floating banner of a collegiate diploma—with them, the first round in the ladder of fame.

That a refined classical education is desirable, and one of the *accomplishments* of a man, I admit—that it is indispensably necessary, and always makes a man more useful, I deny. He who has been incarcerated, from his childhood, up to his majority, within the limited circumference of his school and boarding room, although he may have mastered all the classics, is destitute of that knowledge of men and things, indispensably necessary to prepare him for action, either in private or public life. Classic lore and polite literature, are very different from that vast amount of com-

mon intelligence, fit for every day use, that he *must* have, to render his intercourse with society pleasing to himself, or agreeable to others. He is liable to imposition at every turn he makes. He may have a large fund of *fine* sense, but if he lacks *common* sense, he is like a ship without a rudder. Let boys and girls be taught, first and last, all that is necessary to prepare them for the common duties of life—if the classics and polite literature can be worked between the coarser branches, they will be much safer—as silk goods are, enclosed in canvass, or a bale. I wish not to undervalue high seminaries of learning—but rather to stimulate those to persevere in the acquirement of science, who are deprived of the advantage of their dazzling lights. Franklin, Sherman, and others, emerged from the work shop, and illuminated the world as brightly, as the most profound scholar from a college. In this enlightened age, and in our free country, all who will, may drink, deeply, at the pure fountain of science. Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune. By a proper improvement of time, the apprentice of the mechanic may lay in a stock of useful knowledge, that will enable him, when he arrives at manhood, to take a respectable stand by the side of those who have grown up in the full blaze of a collegiate education—and with a better prospect of success at the start, because he is much better stocked with *common* information, without which, a man is a poor helpless animal.

ELOQUENCE.

THAT I may not stand alone in my views on the subject of genuine eloquence, I will give those of that able statesman, John Adams, and those of one of his cotemporaries, whose name I do not find with the extract. Mr. Adams remarked, "Oratory, as it consists in the expression of the countenance, graces of attitude and motion, and intonation of voice, although it is altogether superficial and ornamental, will always command admiration, yet it deserves little veneration. Flashes of wit, coruscations of imagination, and gay pictures; what are they? Strict truth, rapid reason, and pure integrity, are the only essential ingredients in oratory. I flatter myself, that Demosthenes, by his 'action! action! action!' meant to express the same opinion."

The other writer observes, "Clearness, force and earnestness, are qualities that produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it; but they toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way; but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in schools, the courtly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their

own lives, and the lives of their wives and children, and their country, hang on the decision of an hour. Then, words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Then, even genius feels rebuked and subdued, as if in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic; the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward—right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence, or rather, it is something greater than eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, and god-like action.”

Rhetoric, as taught in our seminaries, and by itinerant elocutionists, is one thing; genuine, heart-thrilling, soul-stirring eloquence, is a very different thing. The one is like the rose in wax, without odor; the other, like the rose on its native bush, perfuming the atmosphere with the rich odors, distilled from the dew of heaven. The one is the finely finished statue of a Cicero or Demosthenes, more perfect in its lineaments than the original; pleasing the eye and enrapturing the imagination; the other is the living *man*, animated by intellectual power, rousing the deepest feelings of every heart, and electrifying every soul, as with vivid lightning. The one is a picture of the passions all on fire; the other is the real conflagration; pouring out a volume of words, that burn, like liquid flames, bursting from the crater of a volcano. The one attracts the admiring gaze, and tickles the fancy of an audience; the other sounds an alarm, that vibrates through the tingling ears to the soul, and drives back the rush-

ing blood upon the aching heart. The one falls upon the multitude like April showers, glittering in the sunbeams, animating and bringing nature into mellow life; the other rouses the same mass to deeds of noble daring, and imparts to it the terrific force of an avalanche. The one moves the cerebral foliage in waves of recumbent beauty, like a gentle wind passing over a prairie of tall grass and flowers; the other strikes a blow, that resounds through the wilderness of mind, like rolling thunder through a forest of oaks. The one fails, when strong commotions and angry elements agitate the public peace; the other can ride upon the whirlwind, direct the tornado, and rule the storm.

EMINENCE.

MEN who anticipate the enjoyment of happiness from great eminence in any thing this world can bestow, are doomed to disappointment when they attain the desideratum of their wishes. Ask our ex-presidents, who are still on the stage of life, if they enjoyed as much happiness when the responsibilities of our national interest rested upon them, as when in private life? *No*, will be the prompt reply. Put the same interrogatory to those who have reached the highest pinnacle of eminence in the different professions, and the answer will uniformly be the same.

Visit the abodes of royalty, and you will find a keener pungency of disquietude there, than in our country. Queen Mary, in a letter to William III., when he was in Ireland, discoursed as follows: "I must see company on set days—I must laugh and talk,

though never so much against my will—I must grin, when my heart is ready to break, and talk, when my heart is so oppressed that I can scarce breathe. *All my motions are watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world.*” Washington frequently observed, towards the close of life, that *he would not repass it, were it in his power to do so.*

The happiness of a contented hod carrier, far surpasses that of the king or queen on a throne, or that of those in high stations in our own republican, but increasing aristocratic land. Public life is a bore. Our public men are bored constantly by a horde of boor borers. Happiness is not an inmate of the confused arena of public life. In peaceful retirement, amidst the domestic and social circle, she delights to take up her abode. With competence, she best associates, but smiles more propitiously on virtuous poverty, than on the pomp and show of wealth and high life.

But no earthly happiness is complete until religion throws its sacred halo around it.

Here is firm footing; here is solid rock!
 This can support us, all is sea besides,
 Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.—*Young.*

Let those who are in full flight after eminence, remember they are not in pursuit of HAPPINESS, but are seeking EMINENCE; don't mistake the name, by so doing, you might be put on the wrong track.

E N V Y.

Envy, like the sun, does beat
With scorching rays, on all that's high or great.—*Wall.*

OF all the ills that issued from the box of that ugly jade, Pandora, the production of Jupiter, envy inflicts the most misery upon the unfortunate subject over whom it reigns triumphant. Like Milton's fiend in Paradise, he sees, undelighted, all delight. The brightness of prosperity that surrounds others, pains the eyes of the envious man, more than the meridian rays of the sun. It starts the involuntary tear, and casts a gloom over his mind. It brings into action, jealousy, revenge, falsehood, and the basest passions of the fallen nature of man. It goads him onward with a fearful impetus, like a locomotive; and often runs his car off the track, dashes it in pieces, and he is left, bruised and bleeding. Like the cuttle fish, he emits his black venom for the purpose of darkening the clear waters that surround his prosperous neighbors; and, like that phenomenon of the sea, the inky substance is confined to a narrow circumference, and only tends to hide himself. The success of those around him throws him into convulsions, and, like a man with the delirium tremens, he imagines all who approach him, demons, seeking to devour him. Like Haman, he often erects his own gallows in his zeal to hang others. His mind is like the troubled sea, casting up the mire of revenge, and the dirt of slander. His brain is enveloped in the fiery clouds of anger; his blood foams like alkali and acid combined; his heart is in constant commotion; his

ideas are multiform and perplexed. If in his power, he would bottle up the sunshine, rain, and dew of Heaven, to keep them from others. Uncharitable as it may be, he becomes an object of contempt, rather than pity. His disease is *malum in se*, and as difficult of cure as the leprosy, and quite as loathsome. The *best* remedy is religion; the *surest*, to have every body dead and he keep tavern. There is hope in the first; the patient would soon become weary of the last, and die of ennui.

Reader, if envy is rankling in your bosom, declare war against it at once; a war of extermination; no truce, no treaty, no compromise. Like the pirate on the high seas, it is an outlaw, an enemy to all mankind, and should be hung up at the yard arm, until it is *dead*, DEAD, DEAD.

EXAMINATION.

“KNOW THYSELF.”

IT has been said this precept descended from Heaven—but, if we are close observers of mankind, and can realize how little we are acquainted with all that relates to ourselves, we may doubt whether it has reached the human family, and may yet be on its journey—or, at all events, has not yet commenced the successful discharge of its important mission to our planet. So keen is the vision of most men, when looking at those around them, that, with a beam in their own, they can see a mote in the eyes of their neighbors. Few there are, who know their own powers of intel-

lect—the strength of their propensities for weal or woe—the good they can perform, or the evils they can perpetrate. At one period of life, a man may shudder at the relation of a vile act committed by his fellow man, and subsequently, go beyond him in the commission of crime—plainly showing, as did Peter, the Apostle, *he did not know himself*.

But few men analyze their own natures—and fewer, still, follow the lessons they learn in the school of self examination. We are prone to act from impulses not chastened by reason, and yield to circumstances, without tracing causes, or discerning effects. Too many there are, who tax all their powers to accomplish their ends, regardless of the means employed. This is the grand lever of the political demagogues and office seekers in our country, and is sometimes used in log-rolling legislation. The principle is base in its conception, pernicious in its consequences. It is often predicated upon falsehood—always fraught with dishonor—and is never practised by the pure in heart.

If strangers to our own evil propensities, we are liable to be led captive at their will, and to be hurried on to the abyss of ruin—an end that no man aims at, when he spreads his sails to the breeze of time, and embarks on the ocean of life. Had he paused—become acquainted with himself, and weighed results—he might have seen the end, and avoided destruction. Charity for human nature, frail as it is, forbids the idea, that any man, at the commencement of his career upon the great theatre of life—intended to fill a drunkard's grave—spend a portion of his life in the penitentiary, or expiate his crimes upon the gallows.

In prosperity, many, who deservedly sustain a high

reputation for honesty, pure morality, and even of piety; and who are pained when they see a weak brother leave the paths of virtue, and are liberal in their censures upon him; when adversity overtakes them, they are *left*, as some say, to dissimulation—deceit, and sometimes, have their names enrolled on the calendar of crime—proving, by melancholy demonstration, that they did not know themselves. He that knows himself, knows others, and he alone is competent to speak and write of others.

Of all ignorance, that of ourselves is most lamentable. It engenders self conceit—makes us the dupes of knaves—enslaves us to the most cruel of all masters—our evil passions; renders us blind to our own interests—deprives us of happiness here, and endangers our future bliss. Many seem to be affected with a kind of delirium, like a person reduced to extreme weakness by disease—imagine they are strong, when they cannot sustain their own weight—hence, they are sure to fall when they attempt to go forward; not being supported by their friends—reason, discretion, prudence, and virtue. If they knew themselves—realized their own weakness—the dangers of temptation—the proneness of human nature to turn from the highway that leads to pure happiness, and would make themselves acquainted with the inevitable results produced by familiar causes—common sense, aside from Revelation, would warn them to avoid the quick-sands of error and the rocks of destruction, on which many a splendid craft has made shipwreck. Let all who desire a peaceful life and a happy end, obey the Heavenly precept—**KNOW THYSELF.**

EXPERIENCE.

EXPERIENCE has been called the mother of science, but, like most other mothers, has many disobedient, and some very unruly children. More lessons are learned in the school of this thorough matron, than are practised. They are of the most salutary kind, and usually so expensive, that it is passing strange they should be discarded. But so it often is. The grosser passions of human nature wage a perpetual war upon the citadel of our true happiness, and too often take it by storm. Self conceit blinds us—self confidence betrays us; our fancy, taste, and appetite lead us; we heed not the warning voice of experience, and are hurried on by folly and vice, fully apprized of consequences.

The ambitious man is enraptured with the history of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Bonaparte; and burns to tread in their footsteps. It is vain that experience informs him, that the former became disgusted with power, and killed himself with alcohol—that the other was stabbed in the Roman senate—and that the latter expired, a prisoner, on a desolate rock in the ocean. His thirst for power cannot be quenched by experience—he tempts fate.

The inebriate commences his career in full view of the wrecks of intemperance strewed thick around him—has seen the desolations produced by rum—has followed the drunkard to the grave—perhaps to the gallows; yet he turns a deaf ear to the warning voice of experience, and plunges into the dark abyss of destruction.

The victims of lotteries, cards, dice, and all the de-

mon arts of the blackleg, are reduced to the keenest penury among us ; yet thousands of others, like the infatuated devotees of Juggernaut, throw themselves before the wheels of this car of hell, and are crushed to poverty.

The calendar of crime, the penalties of the criminal code, the various punishments that are so certain and frequent, from the small fine up to the gallows ; are sufficiently familiar to all to be avoided ; yet the voice of experience is unheeded by thousands, and their career of crime is only arrested by death.

The whirlpool of wild and precarious speculation has often been gorged with ruined adventurers ; yet other multitudes follow in their wakes, regardless of the lessons of experience, posted up in hand bills by the constable, sheriff, and auctioneer ; at every corner, in glaring capitals. A thirst for gain inspires a blind confidence ; they make a desperate leap after fortune—jump over low-water mark into the maelstrom, and sink to rise no more. The fatal consequences of crime and error, gleaming beacons thickly placed along the shores of time to warn against peril, are unheeded by millions ; and many who survive one shipwreck, in despite of experience, again rush into the same danger, and are lost.

Through all the multiform concerns of life, the human family is constantly taking lessons in the school of experience, and paying dearly for them ; but obstinately refusing to profit by them. This fond mother may warn, reason plead, wisdom woo, common sense demonstrate ; but all to no purpose. Self conceit, blind confidence, carnal desires, pampered appetite, tyrannical habit ; all combine and bind the captive with

chains, that require an Almighty hand to break their ponderous links.

Reader! the evils uncorrected by experience, and their consequences, that have now passed in rehearsal, you must admit, involve, in one common ruin, wealth, health, reputation, and all the sources of human happiness, and endanger, perhaps may ruin, the soul.—Do you ask the remedy!—RELIGION.

FAME AND GLORY.

Though fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human thoughts.—*Byron.*

FAME, like money, should neither be despised or idolized. An honest fame, based on worth and merit, and gained, like large estates, by prudence and industry, deservedly perpetuates the names of the great and good. We have a species of spurious fame, some call it glory, that either dies with the incumbent, or is ungrateful to the memory. Genuine fame is a better undertaker than physician, and deals more in epitaphs than prescriptions. Transient fame, or glory, requires as much, and more difficult labor to acquire it, because the offspring of ambition.

Lacon has truly observed, in substance, The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were well trodden. Those who seek earthly glory, must always be ready to take and make opportunities for advancement—take and make paths to travel in. Some practise simulation and dissimulation—leap and creep, like Cæsar; kiss the ground, like Brutus; soar aloft and and stoop, to conquer—any thing to insure success.

Brennus threw his sword in the trembling scale to turn it; Nelson snatched the laurels from the hesitating hand of victory, and placed them on his own brow. Cromwell did not wait to strike, until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking. Some can rule the storm of mind when raised—but few have lived, who could both raise and rule it.

No glory or fame is both consolatory and enduring, unless based on virtue, wisdom, and justice. That acquired by wild ambition, is tarnished by association—time deepens the stain. We read the biography of Washington with calmness and delight; that of Bonaparte, with mingled feelings of admiration and abhorrence. We admire the gigantic powers of his intellect, the vastness of his designs, the boldness of their execution; but turn, with horror, from the slaughter-fields of his ambition, and his own dreadful end. His giddy height of power served to plunge him deeper in misery; his lofty ambition increased the burning tortures of his exile; his towering intellect added a duplicate force to the consuming pangs of his disappointment. His fatal end should cool the ardor of all who have an inordinate desire for earthly glory.

There is a higher, purer glory, enduring as eternity, which is more worthy of immortal souls, than any thing earth can give. That glory is within the reach of all, and is not dependent on the caprice of the multitude. To obtain it, we have only to enlist under King Immanuel, fight manfully the good fight of faith; he will enable us to triumph over every foe, and will reward us with palms of victory, and a crown of immortal glory.

FANATICISM.

Alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some fond falsehood, hugs it to the last.—*Moore.*

THE great misfortune of fanatics has been, in all ages of the world, to embrace falsehood rather than truth; sophistry rather than sound logic; some new revelation of man, rather than that of divine authority. With charity and mercy, they hold no communion; forgiveness is no part of their creed; persecution is their Moloch. They have shed rivers of blood under the pretence of serving God, and under the banner of the cross. The Crusades were an illustration of the awful consequences of fanaticism. They were six in number, undertaken for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Mahometans. The first was undertaken in 1096, and was excited by Peter the Hermit, and Walter the Moneyless. All Europe was in commotion, and seemed determined to exterminate the Turks at one bold stroke. An army of over one million marched to Jerusalem, took it by storm, and spared neither sex or age. Notwithstanding this victory, most of this immense army found a premature grave in Asia, and the remnant that returned, brought with them the pestilence, leprosy, and smallpox. A second crusade was undertaken in 1145, by Lewis VII. of France; a third, by Richard I. of England, in 1190; a fourth, by Philip II. of France, in 1204; a fifth, by Lewis IX. of France, against Egypt, in 1248; and the sixth, by the same king, against Tunis, in 1270, where he was

killed. The loss of life, in these crusades, is variously estimated by different historians, but by none, less than thirty millions—a sad commentary upon human nature, a solemn warning against blind zeal and infatuating fanaticism.

Fanatics are inexorable to all entreaties for mercy; all who are not with them, they treat as enemies; considering all heterodox, who do not embrace their dogmas. Fanaticism arrays father against son, mother against daughter; disregards all the ties of consanguinity, all the bonds of former friendship, and all whom it cannot control, endeavors to destroy.

Each set of fanatics are right in their own conceit, and detest all who think differently. The intelligence of the present day has stopped the effusion of blood among Christian nations by fanatics, and dispelled much of the darkness of fanaticism—but among the nations who still sit in gross darkness, it has lost none of its original features. The Turk would consider the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina polluted, was a Christian to step his foot in either. The Tartar believes the lama to be immortal, and to eat certain parts of him, heaven is secured. The inhabitants of Mount Bata believe, the eating of a roasted cuckoo makes a saint; and all these would sacrifice those who believe differently, if in their power.

The Mormons and Millerites of our time and country, have drunk largely at the fountain of fanaticism, and most of our religious sects have a slight tincture of it—enough to sometimes ridicule what they conceive to be error in others, instead of preaching nothing but Christ, and him crucified. As pure and undefiled religion increases, when charity shall become the crown-

ing glory of every Christian—when the gospel of peace, in its native loveliness, primitive purity, and Bible simplicity; shall shed its glorious rays over the nations of the earth; fanaticism will recede, until it shall be finally lost in the flood of light, that shall radiate from the sun of righteousness. Let Christians banish all prejudices against sects, and warm their hearts in the melting sunbeams of charity—this will sooner make them of one heart and mind.

FASHION.

Loveliness

Needs not the aid of foreign ornaments,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.—*Thompson.*

WE profess to be a Christian people, and are contributing, very sparingly to be sure, to the laudable enterprise of sending the gospel to those nations that are enveloped in the darkness of idolatry; and yet we have an idol in our midst, worshipped with a zeal worthy of a Hindoo priest. No heathen god or goddess, has ever had more zealous devotees than FASHION, or a more absurd and humiliating ritual, or more mortifying and cruel penances. Her laws, like those of the Medes and Persians, must be implicitly obeyed, but unlike them, change, as certainly as the moon. They are rarely founded in reason, usually violate common sense, sometimes common decency, and uniformly common comfort.

FASHION, unlike Custom, never looks at the past, as a precedent for the present or future. She imposes unanticipated burdens, without regard to the strength or means of her hood-winked followers, cheating them

out of time, fortune, and happiness; repaying them with the consolation of being ridiculed by the wise, endangering health, and wasting means; a kind of remuneration rather paradoxical, but most graciously received. Semblance and shade are among her attributes. It is of more importance for her worshippers to *appear* happy, than to *be* so. She makes Folly originator and conductor of ceremonies, all based on the rickety foundation of vain show; each routine of which must be passively adhered to, until the fickle goddess shakes her kaleidoscope again, and then, O Jupiter! what a bustle—not the Simon Pure variety bustle—but such a scampering to obey the mandate of the tyrant:—It could not be eclipsed by ten score of rats, should ferret, weasel, and puss, all pounce upon them at once. The least murmuring or halting on the part of a recusant, is punished with instant excommunication, and the ridicule of the fashionable community. If she requires oblations from the four quarters of the globe, they must be had, if wealth, health, and happiness are the price. If she fancies comparative nakedness for winter, or five thicknesses of woollen for dog days—she speaks, and it is done. If she orders the purple current of life, and the organs of respiration to be retarded by steel, whalebone, buckram, drill, and cords,—it is done. Disease laughs, and death grins at the folly of the goddess, and the zeal of the worshippers. If she orders a bag full of notions on the hips, a Chinese shoe on the foot, a short cut, a trail, a hoop, or balloon sleeve, or no sleeve, for a dress; and a grain fan bonnet, or fool's cap for the head, she is obsequiously obeyed by the exquisitely fashionable ladies, and lauded by their beaux. If she orders her male subjects to

produce a crop of corns on their feet with tight boots, contract their muscles with straps at both ends, and their chests with steel springs, and hemp cords suitable for a hangman, and to play all the monkey shins of a coxcomb, with chains dangling, rattan flourishing, and soaplocks streaming in the breeze, they are quite as tractable and docile as the feminine exquisites.

Fashion taxes without reason, and collects without mercy. She first infatuates the court and aristocracy, and then ridicules the poor if they do not follow in the wake, although they die in the ditch. This was exemplified in the reign of Richard III., who was hump-backed. Monkey-like, his court, at the dictum of fashion, all mounted a bustle on their *backs*, and as this was not an expensive adjunct, the whole nation became hump backed—emphatically a crooked generation—from the peasant to the king, all were humped.

When looking at the frivolity of fashion, I often think of the boy, who traced the fashions from the country to Philadelphia; from thence to New York; thence to Boston; thence to Paris, and from thence to the devil; when he exclaimed, “I thought they came from him, for they make folks look just like a picture of him in one of my books.”

If this tyrannical huzzy would be content with seducing the rich from the path of common sense, only for a short time, and would leave them something for old age, when she can no longer receive their adulation, she might have some claims to generosity; but no, she not only often strips *them* as clear from feathers as a turkey on a spit, but searches the cellar and the garret—the cottage and the hovel, for victims. She takes fools by storm, the wise by deception and bribery, and

makes the Mordecais and Daniels tremble at the gong-sound of trumpet-tongued ridicule. Not only the vain and giddy, the thoughtless and rattlebrained, dance attendance upon her, but many a statesman and philosopher, moralist and Christian, more or less from all classes, pay tythes, at least, into the treasury of this transatlantic, Americanized, aristocratic, brazen-faced goddess; who is constantly importing the trappings and extravagances of European courts, to smother republican simplicity. Fashion is the foster mother of vanity, the offal of pride, and has nursed her pet, until it is as fat as a sea turtle, is quite as wicked to bite, and harder to kill; but, unlike that inhabitant of the herring pond, instead of keeping *in* a shell, it is mounted *on* a shell, adorned with every flummery that the old fickle minded, ever changing, never tiring, *ignis fatuus* nurse can invent, intruding into all the avenues of life, scattering misery far and wide—faithless, fearless, uncompromising, and tyrannical. Reader, if you love freedom more than slavery, liberty more than thralldom, happiness more than misery, competence more than poverty; never bow your knee to the goddess FASHION.

FIRES.

BY referring to history, we find the GREAT FIRES of our country scarcely deserve the name, either on land or water, in the amount of property destroyed, or in the destruction of human life.

In the years 982, 1087, 1132, and 1136, nearly the whole of the city of London was destroyed by fire. On the 10th of July, 1212, the London bridge was burnt,

and two thousand persons perished. On the 2d of September, 1666, a fire commenced near the monument, and continued four days and nights, spreading over four hundred and thirty-six acres of ground, four hundred streets, and consuming one hundred and thirteen thousand houses, and eighty-six churches. In 1676, this city was again threatened, for a time, with a similar fire, six hundred houses being destroyed before the flames were arrested. The next large fire in London, occurred July 22 and 23, 1794, when near seven hundred houses were destroyed, including an East India warehouse, in which were thirty-five thousand bags of saltpetre, but history says nothing of its "*explosion.*"

On the 21st of March, 1824, a dreadful fire occurred at Cario, Egypt, when six thousand persons lost their lives by the explosion of the magazine—gunpowder, not saltpetre! In January, 1823, a great fire occurred in Canton, which consumed fifteen thousand houses, and occasioned the loss of five hundred lives.

On the 4th of September, 1778, a fire occurred in Constantinople, which consumed two thousand houses. On the 22d of October, 1782, another occurred in the same city, which consumed forty thousand dwellings and fifty mosques. In July of the next year, seven hundred houses were burnt. August 5, 1784, another fire occurred there, which destroyed ten thousand houses. During the year 1791, at different fires, thirty thousand houses were destroyed in that ill-fated city. On the 2d of August, 1816, this city lost twelve hundred and five houses and three thousand shops. In 1818-20, several thousand more houses were destroyed. In February, 1813, a great fire occurred

there, destroying twelve thousand houses, four hundred boats, and four hundred lives.

On the 21st of June, 1821, Paramaribo, the chief city of the Dutch colonies in South America, was almost entirely destroyed by fire—damage estimated at twenty millions of guilders. On the 26th of August, 1780, St. Petersburg, in Russia, sustained great damage by fire; and on the 28th of November, of the same year, eleven thousand houses were destroyed by fire, communicated by lightning. On the 7th of June, 1796, another fire occurred there, destroying a large magazine of naval stores, and one hundred vessels.

Moscow, in Russia, founded, in 1147, was fired by the Tartars, in 1383, and almost entirely consumed. It was rebuilt, and, in 1571, again laid in ashes by the Tartars. It was again rebuilt, and, in 1611, destroyed by the Poles. From that time, this city enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity up to the 14th of September, 1812, when Bonaparte entered it with his victorious army. It was then fired by the Russians, and continued burning for several days, destroying more than three quarters of the city proper, then twenty miles in circumference, compelling the French army to retreat from the flames, causing the ruin of the army and the downfall of Bonaparte. Thirty thousand sick and wounded perished in the flames.

At Brest, in France, on the 4th of December, 1776, the marine hospital was consumed, with a large number of sick persons, and fifty galley slaves.

On the 14th of February, 1807, the British ship Ajax was consumed off Tenedos, an island in the Grecian Archipelago, when three hundred and fifty men perished.

On the 6th of April, 1800, the British man-of-war, Queen Charlotte, was consumed by fire off Leghorn, when seven hundred lives were lost.

Many other fires have occurred at different times, in other countries, of greater magnitude, than any that have taken place in our country.

New York has suffered by fire, at different periods, more in amount, than any city in the United States. On the 29th of December, 1773, the government house in that city was consumed. Trinity church, the Charity school house, the Lutheran church, and one thousand houses, were consumed by fire in that city, on the 21st of September, 1776. On the 7th of August, 1778, another fire occurred, which destroyed three hundred houses. Many other fires occurred at different periods, consuming from twenty to sixty houses at a time, previous to 1835, when greater damage was done than at any former fire. The destruction was estimated at over ten millions of dollars. The fire of last summer, in that city, is fresh in the minds of all, as also that of Quebec in Canada.

On the 21st of March, 1788, the greater portion of New Orleans was reduced to ashes. In Charleston, S. C., on the 15th of July, 1815, a fire occurred, which destroyed two hundred houses.

On the 18th of January, 1827, a destructive fire occurred in Alexandria, D. C., which, owing to the inclement season, caused great distress. Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars towards the relief of the sufferers.

On the 17th of December, 1786, Richmond, Va., was visited by a fire, which destroyed one hundred houses. On the 26th of December, 1811, the theatre at that

place was burnt, when seventy lives were lost, among them, the governor of the state.

Raleigh, N. C., was nearly destroyed by fire, on the 2d of October, 1832. Wilmington, in the same state, suffered greatly by fire in November, 1798.

On the 26th of December, 1802, Portsmouth, N. H., had three hundred houses destroyed by fire.—August 24, 1814, Washington city was fired by order of Gen. Ross, who commanded the British troops. The capitol, containing the national library, the house of the President, and many private dwellings, were consumed, as also the dock yard and the bridge over the Potomac.

Petersburg, Va., was visited by a destructive fire on the 26th of April, 1761; since which, it has been almost totally destroyed twice, by this destructive element.

The first fire found on record, worthy of note, that occurred in Philadelphia, took place on the 24th of March, 1790, when a calico manufactory was burnt on the south west corner of Market and Ninth streets. On the 27th of January, 1797, the printing office and dwelling of Andrew Brown were consumed; his wife and three children perished in the flames; and, on the 4th of February following, he died, from injuries received in endeavoring to rescue them. The most melancholy fire that ever occurred in this city, was the burning of the Orphan Asylum, on the 23d of January, 1822, when twenty-three of the poor orphans perished. Fire engines and hose were in use here as early as 1803.

I now proceed to speak of the destructive fire which occurred in Pittsburg, on the 10th of April last. I not only witnessed, but felt deeply, the disastrous consequences of that fire, in the loss of nearly all of my property.

It commenced about half-past twelve—noon. It was communicated to an ice house, from a fire built in the yard of a frame building, at the south east corner of Second and Ferry streets, for the purpose of heating wash water. The engines were on the ground promptly, and manned by as noble companies of firemen as can be found in any city; but a deficiency of water deprived them of the mastery over the raging element, which would have been achieved in a few minutes, could a supply have been obtained. The buildings in the immediate neighborhood were mostly frame—very dry and combustible. The fire soon crossed Second street—communicated to the cotton manufactory of James Woods, which, in a few minutes, was enveloped in flames, with all the stock and machinery. A desperate effort was made by the firemen to arrest the fire at the brick house adjoining this large building; but all human effort was powerless—the flames increased with the increasing wind, which now became a hurricane, blowing from the south west, and carried the fire to the roofs of numerous buildings in a few minutes. A dense mass of human beings now thronged the streets and avenues in the neighborhood of the fire—the roofs were covered with men and women, faithfully plying water from buckets, to extinguish the falling fire; but the course of the raging element was onward. It soon reached Water street—spread furiously to Market street, widening in its course, until it reached Wood street, where it extended in width, from the Monongahela river to Diamond alley, acquiring an intensity of heat without a parallel. Fire-proof buildings, as they were supposed to be; fire-proof iron safes, as they were denominated, proved utterly inadequate to de-

fend against the accumulating heat. Efforts to remove goods were rendered almost powerless by the crowded state of the streets, and many who succeeded in removing their effects, placed them in the road of the fire. Some, who removed their goods three times, had them finally burnt; and many who were assisting their friends in the lower part, returned to the burning remains of their own houses in the upper part of the city, so rapidly did the fire progress after it reached Wood street. At this point, it threatened the steamboats, which were moved out into the river; the Monongahela bridge immediately took fire, on which large quantities of goods had been deposited, and in ten minutes and a half from the time it caught, every arch fell into the river, creating a smoke and steam, almost suffocating to those who were near it. The wind then changed to the west, and drove the flames, in one broad, unbroken sheet, horizontally, so as to fire almost every thing in its course up the Monongahela river, until the work of destruction ceased for want of fuel, having reached the terminus of Kensington, a suburb of the city; covering nearly sixty acres, in its destructive course. By the force of the heat, the fire was gradually spreading side ways towards the north, when the wind suddenly changed to that point, and drove the heat towards the river, and prevented farther damage. The public buildings destroyed, were: Philo Hall, occupied by the Mayor and City Police, Board of Trade, and Philological Institute; the Bank of Pittsburg, supposed to be fire proof; Union Meeting House; Baptist Meeting House; Methodist Meeting House, for colored people; Western University; Scotch Hill Market House, and injuring the Gas Works considerably. The

Monongahela House, Merchants', American, and many smaller hotels, were consumed—the first named being covered with a metal roof. Individual losses were, in some instances, as high as two hundred thousand dollars.

From the best information I can obtain, there were about eleven hundred buildings destroyed, about five millions dollars worth of property consumed, and near sixty acres of ground burnt over, nearly two-thirds of which has since been built upon; and, in most instances, the buildings are better than those that were destroyed. The greater portion of the damage was done from two to five o'clock. No language can fully describe the scene that passed during those three hours. I was just recovering from a protracted illness, and unable to work; but was calm and collected, except for a few moments, when I had reason to fear my wife had perished in the flames. The exhibition of human nature, under the fiery ordeal, was various—in some instances, painful to behold—in others, such as to induce a smile in the midst of despair. Almost every moment, some one would be carried by where I sat, who was sick, had fainted, or had been injured. Some stood, serene as a summer morning; others shed floods of tears; others screamed, whilst the hyena and jackall thieves were freely and industriously helping themselves to goods that had been saved from the fire. The roar of the conflagration, and the consternation of the multitude, forced upon my imagination that more awful scene—the last and terrible day of the Lord, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat.

I observed some throwing looking glasses and crockery from the upper stories into the streets, to save them;

many crying for help, too much agitated to help themselves. One gentleman, hearing a lady crying bitterly, wringing her hands in agony, went to her aid—when she exclaimed, “Do save my Mary in the second story!” He rushed through the flames for her child, as he supposed, when lo! her Mary proved to be a pet cat! The lady had displayed her tenderness for puss, and the gentleman his courage, gallantry, and humanity. He kicked the cat and cursed its mistress, and did not again risk his life for any of the *feline* ladies. A volume might be written, relating hair-breadth escapes; feats of courage and of folly; presence of mind, and the reverse, which would interest the reader; but which would too much encumber this book.

It is remarkable, and should inflame our hearts with gratitude, that no more lives were lost. But eleven are known to have perished in the flames. The time of day and time of year, were evident and striking tokens of mercy, mingled with this awful calamity.—Had it occurred at the same hour of night, thousands, especially children, must have perished; and had it been in the midst of a severe winter, the amount of suffering would have been incalculable.

With the magnificent donations that were promptly forwarded, and the energy of the inhabitants, *all bent on amassing wealth*, the effects of the fire have measurably passed off; and many are in better circumstances than they were before they were burnt out.

FLATTERY.

Here is my throne, my kingdom is this breast,
My diadem, the wealth of light that shines,
From your fair brow upon me.—*Milman.*

MEN or women who make a throne of vanity, a kingdom of self, and feast on the volatile breath of sycophants; are like a balloon, nothing will inflate them and cause them to rise, but the gas of flattery; any thing solid operates upon them with a centripetal force. When inflated, the more ignorant sometimes seem to feel as important as the Khan of Tartary, who is houseless, yet, when he has finished his repast of mare's milk and horse flesh, causes a herald to proclaim from his seat, that the other potentates of the world have permission to eat their dinner. Those who feast on flattery are to be pitied; those who flatter, should be despised. The one, by proper discipline, may have the unfortunate propensity corrected, perhaps cured; the other is the indulgence of a base disposition to accomplish unhallowed purposes. The person who flatters, only to betray; is meaner than badly kept October *sauer kraut*, alias, sour kroust, the next July; and worse than a cut worm in a corn field. To love flattery, is weakness; it is nauseating as an emetic, to the truly wise. To flatter, betrays a small mind, or the stooping of a great mind to accomplish a dishonorable purpose; perhaps to gratify a hellish passion. Flatterers, like the bee, carry honey and a sting at the same time; but, unlike that insect, they poison the flowers on which they light. They often possess the cunning of the fox, and always his mean-

ness. They have only to be known to be despised, they have only to be talked with to be known; and when known and despised, are shunned, and often change their course, and become the vilest slanderers; the jackalls and hyenas of society. Let those who are easily intoxicated and inflated by flattery, sign the pledge of wisdom, and live up to it; and those who have been the manufacturers and retailers, take the same pledge, religiously observe it, and pursue some nobler employment. They will then better fulfil the design of their creation, induce self respect, and secure the esteem of those around them.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.

————— those who depend
On many, seldom find a friend.—*Gay.*

PURE, disinterested friendship, is a bright flame, emitting none of the smoke of selfishness, and seldom deigns to tabernacle among men. Its origin is divine, its operations heavenly, and its results enrapturing to the soul. It is because it is the perfection of earthly bliss, that the world has ever been flooded with base counterfeits, many so thickly coated with the pure metal, that nothing but time can detect the base interior and ulterior designs of bogus friends. Deception is a propensity deeply rooted in human nature, and the hobby horse on which some ride through life. *The heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it?* Judas betrayed the Lord of glory with a kiss, and his vile example has been most scrupulously followed ever

since. Thousands have had their property, reputation, and lives sacrificed, under the hissing sound of a Judas kiss.

Caution has been termed the parent of safety, but has often been baffled by a Judas kiss. The most cautious have been the dupes and victims of the basest deceivers. We should be extremely careful who we confide in, and then we will often find ourselves mistaken. Let adversity come, then we may know more of our friends. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, will probably show that they were sunshine friends, and will escape as for their lives, like rats from a barn in flames! Ten to one, those who have enjoyed the most sunshine, will be the first to forsake, censure, and reproach. Friendship, based entirely on self, ends in desertion, the moment the selfish ends are accomplished, or frustrated.

In forming friendships, let the following cautions be observed, as general land-marks. Beware of the flatterer, who takes special care to refer to your beauty, talents, wealth, influence, power, or piety. Beware of those whose tongues are smooth as oil, they are often as drawn swords. Beware of those whose bewitching smiles are enchantment; like the wily serpent, charming the bird, they may contemplate your ruin. Beware of those who are fond of communicating secrets; they expect to obtain yours by reciprocity, and will employ some others to help keep them. Beware of fretful disputatious persons; of the envious, the jealous, the proud, and the vicious.

Beware of the fickle and unstable who are ever perched on the pivot of uncertainty. Beware of the man who invites you to participate in what are styled

“innocent amusements,” which often lead to the broad road of ruin. Beware of the man who despises the old fashioned customs of frugality and economy—they are the basis of earthly prosperity. Beware of the man who suddenly commences shaking hands with those he had before considered below him. He has an office in his eye and wants your vote, but is unworthy of it. In the choice and in the preservation of friends, ever remember that caution is requisite at all times, and under all circumstances.

Finally, beware of all those who do not respect the Bible and the Christian religion, the firmest basis on which the superstructure of friendship can be erected.

 GAMBLING.

The gathering number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast, accumulating throng,
 Who, gently drawn, soon struggle less and less—
 Roll in this vortex and its power confess.—*Pope.*

EVERY device that suddenly changes money or property from one person to another without a *quid pro quo*, or leaving an equivalent, produces individual embarrassment—often extreme misery. More pernicious is that plan, if it changes property and money from the hands of the many to the few.

Gambling does this, and often inflicts a still greater injury, by poisoning its victims with vice, that eventually lead to crimes of the darkest hue. Usually, the money basely filched from its victims, is the smallest part of the injury inflicted. It almost inevitably leads to intemperance. Every species of offence, on the black

catalogue of crime, may be traced to the gambling table, as the entering wedge to its perpetration.

This alarming evil, is as wide spread as our country. It is practised from the humblest water craft that floats on our canals—up to the majestic steamboat on our mighty rivers; from the lowest grogeries that curse the community, up to the most fashionable hotels that claim respectability—from the hod carrier in his bespattered rags, up to the honorable members of congress in their ruffles. Like a mighty maelstrom, its motion, at the outside, is scarcely perceptible, but soon increases to a fearful velocity; suddenly the awful centre is reached—the victim is lost in the vortex. Interested friends may warn, the wife may entreat, with all the eloquence of tears; children may cling and cry for bread—once in the fatal snare, the victim of gamblers is seldom saved. He combines the deafness of the adder with the desperation of a maniac, and rushes on, regardless of danger—reckless of consequences.

To the fashionable of our country, who play cards and other games as an *innocent* amusement, we may trace the most aggravated injuries resulting from gambling. It is there that young men of talents, education, and wealth, take the degree of entered apprentice. The example of men in high life, men in public stations and responsible offices, has a powerful and corrupting influence on society, and does much to increase the evil, and forward, as well as sanction the high-handed robbery of fine dressed black legs. The gambling hells in our cities, tolerated and patronized, are a disgrace to any nation bearing a Christian name, and would be banished from a Pagan community.

Gambling assumes a great variety of forms, from the

flipping of a cent in the bar room for a glass of whiskey, up to the splendidly furnished faro bank room, where men are occasionally swindled to the tune of "ten thousand a year," and sometimes a much larger amount. In addition to these varieties, we have legalized lotteries and fancy stock brokers, and among those who manage them, professors of religion are not unfrequently found.

Thousands, who carefully shun the monster under any other form, pay a willing tribute to the tyrant, at the shrine of lotteries. Persons from all classes, throw their money into this vault of uncertainty, this whirlpool of speculation, with a less chance to regain it, than when at the detested faro bank. It is here that the poor man spends his last dollar—it is here that the rich often become poor, for a man has ten chances to be killed by lightning, where he has one to draw a capital prize. The ostensible objects of lotteries are always praiseworthy. Meeting houses, hospitals, seminaries of learning, internal improvement, some laudable enterprize, may always be found, first and foremost, in a lottery scheme—the most ingenious and most fatal gull trap, ever invented by man or devil.

Some, who are so fortunate as to escape all the gambling gins that have been referred to, get caught in the most refined, and not the least dangerous—the capstone of the climax—that makes awful sweeps among the upper ten thousand—**STOCK GAMBLING.** This system is as pernicious in principle as the others—as dangerous to those few who have the means to sport in stocks, but, fortunately, the meshes of the net are so large, that the vast multitude of small fish are in no danger from this quarter. All the other seines will hold, even minnows.

Gaming covers in darkness, and often blots out all the nobler powers of the heart, paralyzes its sensibilities to human wo, severs the sacred ties that bind man to man, to woman, to family, to community, to morals, to religion, to social order, and to country. It transforms men to brutes, desperadoes, maniacs, misanthropists; and strips human nature of all its native dignity. The gamester forfeits the happiness of this life, and endures the penalties of sin in both worlds. His profession is the scavenger of avarice, haggard and filthy, badly fed, poorly clad, and worse paid.

Let me entreat all to shun the monster, under all his borrowed and deceptive forms. Remember, that gambling for amusement, is the wicket gate into the labyrinth, and when once in, you may find it difficult to get out. Ruin is marked, in blazing capitals, over the door of the gambler—his hell is the vestibule to that eternal hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. If you regard your own, and the happiness of your family and friends, and the salvation of your immortal soul, recoil from even the shadow of a shade, reflected by this heaven-daring, heart-breaking, soul-destroying, fashionable, but ruinous vice.

GENIUS.

THE man who can analyze Genius, and, as a chemist, in his laboratory, show, to a demonstration, its component parts, or, to speak comparatively, even penetrate its cuticle, or detect its oxygen, may next analyze the wind, put the thunder-cloud in his breeches pocket, and quaff lightning for a beverage. We may think, see, talk, and write upon the triumphant achieve-

ments, the magic wonders, and untiring efforts of Genius; but what *is* Genius? that's the question—one that none but pedants will attempt to answer. The thing, the moving cause, and the *modus operandi*, can no more be comprehended, and reduced to materiality, than the spirit that animates our bodies. Metaphysicians, Craniologists, and Physiologists; may put on their robes of mystery, arm each eye with a microscope, each finger with the acutest phrenological sensibility, and whet up all their mental powers to a razor edge, strain their imagination to its utmost tension, tax speculation one hundred per cent., and then call to their aid men who possess this quality, the combined force could not weave a web, and label it GENIUS, that would not be an insult to common sense. Genius is not only mental power, but its essence. The frosts of Iceland cannot freeze it, the fogs of Holland cannot mildew it, the tropical sun cannot paralyze it, the potentates of the earth cannot crush it—in all countries and climes, it springs up spontaneously in various shades, but flourishes most luxuriantly, and with more beautiful symmetry and strength, when nurtured by intelligence and freedom, amidst the social institutions of a Republican form of government, and, next to that, under a limited monarchy. A single glance at the history of American and English Genius, compared with others of modern times, will convince an unbiassed mind, of the truth of this assertion. At one period, Genius exerted its greatest force to promote the science of letters, and revelled in classic lore. Latterly, it has put forth its noblest powers upon the mechanic arts, seized some of the mightiest elements of nature, and made them subservient to man. Mechanical Genius

has reduced time, distance, and weight; in a ratio, that has eclipsed the most visionary projects of its most zealous friends, that were the subject of ridicule not many years ago. The broad ocean, the mighty river, the wide-spread lake, the towering mountain; once formidable barriers to intercourse, are now rapidly passed by the aid of steam, consolidating our own country into a phalanx, and making the nations of the old world our neighbors. To what useful purposes the electric fluid, the atmosphere, the wind, and other elements will yet be converted by Genius; time only can develop. So versatile is this essence of mental power, that we can form no rules to pre-determine or fix its personal locality, its time of development, its measure of strength, or the extent of its orbit. Like a blazing meteor, it bursts suddenly upon us, as in the darkness of night, illuminates the world, and, like the lightning thunder-bolt, shivers every obstacle that stands in its way. Like the diamond, which differs from all other precious stones, by having the power of refracting and reflecting the prismatic colors; so Genius refracts and reflects the intellectual rays of mind, imparting fresh vigor, lustre, and force. The diamond can never shine, until divested of the rubbish of the quarry, by the hand of the lapidary. In the same manner, Genius must be divested of ignorance, before it can refract and reflect its rays, and the brighter it is polished by intelligence, the more powerfully and brilliantly will it dazzle. How important, then, that the quarry of mind be explored, that none of these precious jewels lie undiscovered in time of life, and be finally lost in death. Lacon has well observed—"A Newton or a Shakespeare, born among savages—savages had died."

GOVERNMENT.

VIRTUE affords the only safe foundation for a peaceful, happy, and prosperous government. *When the wicked rule, the nation mourns.* Not that rulers must necessarily profess religion, by being members of some Christian church, as desirable as it may be, but they must venerate it, and be men of pure moral and political honesty. Disease and corruption affect the body politic, and produce pain and dissolution, with the same certainty, that they prostrate the physical powers of man. If the head is disordered, the whole heart is sick. If the political fountain becomes polluted, its dark and murky waters will eventually impregnate every branch with the contagious miasma. The history of the past proves the truth of these assertions—passing events afford too frequent demonstration of the baneful effects of intrigue and speculation. Without virtue, our UNION will become a mere rope of sand—the victim of knaves and the sport of kings—self government will become an enigma with monarchs, rational liberty a paradox, and a republic, the scoff of tyrants. Let every freeman look to this matter in time. The crowned heads of Europe are watching, with an Argus-eye, every opportunity to weaken our Union. Every year of our prosperous existence endangers their power—the story of our liberty is reaching and enrapturing their subjects—the tenure by which they hold their crowns, is becoming more frail as time rolls onward; and, if we are true to ourselves—if virtue predominates—if the voice of wisdom is obeyed—if patriotism, discretion, and honesty, guide our rulers—

our government will increase in strength, beauty, and grandeur; and eclipse Greek and Roman fame.

By our example, we will conquer the world, more effectually, and by far more gloriously, than Alexander did with the sword—by regenerating the minds of the millions upon its surface. But we must practice upon the principle, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. We are more in danger from internal foes, than from foreign enemies. If we would be truly great, we must be truly good. Virtue, wisdom, prudence, patriotism, and sterling integrity; must actuate, guide, and fully control our leaders, and the great mass of our increasing population. The towering waves of political intrigue and demagogue influence must be rolled back, and the purity of motive and love of country, that impelled the sages and heroes of '76, to noble and God-like action, must pervade the hearts of our rulers, and the people of our nation.

GRATITUDE.

To generous minds,
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.—*Franklin.*

GRATITUDE is a painful pleasure, felt and expressed by none but noble souls. Such are pained, because misfortune places them under the stern necessity of receiving favors from the benevolent, who are, as the world would say, under no obligation to bestow them—free-will offerings, made by generous hearts, to smooth the rough path, and wipe away the tears of a fellow being. They derive a pleasure from the enjoyment of

the benefits bestowed, which is rendered more exquisite, by the reflection, that there are those in the world, who can feel and appreciate the woes of others, and lend a willing hand to help them out of the ditch—those who are not wrapped up in the cocoon of selfish avarice, who live only for themselves, and die for the devil. This pleasure is farther refined, by a knowledge of the happiness enjoyed by the person whose benevolence dictated the relief, in the contemplation of a duty performed, imposed by angelic philanthropy, guided by motives, pure as heaven. The worthy recipient feels deeply the obligations under which he is placed—no time can obliterate them from his memory, no Statute of Limitation bars the payment; the moment means and opportunity are within his power, the debt is joyfully liquidated, and this very act gives a fresh vigor to his long-cherished gratitude.

Nothing tenders the heart, and opens the gushing fountain of love, more than the exercise of gratitude. Like the showers of spring, that cause flowers to rise from seeds that have long lain dormant, tears of gratitude awaken pleasurable sensations, unknown to those who have never been forced from the sunshine of prosperity, into the cold shade of adversity, where no warmth is felt, but that of benevolence—no light enjoyed, but that of charity; unless it shall be the warmth and light communicated from Heaven to the sincerely pious, who alone are prepared to meet, with calm submission, the keen and chilling winds of misfortune, and who, above all others, exercise the virtue of gratitude, in the full perfection of its native beauty.

HAPPINESS.

The spider's most attenuated thread
 Is cord—is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze.—*Young.*

THE enjoyment of earthly happiness depends much upon disposition, taste, fancy, and imagination. These are fickle, changeable as the chameleon, and often play truant. Of course, it is not surprising to frequently find the helm of sublunary happiness unshipped, her masts sprung, her anchor dragging, or cable parted, her sails rent and shivering in the wind, her hull water-logged, signals of distress out, or her flag at half mast, and sometimes an adverse breeze throws her on her beams end. Her compass, as the red men say of the white, is mighty uncertain, her officers and crew are more uncertain still.

It is not the want of means to be happy, that produces the great amount of unhappiness in the world. Keen misery may be oftener found in the abodes of wealth, than among the peasantry, or even serfs. Earthly happiness has been appropriately compared to the manna of the Israelites. *He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack.* It is the result of wisdom, rational design, reasonable desires, and prudent enjoyment. But taste, fancy, and imagination; discard these cardinal points, and fly from them like a tangent line from a radius; and as surely produce misery, as fire burns gunpowder; often producing a ruinous explosion. Artificial and imaginary wants, are as much more numerous than real wants; as shin plasters, a few years ago, were

more plentiful than gold eagles; and are of about the same relative value. Disappointment is a harsh old fellow, the sworn enemy of earthly enjoyment, and stands at the threshold of imaginary wants with his cat-o'-nine tails, and lashes most of those who attain them, and prevents their entrance into the *sanctum sanctorum* of happiness. Where one enjoys the pleasure anticipated, on the attainment of an object, not indispensably necessary to promote earthly comfort; ninety-nine are so excoriated by disappointment, that they writhe in agony, like a man with the gout. An immortal spirit, if compelled to seek happiness in things earthly alone, is prone to be driven, with centrifugal force, farther and farther from it. To enjoy happiness in this life, in its greatest purity, we must live in constant preparation to enter upon it in "that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." The great secret of substantial happiness, consists in contentment, and a constant communion with God, and a full reliance on him at all times.

THE HEART.

They little know
 Man's heart, and the intenseness of its passions,
 Who judge from outward symbols; lightest griefs
 Are easiest discern'd, as shallow brooks
 Show every pebble in their troubl'd currents,
 While deeper streams flow smooth as glass above
 Might'est impediments, and yield no trace
 Of what is beneath them.—*Neale.*

THE physical heart is the great reservoir, from which flow the numerous life streams that support our

body. Anatomists suppose each ventricle of the heart to contain from one and a half to two ounces of blood, and that the heart pulsates over four thousand times in an hour, passing over four hundred pounds of blood every sixty minutes. Twenty-eight pounds of blood is supposed to be the quantity in a common-sized person, which passes from and to the heart, from fifteen to twenty times each hour, with a regularity and velocity, of which we can form no full conception.

Dr. Paley has remarked, "The heart is so complex in its mechanism, so delicate in many of its parts, as seemingly to be little durable, and always liable to derangement—yet may this wonderful machine go, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of one hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having, at every stroke, a great* resistance to overcome, and may continue this action this length of time, without disorder, and without weariness."

But my business is more particularly with the immaterial, or moral heart. With reference to the incumbents of this kind of hearts, we have three kinds of men in community—those with good hearts, those with bad ones, and those without hearts. With all the multifarious machinery of the physical heart, its intricacies bear no comparison with those of the moral heart, which has been declared by Holy Writ, to be *desperately wicked*, with the significant question—*who can know it?* a question worthy of serious consideration—yet fearfully neglected. The examination of our own hearts is a repulsive task, and seldom attended to, and more seldom, thoroughly. But few men know their

* Thirteen pounds.—*Carpenter.*

own powers of mind, and their natural propensities, until they are brought into full action. Here is the solution of the problem, why some particular eras have produced greater men than others. It was the occasion, not the difference in native mental powers. Great occasions ever have, and ever will produce great men. The American revolution developed a blaze of talent that illuminated the world, which, but for such an occasion, would have passed unobserved by the incumbents, and those around them.

More especially are we unwilling to discover and correct the bad qualities of our hearts. If the heart has yielded to the control of the gross passions, we are too apt to permit them to run riot, and lead the whole man astray. Instead of keeping it with all diligence, and putting it under proper discipline by self examination and correction, we are too prone to be more ignorant of this fountain of action, than of any thing else, in or around us. This is radically wrong, and often ruinous. Know thyself, O man!

The heart is the seat of all that adorns our race, as well as of all that deforms it. We are enraptured to meet a man with an open, bold, noble, and generous heart; full of the milk of human kindness, natural affection, beaming in his face and exhibited in his actions. We are pained to meet one, with his heart overflowing with wickedness and vice, a brute in human form. Still more are we pained to meet a man who is heartless, wrapped up in self, no feeling for the pleasures or woes of his fellow men, a snail in embryo, ossified by meanness. Their own hearts many will not know, the hearts of others we cannot know, although some ignoramuses have assumed the high prerogative of judging

them. Even actions are no sure criterion, unless we can know all the circumstances that prompted them. In judging from actions, men will vary in their opinions, as physiologists have in the action of the material heart. The resistance to be overcome by each pulsation of the heart, in forcing the blood from the ventricle into the aorta, has been estimated by different authors, from five ounces,* to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds;† a fair illustration of the random verdicts, passed by some persons on others.

If all will recollect, that every tub stands on its own bottom, that each man and woman is individually accountable to God for the action of the moral heart, and look into their own hearts, and weed out their own foul gardens; it will enhance individual and public happiness. For overt transgressions of the laws of social order, we are amenable to earthly tribunals—the moral heart they can never penetrate or scan. Man may bleed its sensibility, open the gushing fountains of its grief, rouse its latent powers to a foaming fury, dry up its milk of human kindness by base ingratitude; but into its *sanctum sanctorum* he can never enter—the great Jehovah only has full access there. If our hearts are right with him, if we have fully, freely, and unreservedly surrendered them to him, all will be well; we need not fear what man can do to our bodies—but if they are not right with him, dreadful will be our doom.

* Keill.

† Borelli.

H O N E S T Y.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.—*Pope.*

THE standard of honesty, here raised by the poet, would not answer for the mass of the present generation. He included purpose, word, and action; in all things, under all circumstances, and at all times. The purity of his honest man must raise him above every temptation, and enable him to obey strictly, to the letter, the laws of integrity, that come from the clean hands of the great Jehovah—a man, whose every motive and action will pass the scrutiny of Omniscience, unscathed and approved. Such a man would not convert the newspaper, or umbrella of another, to his own use. Where is the man who dares claim this standard as one of his adoption, reasonable and just as it is? If any, let him throw the first stone, but let him see well that it does not rebound, and break his own head. See him dodge.

The adage, *Honesty is the best policy*, is the essential oil of dishonesty in disguise. The man who is honest only from policy, and not for the sake of the virtue of honesty, is so only from selfish interest, the essence of meanness. He is more dangerous than the open knave—for the moment he thinks his interest can be enhanced by dishonesty, he will Swartwout. We have too much policy in morals and religion. It is cunning without wisdom, cowardice with hypocrisy, fear of man, not of God. The devil preaches religion from policy, and the man who is honest *only* from policy, is like him. I admire the story of the crazy woman.

Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, met an insane woman, with a pitcher of water and faggot of fire, and asked how she intended to use them. She replied, "With the fire I will burn up heaven—with the water put out hell. We shall then know who are good for the sake of goodness."

The possession of the principle of honesty, is a matter known most intimately, to the man and his God, and fully, only to the latter. No man knows the extent and strength of his own honesty, until he has passed the fiery ordeal of temptation. Men who shudder at the dishonesty of others, at one time in life, then sailing before the favorable wind of prosperity, when adversity overtakes them, their honesty too often flies away, on the same wings with their riches; and, what they once viewed with holy horror, they now practise with shameless impunity. Others, at the commencement of a prosperous career, are quite above any tricks in trade, but their love of money increases with their wealth, their honesty relaxes, they become hard honest men, then hardly honest, and are, finally, confirmed in dishonesty.

On the great day of account, it will be found, that men have erred more in judging of the honesty of others, than in any one thing else; not even religion excepted. Many who have been condemned, and had the stigma of dishonesty fixed upon them, because misfortune disabled them from paying their just debts; will stand acquitted by the Judge of quick and dead, whilst others cover dishonest hearts and actions, undetected by man.

Self interest blinds charity, circumstances are viewed with the eyes of prejudice, and not by them closely

scanned—the cry of mad dog is raised, and in this way, many an honest man has been victimized, who might and should have been saved for future usefulness. The confirmed knave is soon well known, and no man should be unconditionally condemned, until he proves himself to be clearly dishonest, and shows a disposition to remain so. To err is one thing—to be dishonest at the core, is a very different thing. Charity, kindness, and forbearance; would have saved many a man, who has been driven to desperation and ruin, by a contrary course. With a blush, I write it, this course is sometimes most inhumanly pursued in churches, against a member who becomes unable to pay another member in the same church. I have known instances of this kind, that would disgrace a savage, and forfeit his *case*. Charity and forgiveness are paralyzed by cold-hearted selfishness, and the victim is sacrificed in the house of his professed friends.

HONOR.

AN attempt to define this term, to meet the views of all, would place the writer in the same dilemma with the man who set out to please every body, and succeeded in gaining his own displeasure, and that of every one he met; or he would fare like the man, who alternately drove, led, rode, and carried his ass; at the suggestion of different persons, and was upbraided by some one, as often as he made a change. The honor awarded to a good man, by the great Jehovah, is pure and unalloyed. The different kinds, so called by men of the world, like the coin in circulation, range from the legal alloy,

down to the basest counterfeit ; current only among the ignorant, and bogus men. Each *caste* has its code of honor. A member of congress may shoot a fellow member—be lauded by his constituents for the act, and be reelected as a mark of honor and continued confidence—the man in humble life might be hung for a similar act. The one may indulge in all the dissipation that contaminates the seat of government, and still be called, The Hon. Mr. —, whilst the man in low life, decoyed from the path of duty and rectitude, by some rum-selling shark, a man killer and soul destroyer, would be arraigned before an alderman, and fined for getting drunk, for profane swearing, and imprisoned, if he was unable to pay the penalty. A public functionary may rob the treasury of thousands, and be treated as an honorable man by multitudes, whilst the man who unlawfully takes a loaf of bread to prevent starvation, or an old garment to keep him from freezing ; is hunted by the officers of police, like a sheep-killing dog ; and, at an expense of fifty or a hundred dollars to the city or county, is punished for this offence, and disgraced in view of every one.

Thieves, pickpockets, blacklegs, pirates, and such like kindred spirits ; all have their code of honor, and most punctiliously observe it.

The aristocracy may violate all the rules of morality, not inscribed on the calendar of crime, and receive the adulation of those of their own kidney, and all those who bow obsequiously to a man who has, or appears to have wealth, measuring honor and reputation by dollars and cents—a standard adopted by large numbers in this republican land, and by more in the European world. The honor connected with fame, in the ranks

of the upper ten thousand, is that most talked about, sought after, coveted, and envied—the fame of the hero, the statesman, the jurist, the politician, the philosopher, and the *literati*. This kind of honor, like our gold coin, made under the law, is nearest the Simon Pure, and, like that, is small in quantity, compared with the manufactured, soulless paper of our country, and as hard to be obtained.

Fame, like an undertaker, pays more attention to the dead, than the living. The purest earthly honor, in its brightest aspect, is precarious, effervescent, fleeting. It builds its superstructure on public opinion, the quick sand of human nature, and as changeable as the wind. It often erects a splendid mansion for the aspirant, then pulls it down, and, from the same materials, builds his tomb. It cannot withstand the storms of life, it is a mere feather before the wind. Earthly Hope is its banker, but seldom has any funds with which to meet the draughts of honor. Brutus mistook it for virtue, and adored it, but when the storm came, found it to be a deceptive shadow. Let us cease, then, to depend on sublunary fame and honor for happiness, but seek the enduring joys, that flow, without alloy, from that fountain, that is opened in the house of King David—a fountain that will wash out every stain, purify all our enjoyments, and make us happy as angels are.

H O P E .

Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?
That wish accomplished, why the grave of bliss
Because, in the great future buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,
Lies all that man with ardor should pursue,
And He who made him, bent him to the right.—*Young.*

EARTHLY Hope, like fear, and sleep, is confined to this dim spot, on which we live, move, and have our being. It is excluded from heaven and hell. It is a dashing blade, with a great estate in expectancy, which, when put in its possession, produces instant death. It draws large drafts on Experience, payable in *futuro*, and is seldom able to liquidate them. Hope is always buoyant, and, like old Virginia, never tires. It answers well for breakfast, but makes a bad supper. Like a balloon, we know where it starts from, but can make no calculation when, where, and how, it will land us. Hope is a great calculator, but a bad mathematician. Its problems are seldom based on true *data*—their demonstration is oftener fictitious than otherwise. Without the baseness of some modern land speculators, it builds cities and towns on paper, that are as worthless as their mountain peaks and impassable quagmires. It suspends earth in the air, and plays with bubbles, like a child, with his tube and soap suds. As with Milo, who attempted to split an oak, and was caught in the split and killed; the wedge often flies out, and the operator is caught in a split stick. It is bold as Cæsar, and ever ready to attempt great feats, if it should be to storm the castle of Despair. It is like the unlettered

rustic, who was asked if he could read Greek, he replied, with perfect *sang froid*, "I cannot tell, I never tried." Hope tries every thing, and stops at nothing. This is earthly Hope—a paradox—being strictly honest—yet the essence of deception.

But there is a Hope, that is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, that will steady our frail bark, while sailing over the ocean of life, and that will enable us to outride the storms of time—a Hope that reaches from earth to heaven. This Hope is based on faith in the immaculate Redeemer, and keeps our earthly hopes from running riot, into forbidden paths. The cable of this Hope cannot be sundered, until death cuts the gordian knot, and lets the prisoner go free. To live without it, is blind infatuation—to die without it—eternal ruin.

 IDLENESS.

Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest.—*Young*.

IDLENESS is criminal prodigality, because it wastes time—it causes extra, unnecessary labor; performing nothing at the proper time, and is the prolific author of want and shame—a confused workshop for the devil to tinker in. Creative wisdom designed man for virtuous action; idleness violates this design, robs the creature of happiness here, and endangers—it may destroy it, in futurity. The Turks often repeat this proverb, *The devil tempts all other men—the idle man tempts the devil*, for the devil likes to see men in motion; it is much easier to give a moving object any desired direction.

than a dead stationary weight. The idle man is like a bed of unused compost—with the properties of enriching the field, if properly spread over it; the very ground on which it lies can produce no useful vegetation, noxious weeds may spring out of it, and their seeds be scattered, to the injury of the surrounding wheat. While a man remains inert, torpid; like an oyster in its shell, he commits no overt acts of evil or good, but his soul cannot rest quietly; it naturally engenders vice, this ultimately rouses him to action, the devil puts him under whip and spur, to make up lost time, and, in many instances, the man who has paralyzed his moral powers by idleness, like a blind horse, works on the tread wheel better than a sound one.

The physical powers of the idle man become enervated—he converts himself into a living sepulchre—loathsome to himself and all around him. I once saw a lazy man offered a half dollar, to buy food for his starving family. He begged the donor to put it in his pocket, as he disliked to move his hands. It was done, that he might maintain his reputation as the laziest man in the neighborhood—but this does not destroy the force of the illustration.

Manual labor is the invigorator of body and mind—the promoter of health, and the friend of virtue. Among those who labor in the field, the workshop, and the commercial room; we usually find health and happiness, and rarely crime. The idle poor populate our prisons—from the idle rich, this population would be increased, if they all had their deserts—but wickedness in high places is often winked at. The idle rich weave a web of misery for themselves; bring up their children

ignorant of business, and when they die, this web is often the only legacy left to their heirs—which frequently proves a passport to infamy, the penitentiary, or the gallows. Let idleness be banished from our land—crime and misery would follow in its wake—virtue and happiness would receive a new impetus.

INCONSISTENCY.

A FULL account of the bold and successful career of this arch enemy of order and happiness, would involve the history of mankind, from that fatal hour, when the indelible stain of transgression was stamped upon the fair escutcheon of our first parents, to the present moment. It has exercised its baneful influence over the human family, in every age, country, and clime. It rose, like a phœnix from ashes, in the blooming bowers of Eden, and planted its standard, emblazoned with the insignia of curses, on the mournful ruins of Paradise. From there, it has waved, with maniac triumph, over millions of deluded mortals, and over the wreck of ruined nations. To rob man of the image of his God, and seduce him from the path of wisdom, has been its constant and successful aim. That it is still swaying its iron sceptre over the human race, is equally true. Nor will its exertions relax, until it shall be lost in the flood of millennial glory, that many suppose will ultimately burst upon the world. Its untiring course is onward, searching every avenue of mind, assailing every weakness of the heart. There are but few, if any, who have not sacrificed at its altar. It is the hot bed of human misery—the uncompromising foe

of reason, wisdom, discretion, and prudence. Its attendants are ignorance, superstition, bigotry, fanaticism, faction; and the rank and file of all the evil passions.

Its first shout of victory grated harshly through the air, when the forbidden fruit was severed from its parent stem. Angels heard the discordant sound, and wept. Justice recorded the sad catastrophe with anguish. Mercy beheld, with an eye of pity, the fallen pair; the incarnate God was moved with compassion, entered bail for the trembling culprits, and cancelled the crimson bond on the summit of Calvary.

In the blood of Abel, Inconsistency saturated its floating banner, and, as time rolled on, the scarlet was more deeply imprinted. The old world was convulsed by its reckless power, and its fairest portions blighted by its Sirocco blasts. The streams of Europe, Asia, and Africa; have been tinged with the purple current, drawn from the veins of millions, by the keen lancet of Inconsistency. The ancient and powerful kingdoms of the earth; the hundred cities of Crete; the splendours of Babylon; the republics of Greece and Rome; Carthage, with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants; Athens, with its forums and lyceums; all fell beneath the ruthless hand of Inconsistency.

Many of the philosophers, sages, orators, and poets, of the classic land; many of the most prominent actors, who guided the destinies of the mistress of the world; a large majority of the sixty-four emperors; most of the ambitious generals; were sacrificed at the sanguinary shrine of Inconsistency. The great Pompey, the proud Tarquin, the conquering Alexander, the bloody Nero, the ambitious Cæsar, and the exiled Bonaparte; all fell beneath the piercing arrows of Inconsistency.

In our own time and country, this envenomed, hydra monster, is continuing its ravages, sweeping over our far famed Republic, like a Samiel wind over the desert of Sahara.

In matters of religion, this disturber of harmony has interfered, and demolished the old land marks of one faith, one God, and one baptism. Charity, humility, peace, forbearance, forgiveness, and consistent piety; were the marked characteristics of primitive Christians. Now, these Christian graces are often shorn of their original beauty, by Inconsistency.

In the days of the Apostles, no studied rhetoric was thrown about the story of redeeming love; simple, unadorned truth, enraptured the immortal mind, and poured upon it a flood of celestial light, that led thousands in a day, to embrace the religion of the cross. No splendid fixtures then adorned their places of worship; the manger was fresh in the memory of the disciples of Jesus; his rebukes of show and vain pride were not forgotten; the golden calf of Fashion was not admitted in the church; pure religion, unalloyed with conjecture and enigmatical construction, was inculcated, with power and success. How changed the scene, how humiliating the conflicts of modern theology. Oh! Inconsistency! what evils hast thou not perpetrated.

Infidelity, in all its various shades, is a legitimate child of Inconsistency. The man who has read the Bible; who understands the physiology of the world, the philosophy of mind, the minutiae of anatomy, the powers of reason, and the revolving circuit of his own soul; and denies the existence of Him who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast; dis-

robes himself of the noblest powers bestowed by creative Wisdom, and sinks himself below the level of a brute. All things, from the leaf that vibrates in the breeze, to the ethereal sky, spangled with stars; proclaim the existence of a God. Most assuredly, there is a Supreme Being, who rules, with unerring wisdom, in the kingdoms of Nature, Providence, and Grace. This position is most conducive to happiness in this life—the superstructure of the contrary, produce misery here; if its foundation should prove false, and the other true, the infidel curses himself in this world, only to be damned in the next. Moral rectitude is the substratum of human felicity—infidelity, the destruction of social order.

Vice, from the larceny of a pin, to the most daring burglary; from the simple assault, to the most tragical homicide; from the trifling “white” lie, to the basest perjury, are all spontaneous plants from the hot bed of Inconsistency.

Are you in the habit of profane swearing? This is a yarn in the web of this arch enemy, and lessens your worth in the estimation of all good society. It is without excuse, and, like shooting at the wind, is without object.

Are you in the habit of lying and deceiving? This is a prominent part of the warp, in the web of this fell destroyer, and will stamp you with lasting disgrace, unless you break the snare at once.

Do you foster a disposition to appropriate small articles belonging to others to your own uses? If you indulge in taking newspapers, umbrellas, &c.—you are worshipping at the shrine of Inconsistency, and, unless you break the spell, this propensity will increase, and

may lead you to destruction. Break off this customary habit at once, and save your reputation from premature death.

Are you in the habit of intemperance? This is one of the *iron cages* of Inconsistency, and, unless you burst the bars, and regain your freedom, you will be plunged headlong into the dark abyss of poverty and disgrace; fill a drunkard's grave, and land your soul in a drunkard's hell. If you regard your present and eternal welfare, *escape for your life*

Are you the keeper of a doggerly? You are the *resurrection man* of Inconsistency, and may be the fatal instrument of pushing your fellow men into hell. The day of retribution will come—the effluvia from your slaughter house reaches to heaven, and pollutes the air around you. Abandon your unholy traffic in deadly poison.

Are you in the habit of gambling? You are on the *enchanted ground* of Inconsistency, amidst deadly pitfalls—in a den, filled with adders and scorpions. You are on the confines of the castle of despair, within the centripetal motion of the whirlpool of destruction, and within the folding coils of the Boa Constrictor of ruin. Retrace your steps quickly, or you may be lost—irretrievably lost for ever. Every moment you remain, is full of danger and big with consequences. You may inhale the magic gas, be “drugged,” and your doom for ever sealed. The hearts of blacklegs are ossified with avarice, they would sport on their mother's coffin, for a half dime.

Are you given to lewd company? Theirs is the *banquetting house* of Inconsistency, where every draught is intoxicating poison, every viand, a hook full of barbs.

It is the repository of blighted reputation, the absorber of connubial felicity; the quintessence of misery and wo. Retreat from it, as you would from the jungle of a tiger, or the lair of a lion. Your safety depends on flight; linger not a moment; its chambers lead to the shades of death. Its allurements charm, to ruin; its fascinations dazzle, to bewilder; its inmates flatter, to destroy. Its atmosphere is more dangerous than the cholera; its miasma, more deleterious than pestilence.

Are you one of the numerous gangs of thieves, pick-pockets, counterfeiters, or forgers; that infest our wide-spread country? These are the *guerilla banditti* of Inconsistency, and although you may be a *silent* partner, with an untarnished reputation in the sight of men, God sees you, and will bring you to judgment. The penitentiary or the gallows may yet be your portion. Every step you proceed in the association, is full of peril. The sword of justice is drawn, ready to cut you down. Dissolve the unhallowed union—return to the paths of rectitude; resume the mantle of honesty; and avoid the vials of wrath, already poised over your guilty head.

Are you wandering in the labyrinth of ignorance, superstition and bigotry? These are the *beams* of Inconsistency, thrust into your eyes by this arch enemy, clouding your vision, enslaving your mind, deranging your senses, chilling your heart, darkening your soul, depriving you of the refined enjoyments of life; and crippling your noblest powers. Come out from your isolated habitation of damps and fogs; open your mind to the genial rays of intelligence, reason, and charity; extricate yourself from the dark quarry of ignorance;

throw off the galling yoke of superstition ; banish corroding bigotry ; open your eyes to the light ; seize upon the pleasures of liberty ; and fulfil the design of your creation. Remain no longer amidst stagnant pools, and loathsome vapors, where serpents hiss and plagues devour ; you may then bathe in rivers of delight, and be free indeed.

Are you under the influence of fanaticism ? This is the *tornado* of Inconsistency, charged with the besom of destruction, leaving in its dismal wake, oceans of blood, governments dissolved, and nations ruined.

Are you an abettor or tolerator of faction ? This is the *avalanche* of Inconsistency, and carries on its convulsed bosom, terror, dismay, and revolution. Before you lift a finger to put this destructive mass in motion, pause, reflect, and cool. Read the pages of ancient and modern history, and learn its awful ravages ; weigh well its results in our own cities, but recently smoking with the blood of its victims. It must be guarded against, or it will yet prostrate the beautiful superstructure of our UNION, and LIBERTY will expire, amidst the burning ruins of its own citadel.

Are you a participant in political corruption ? This is the *volcano* of Inconsistency, with a crater more dangerous than that of Vesuvius. Its burning lava will dry up the flowing stream of patriotism, wither the fairest flowers of honesty that bloom ; destroy the noblest edifice FREEDOM can rear. Its mountain waves submerged the ancient republics in ruin ; consumed the ancient kingdoms ; and are assuming a fiery aspect in our beloved country. Let every patriot unite in purging our atmosphere from political intrigue ; turn back the rolling flood, by banishing from public trust, every

man, known to be contaminated with this dangerous contagion.

Are you charged with wild ambition? This is the *forked lightning* of Inconsistency. By its devouring flames, nations have been riven; governments consumed; kingdoms, empires, and republics, dissolved. It is a dangerous element, quench it while you can, before it accumulates a force beyond your control.

Are you an office seeker? The Lord have mercy on your soul. This is the *lottery wheel* of Inconsistency, where there are a thousand blanks to a prize. The day of miracles is past—a few loaves and fishes are no longer sufficient for the multitude. Go home, thou disconsolate child of duplicity. Anticipation will not feed or clothe you and your anxious, lonely, deserted family. Cease to follow this *ignis fatuus*—it will most likely lead you into the slough of disappointment, and quagmire of penury. When you are called to office by your country, then will be time enough to enter the thorny arena of public service. By its briars and brambles, you will get sufficiently lacerated, should you enter at a late period.

Are you a scoffer at religion? This is the *vestibule* of Inconsistency, that leads to the regions of despair, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. If you value the salvation of your immortal soul, flee from this portico of hell, to the open arms of a forgiving Saviour.

Finally, let us all be admonished, to shun every appearance of Inconsistency. In the name of philanthropy; in the name of human rights; in the name of liberal principles; in the name of American FREEDOM; in the name of our departed sires; in the name of re-

ligion; and in the name of high heaven; let *all*, who value our LIBERTY; who prize our free institutions, be induced to watch, with an Argus-eye, and defend, with a strong arm, the dear-bought privileges we so eminently enjoy, and guard against every encroachment of INCONSISTENCY.

If we are true to ourselves, our REPUBLIC may be preserved for centuries; if we suffer Inconsistency, with its retinue of myrmidons, to march on, conquering and to conquer; our years may soon be numbered; our prosperous career speedily arrested, and the nations that now respect and fear us, will cease to pay us deference; laugh at our calamity; mock at our dissolution, and hug their crowns and chains with new delight. Then,

“With tears, our fate we may deplore,
In vain look back to what we were before,
We’ll fall, like stars, that set to rise no more.”

INGRATITUDE.

Avaunt! thou thing infernal!
Extract of baseness! essence of blackness!
Ergot of meanness! concentrated poison!
Spawn of the adder! fuel of hell!
Thy breath is pestilence! thy touch is palsy!
Damning ingratitude.—*Author.*

OF all the dark spots on depraved human nature, of all the vile acts of man towards man, none throw such a freezing chill over the whole body, and drive back the purple current on the aching heart, like base and damning Ingratitude. Indifference continued, coldness per-

severed in, favours forgotten, friendship unrequited, by one who has been the willing recipient of our esteem and bounty ; bring a palsy horror over the soul, that thickens the blood in the veins, making the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint.

Pour upon a man of fine feeling, a noble, generous soul, the combined diseases flesh is heir to—let death snatch his loved ones from him—strip him of all his earthly goods—let him be assailed by keen adversity and pinching want ; let prison grates confine his body to the lonely cell—let the poisoned arrows of malice and revenge be hurled, and pierce him with many wounds—these, *all* these are a panacea to his bleeding heart, compared with the deathly pangs inflicted by base Ingratitude.

My God ! from whence came this king of passion's fiends ? It must be the offspring of him, who was once the tallest angel in the high heavens, and first sowed the seeds of dark rebellion there. Yes, it was he that dared to lift his rebel arm against his benefactor, the great Jehovah ; and was hurled, with lightning vengeance from his lofty height, to the lowest hell. He was the first that disturbed the harmony of God and angels, the Apollyon of the human race, the morning star of Pandemonium. Foul blot on blackness ! And why is he permitted to belch out his burning lava on frail mortals ? To teach man humility, wean him from this world of sin and wo, and turn his immortal soul towards that haven of enduring peace and enrapturing happiness, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Transporting thought ! most sovereign balm for the scorpion stings of scathing, blighting Ingratitude.

INEQUALITIES OF LIFE.

AT the present day, as in former times, we have many restless spirits among us, who set themselves up for reformers of society—proposing to change the whole order of things, and bring about an equality in the human family. I admit the need of reformation in many things and persons, and know of none who need to be reformed, more than some of these modern pretenders. Destitute of moral principles, infidels in heart and practice—agrarians—levellers—too indolent to pursue a laudable calling—too well known to impose upon the well informed around them—they are doomed to a butterfly career in the history of the times. I allude to those who are forming *Agrarian* societies—and preach the necessity and justice of making an equal division of landed property among all. The history of their career, and the ruinous consequences of their influence in former times, stand as a beacon light, to warn us of approaching danger from this class of bipeds. Their system is chimerical—ridiculous, impossible. Could it be put in full operation in a day—it would be deranged the next, by some of the rising generation arriving at majority, and claiming his or their equal share of the domain. The change of the system would be diurnal, and therefore impracticable, even if all were in favor of it. Its folly is too apparent for argument. Like other impossibilities, it has only to be understood, to render its advocates powerless. An able writer, in treating upon this subject, says, “You may dig out the inequalities of life, but they will come again.” They are irremovably based on four pillars, which stand as firm

as the perpetual hills—strength, talent, wealth, and rank. The two first produce inequalities among savages in the dense forest, in all the rudeness of nature—the two last produce it in the most refined society. Absurd as it is, riches often give a man more consequence than talent, which, joined with virtue, is the only thing that should place one man above another of inferior capacity. In this country, more than any other, an equal division of landed property would be unjust, because our most wealthy citizens have acquired it by their own industry, and generally treat the industrious, virtuous poor; with as much courtesy as a rich neighbor. Security in person and property, is a fundamental principle of our constitution.

It may be well to determine what are the inequalities of life, the removal of which would produce a better state of society. It is a proposition admitted by all, that happiness is the pursuit of man. It is a truth equally plain, that riches do not, but in rare instances, produce happiness—but generally the reverse. That independence without wealth, is more common and pure, than with it, is not a paradox. It is a trait in human nature, that those who have much, want more—cares and perplexities increase with wealth—peace of mind is disturbed—an avaricious disposition is engendered—temptations to do wrong accumulate—the better passions are blunted—and well did our great Teacher say, that it was hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and a temptation for others to do us great harm. If another too common course is pursued by the rich—luxurious living and an indulgence of the baser passions—their happiness is destroyed by a round of satiety and

fatigue, want of rest, contracted disease, and premature death—and perhaps a ruined estate, often follow.

Those who support rank, are no less happy—both classes violate the laws of nature, which impose a penalty, whenever disregarded. Nor do men of great talents bask in the sunshine of happiness. If in public life, they are a mark for the jealous, the envious, the slanderer; who are constantly plotting their ruin, and embittering the cup of life. If they are in retirement, they are restless, or are racking their brain with mental exertion, and know nothing of the sweet repose enjoyed by the day laborer. The good old prayer—“Give me neither poverty nor riches,” with contentment, contains the true secret of temporal happiness. Poverty consists in being destitute of the necessaries—not the luxuries of life. All who have health can acquire these by industry—the sick may be made comfortable by a proper application. If the above propositions are true, it follows that happiness, the chief pursuit of man, is not enhanced by riches, rank, or great talents; and that to level the inequalities produced by them, would not produce as great a reform in society, as many imagine, and that these sources of happiness are more imaginary, than real. Artificial wants and false pride, indulgence in idleness and vice—a discontented disposition, and a longing after the flesh pots, are the real sources of misery—not the deprivation of riches, rank, or talent.

JEALOUSY.

Thou fiend, what bus'ness hast thou here on earth,
Dissension breeder, from thy very birth?
I cannot guess thine errand to the world—
By thee is nature topsy-turvy hurl'd.—*Pindar.*

JEALOUSY affects the human mind, much after the same manner, that the ague does the body; and has often been cured by the same medicine—arsenic. Like the *Bohon Upas*, it poisons the atmosphere around it, and endangers all who approach it—with this difference—it often becomes so virulent, that it destroys its own citadel. Treason, murder, and suicide; march under its dark banner. Like Nero, it delights in human gore; like the plagues of Egypt, it penetrates the abodes of the rich and poor, the public functionary and private citizen. It has invaded all classes, from the humble peasant in the hovel, to the pompous king on the throne. Its paroxysms have been seen in the juvenile nursery, in the primary school, in the convivial party, in the giddy dance, in the private circle, and by the domestic fireside. It has plucked roses from the damsel's cheek, driven the young man to desperation, embittered the joys of a faithful wife, and administered, to the fond husband, the potion of poison. It is an enemy to human happiness, the father of crime, the hot bed of fell revenge, the prime mover of dissensions, the soul of anarchy, the fuel of party spirit, the instigator of revolution, the bane of public good, the incubus of religion, the parent of wars, and an earthquake in the body politic—setting nations in commotion, sometimes sinking them in the dark abyss of

irrecoverable ruin. It has been justly remarked by a close observer of human nature, that "Jealousy, of all the passions, is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages." Let all who desire peace of mind—the respect of those around them, and the welfare of our race; banish this fell monster from their hearts for ever.

JUDGMENT.

"JUDGE NOT, LEST YE BE JUDGED."

———"The nature of mankind is such,
To see and judge of the affairs of others,
Much better than their own."—*Terence.*

PERHAPS no precept of the immaculate Redeemer is oftener violated, than the command, not to assume the high station of judge. Well did the poet of Carthage, who penned the above lines, understand human nature—the same yesterday, to-day, and to the end of time. The disposition, and what is worse, the cultivation and active operation of the disposition, to improperly meddle with the business of others, and to weigh all their supposed motives and actions in a false balance—often purposely using false weights and the mirror of misconstruction, has been a moral disease, preying on the vitals of society, from time immemorial. Even religion, the best remedy for the malady, has not proved a specific. Busy bodies, meddlers, tattlers, the jealous, the envious, the revengeful, the inquisitive—those who have the bump of curiosity large—all make a desperate plunge to dip their spoons in the soup dish of their neighbors, uninvited, and without

ceremony, decency, or courtesy. True, they sometimes get badly scalded—but being destitute of the bumps of self respect and caution, they repeat their efforts, exhibiting less discretion than the monkey, that was made drunk, and fell in the fire, and could never again be induced to taste alcohol, or go near a fire. Knaves try to help themselves, by pretending to help others. Great ingenuity, industry, and perseverance are manifested in the modes of attack. False sympathy, flattery, a tender concern for your interest, bare-faced impudence and hypocrisy, make their attacks in front—whilst slander, falsehood, dark inuendoes, and damning praise, assail the rear. Pliny says, that Julius Cæsar blamed so ingeniously, that his censures were mistaken for praise. Many, at the present day, praise only to reproach. As has been observed by an eminent writer, “They use envenomed praise, which, by a side blow, exposes, in the person they commend, such faults, as they *dare* not, in any other way, lay open.” Deeply is the poison of calumny infused in this way—the venom of a coward, and the cunning of a knave combined.

The great misfortune, arising from a disposition to judge others, and meddle with their affairs, consists, in its being void of genuine philanthropy. Rare instances may occur, when a person intrudes himself upon another for good—but such intrusions are, “like angels’ visits, few and far between.” It is of the contrary, and by far more numerous class, that I speak—men and women, who look at others through a smoked glass—that they may avoid the brightness of the good qualities, and discover more clearly the bad—who first perform the office of the green fly, that other flies may prey upon the putridity they produce—scavengers of

reputation, who gather the faults, blemishes, and infirmities of their neighbors into a Pandora box—and there pamper them, like a turtle for a holiday dinner—until they are inflated to an enormous size; they are then thrown into the market, and astonish every beholder.

Devils blush, and angels weep over such a disposition as this. It is a canker worm in the body politic—the incubus of religion—the destroyer of reputation—the bane of peace in society—the murderer of innocence—a foul blot upon human nature—a curse in community, and a disgrace to our species.

Its baleful influence is felt, its demoniac effects are experienced, in all the walks of life. In the political arena—within the pale of the church, and in the domestic circle—its miasma is infused. The able statesmen—the profound jurist, the eloquent advocate, the pulpit orator, the investigating philosopher, the skilful physician, the judicious merchant, the industrious mechanic, the honest farmer, the day laborer, the humblest peasant, the child in the nursery; have all experienced the scorpion lashes of this imp of Satan. Nay, more—female character, basking in the sunshine of innocence, has often been withered, blighted, ruined; by its chilling breath.

Let each reader examine, and see if this propensity, so deeply rooted in human nature, is exercising an influence over his or her mind. If so, banish it from your bosom, as you would a deadly viper. Let its enormity be held up to children, by parents and teachers, that they may learn to dread, despise, and avoid it. Teach them charity, forbearance, forgiveness; and all the virtues that adorn our race. Teach them to

mind their own business—to correct their own faults—to cultivate their own minds—to think no evil of others—to speak evil of no one—and rely upon it, the rising generation will better obey the precept—**JUDGE NOT, LEST YE BE JUDGED.**

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;

Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.—*Cowper.*

THE stock, in the great store house of knowledge, has long been increasing in amount and variety. For some time past, the quantity of fancy goods, has far exceeded that of the coarser kind, fit for every-day use. So numerous have the manufactures become, and so much are the prices reduced, that by far the greatest numbers of the community have ceased to use home-made articles, and have put the machinery of their own brains in the garret. Whether this is an advantage to the intellect of man, calculated to increase its volume and strength, or, like luxurious living, enervate and weaken, is a problem I will not stop to solve. It is worthy the attention of abler pens than mine. To know ourselves, is of the highest importance.

Since the assortment in this great store house is so great, it requires judgment and skill, especially on the part of those who are confined to small purchases, in selecting that which will be most useful in the sphere in which they are ostensibly destined to move. I am aware genius cannot be limited, but close observation will enable us to determine, in some degree, the path,

circumstances and nature have marked out for us—bumpology professes to determine to a certainty.

If you are confined to a small portion, let it be that of the most solid kind. Let your books be few, well selected, and thoroughly read. By a close observation of the laws of nature, in full operation around us; of things, as they meet our view; and of men, as they are ever moving before us; we obtain a treasure of knowledge, not found in the schools, so called, nor always clearly learned from books. That knowledge is of most importance, that leads us in the shortest road to truth. This is the kind that best answers the old definition of the term, *Knowledge is power*. Small draughts, if they are from the foaming top of the fountain, intoxicate, and require larger quantities to sober us. Draw from the bottom at first, you will come to the fumes and gases soon enough. A thorough common education, so termed by the *literati*, like common sense, is the easiest obtained and most useful.

KINGS.

The love of kings is like the blowing of
 Wind, which whistles sometimes gently among
 The leaves, and straightway turns the trees up by
 The roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off,
 And burneth near at hand; or the sea, which makes
 Men hoist their sails in a flattering calm,
 And to cut their masts in a rough storm.—*Lilly*.

ANY one who is familiar with the history of kings, from the most ancient, down to those who are now wielding the iron sceptre of monarchy, can appreciate the truth of the above lines. Their course has up-

rooted nations—fire and sword have marked their career, they have been raised by the whirlwind of party spirit, riding, for a time, on the tornado of faction; and, by the same elements, often dashed to pieces. In a large majority of cases, the tenure of their crowns has been a mere rope of sand, and limited in its duration. Passing down from the Persian empire, less and less stability characterized monarchies, for many centuries. The number of modern European Kings, Queens, and Emperors, the most enlightened on the eastern continent, has been enormous. From A. D. 800, England has had fifty-six. From A. D. 768, France has had fifty. From A. D. 824, to 1603, Scotland had forty. From A. D. 800, up to the confederation of 1815, Germany had been favored with fifty-six. Prussia, from A. D. 802, to the present time, has had fifty-nine. Spain, from A. D. 858, to the present time, has had seventy-seven. Sweden, from A. D. 825, to the present time, has had forty-eight. In the year A. D. 1699, subdivisions commenced. From that time to the present, Denmark has had five. From A. D. 1706, Portugal has had eight. From A. D. 1701, Prussia has had five. From A. D. 1713, Naples has had seven. From A. D. 1720, Sardinia has had eight. From A. D. 1704 to 1805, Poland had twelve. From A. D. 1831, Belgium has had one. From A. D. 1805, Bavaria has had two. From A. D. 1806, Wirtemberg has had two. From A. D. 1806, Holland has had three. From A. D. 1806, Saxony has had three. From A. D. 772 to 1820, the Papal power has had one hundred and sixty-one heads, whose power, varied, at different periods, from absolute, over most of the kingdoms, to the control of Austria, Italy, &c.

The above numbers are substantially correct, and

the dates when each kingdom commenced, are believed to be entirely so. If variety is the spice of life, and the dispositions of kings, queens, and emperors; as various as their numbers have been, Europe has been spiced with a vengeance. This item of history is given, that the reader may be induced more highly to appreciate the freedom we enjoy.

How different from all other potentates, is the history of the KING of kings. Compared with the sublimity and grandeur of his advent and reign, all earthly pageantry is the shadow of a shade. His pathway illuminated by the morning stars, he descended to earth, and tabernacled in clay. The archangel's trump sounds the glad tidings of peace on earth, and good will to men. The shepherds heard the joyful news, echo reverberated the soul-cheering message, over the hills and through the dales of Bethlehem. The Prince of glory appeared in all the majesty of light and purity; Divinity, clothed in humanity—his wardrobe, all the Christian graces, crowned with love; his canopy, the heavens; his palace, all space; his throne, the hearts of his people; his lifeguards, legions of angels; his power, almighty; his kingdom, the universe; his subjects, the saints of all time; his tenure, ETERNITY. His laws are based on freedom—concise, plain, equal, just; as enduring as the immortal soul, freely and cheerfully obeyed by all his subjects, in every age and clime. His earthly career has been graphically portrayed by the master pen of inspiration, in five words, HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD. His rays of light burst upon the world, like lightning, glancing through the midnight gloom.

How unlike the pageantry of the greatest mon-

archs of frail humanity—conquerers of the world ; desolators of the earth ; scourgers of the human race ; murderers of millions. How unlike their laws ; the breath of tyrants, the chains of slaves, the iron-barred shackles of man. How unlike their subjects ; governed by fear, quailing with terror, shuddering with dread—obsequious, cringing, miserable, wretched vassals.

In death, the contrast is still more striking. Contemplate the awful terrors, the keen remorse, the fearful dread, the biting anguish, the dreadful death pangs, of the proud Alexander, the ambitious Cæsar, and the disappointed Bonaparte. Darkness impenetrable hung over their pathway—no light illuminated their passage to the tomb. With them, their power expired ; no subjects obey them now. No rich perfume renders their memory sacred. With the hand of oppression, they inscribed their names, in letters of blood, on the tablet of inglorious fame. At one bold stroke, death struck them, and their mandates, from the calendar of life ; nor did the stroke disturb the calm of nature. In the dust they moulder, nor will they rise to resume their robes of majesty, or again wield their iron sceptres over man.

How different the scene on Calvary. The sun in darkness—the moon in crimson—the earth quaking—rocks rending—hell moving—the KING of kings expiring. But how short the triumph—how transient the conquest. Jesus put forth his recovered strength ; crushed the sting of death ; snatched from the grave the laurels of boasted victory ; placed them upon his own brow ; burst the cleft rock tomb ; triumphed over his enemies ; rose, the godlike conquerer ; ascended to his native heaven, amidst the shouts of angelic throngs, who lifted high the eternal gates, and let the KING of

glory in. There he lives, enthroned in majesty, swaying, and to sway his mild sceptre over his willing and happy subjects through all time; loved, revered, obeyed, and adored; by the countless millions who have, and shall enlist under his banner of love. Nor is this all. Again will this KING of kings descend to earth, in majesty, fearful, terrible, and exterminating, to his enemies; peaceful, happy and joyful, to his saints. To describe the awful grandeur of that scene, would require an angel's pen, dipped in ethereal fire, and more than an angel's hand to guide it.

Let all be prepared for that dreadful day, when

“Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 Above, around, beneath—amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Our God in grandeur, and a world on fire!!”

LABOR.

The man and woman who is above labor, and despises the laborer, show a want of common sense, and forget that every article that is used, is the product of more or less labor, and that the air they breathe and the circulation of the blood in the veins, is the result of the labor of the God of nature. The time was, when kings and queens stimulated their subjects to labor, by example. Queen Mary had her regular hours of work, and had one of her maids of honor read to her, whilst she plied the needle. Sir Walter Raleigh relates a cutting reply made to him by the wife of a noble duke, at whose house he lodged over night. In

the morning, he heard her give directions to a servant, relative to feeding the pigs. On going into the breakfast room, he jocosely asked her if the pigs had all breakfasted. All, sir, but the strange pig I am about to feed, was the witty reply. Sir Walter was mute, and walked up to the trough.

Washington and his lady were examples of industry, plainness, frugality and economy—and thousands of others of the wealthy, labored in the field and kitchen, in olden times, before folly superceded wisdom, and fashion drove common sense and economy off the track.

The necessity imposed on man to labor, is unquestionably a great blessing, as much as many are opposed to it, and as others flee from it. In those countries, and districts of country, where the greatest amount of labor is requisite to obtain the necessaries of life, we find the most vigorous, healthy, and athletic inhabitants. Where nature has done most for man, in providing for his bodily wants, we find him most destitute of the solid comforts of life. In the highlands of Scotland, on the mountains of Circassia, amidst the hills of Norway, the people are happier, by far more robust, and more energetic, than in effeminate Spain, or degraded Italy. In our own country, rock-bound New England, the long range of the Allegheny mountains, and their numerous spurs and valleys, support a much more hardy race of men, than the sunny South. When the body becomes weakened by indolence, or by luxury, the mind usually suffers with it. The energies become torpid, the intellectual powers are not cultivated, and the whole man becomes enervated for want of action.

Labor in the open air is most conducive to health, and agriculture affords the largest share of happiness,

because the most independent of all professions. To raise, gather, and enjoy the fruits of the earth, and attend to flocks and herds, were the employments first assigned to man by our great Creator. Now, the variety is so great, that all who will, may labor in a manner to suit the most fastidious fancy. Immense tracts of land are yet uncultivated, our work shops are numerous, and rapidly increasing, our commerce is courting the markets of every clime. Here, mental labor has an opportunity to expand and spread—and genius here finds a field as broad, more free and congenial, than in any other part of the world. All the powers of body and mind, physical and intellectual, here, more than any where, are put in the juxtaposition of mutual dependance upon each other, and are mutually useful to each other. Manual labor, on the one hand, produces food and raiment for the body; and the increase of wealth; develops the treasures on, and in the earth and water; intellectual labor, on the other, discovers the best means, implements, and plans for producing these, and makes laws, rules and regulations, for the protection of person and property; the advancement of the moral condition of man, and the peace and prosperity of each individual, and the aggregate community.

But few are so ignorant, as not to feel their dependance on those around, above, and below them. This feeling of mutual dependance produces harmony, increases happiness, and promotes social order. All who study their physical organization, must soon discover how helpless man would be without a thumb—the same reasoning will lead them to appreciate the small, as well as the great, in our body politic; one of the fundamental principles of a republican government.

Labor also induces men to be better citizens. Idleness leads to vice and crime. Indolence is no part of ethics or theology, nor is it recommended by pagan or Christian philosophy, by experience or common sense. Man was made for action, noble, sublime, and god-like action. Let him see well to it, that he does not thwart the design of his creation, and plunge headlong into the abyss of misery and wo.

L A W.

Law is like longitude, about,
 Never completely yet found out,
 Though practis'd notwithstanding.
 'Tis like the fatalist's strange creed
 Which justifies a wicked deed,
 While sternly reprimanding.—*Ray*.

LAW, as defined in the elementary books, is the clear, translucent stream of justice, flowing freely and smoothly between the banks of wisdom and truth, purified by mercy and equity.

As found upon our statute books, this highway of justice, like some of our rivers, is interrupted in its free course, by individual dams, sand bars, snags, and flood wood; often changing the channel, and causing many a shipwreck. Its sinuosities are too numerous, for instinct and skill combined, to guard against danger at all times.

In our books of reports, the decisions of the high courts, professedly expositors and adjusters of elementary and statute law, are emphatically a labyrinthian maze. In attempting to remove the impediments thrown into the stream of justice by ignorant

statute law makers, judges not unfrequently sink their own snag boat in the channel, and increase, instead of removing the danger. Hence, the original broad channel is filled with impediments—numerous narrow and crooked channels are formed, and he who can steer clear of the various obstacles in the stream, is more a *lucky*, than *skilful* pilot. So diverse and adverse are the decisions of different high courts, and of the same high court, that in examining cases, as precedents by which to try a suit, the lawyer encounters a perpetual change of cloud and sunshine, and occasionally a real thunder storm, succeeded by a burning sun. What was law at one time, is not law now—what is law in one place, is not in another—locality, individuality, prejudice, and perpetual change, characterize the decisions of judges learned in the law. I recollect a case to the point.

A shrewd lawyer was solicited to bring a suit, which could not be sustained by general principles of law, but was fully and clearly sustained by a decision of the Supreme Court. He accordingly brought the suit in that court, and brought it up during a term, when the judge was on the bench, who delivered the opinion of the court, in the case relied upon. The learned judge at once took a stand against the unfortunate attorney, who very coolly read the opinion formerly delivered by him. The judge quickly remarked, “that is not law sir.” “It is an opinion delivered by your honor,” replied the attorney. “I can’t help that sir, it was not law *then*, is not *now*, and never will be,” replied the judge. The limb of the law felt that he was *only* a limb, and was dished up, like a lobster for a modern epicure. No mistake—there *is* a glorious, and some-

times an *inglorious* uncertainty hanging over the law; and a glorious certainty of avoiding much trouble, vexation, loss of money and time; by keeping out of it. A word to the wise is sufficient.

It is, however, absolutely necessary to have laws, and, properly expounded and administered, they are an inestimable blessing. We must have laws, but we need not a *labyrinth* of laws. The highway of justice is straight, based on the substratum of common sense. Supposititious law has filled, and is filling, its once broad and clear channel with impediments, increasing the dangers and uncertainty from year to year. Its banks of wisdom and truth are groaning under the accumulating mass of alluvial deposits—mercy and equity often fail to purify the stream from the mud of intrigue and the filth of corruption. Labor increases as the intricacies multiply—expenses swell with the back water, caused by each impediment, and but few wise men are found, who are willing to attempt a second voyage in a court of LAW. He that can devise a remedy, will deserve well of his country. I would suggest the use of a condenser, and the chloride of simplicity, as promising partial relief.

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has giv'n
To man alone, beneath the heav'n.

IF we consult the poets on this subject, the conclusion would not be very irrational, that love is the fountain of *rhyming* poetry, at least, and that most of the rhymers have been plunged all over in its delectable

waters, and at all temperatures. They have sung of its divinity, radiating the high way to heaven; of its terrestrial visits; of its influences upon the mind; of its spring showers and May flowers; its summer heat and foliage; its autumnal fruit and yellow leaf; and of its winter nose-gays and chills. They have portrayed, in glowing colors, its lightning flashes on riven hearts; its melting powers on hearts of flint; its amalgam fires on kindred souls; its firmness, its fickleness; its stability, its flight; its joys, its miseries; its friendships, its quarrels; making it, like some politicians, every thing by turns, and nothing long; each to suit his own fancy, and that fancy at various temperatures. They have sung its timidity, and boldness; its truth and falsity; its strength and weakness; its unrelenting sternness and god-like forgiveness; its disappointments and triumphs. Most of the large, and myriads of poetic minnows, have tuned their harps to songs of love, set to airs, from Yankee Doodle up to Old Hundred.

If doctors, alias poets, disagree, who shall decide? Terrestrial love is like a chameleon, it takes the colors of the hearts on which it creeps. If the hearts are pure white, all is well; otherwise, an amalgamation is unnatural, often ruinous, always despicable. If two black hearts, melted by the unhallowed fires of base passions or sordid avarice, aided by the flux of deception, commingle, the fruits are the quintessence of Pandemonium. Nor has the time yet been ushered in, when the lion and the lamb can lie down together in peace. If money, high family reputation, mere personal beauty, or fashionable accomplishments, are the basis of love, the foundation is sandy—the superstructure will not withstand the storms of life. If these

motives were mutual, the flame sooner dies ; if pure on the one hand only, the fire may last longer, but leaves a keener chill when it expires. That love which is based on the mutual esteem of pure hearts, refracting and reflecting the rays of good qualities on each other, is alone productive of earthly joy. If this is made more pure, by the smiles of a reconciled God, who is love, induced by an obedience to his will ; if religion chastens the union, the highest pinnacle of earthly happiness is reached—the most refined enjoyments are experienced. If not, it is owing to a disposition so crooked, like the grain of some trees, that lightning could not follow it.

LUXURY.

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungovern'd man along.—*Crabbe*.

By some, this term is confined to high-seasoned and an over abundance of food ; by others, it is made to cover all excesses in the gratification of sensual pleasures and debased appetites. Either is ruinous to health—combined, they hasten misery and death. Nature has her fixed laws, and when those, governing the human system, are violated, the penalty follows close on the heels of the offender. Overload the stomach with plain food, you impose a burden on the digestive powers, that weakens them ; high-seasoned food accelerates the evil—add alcohol, you then have the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the enemy ; all pouring a deadly fire upon the citadel of nature. If you choose to forward the work of conquest more rapidly, use the

rockets of tobacco, and the bomb shells of opium. These combined forces will soon demolish the strongest fortifications nature ever erected. You know it, you have often seen it, perhaps now feel it!

If you are desirous of a more naval, a slower, but not less expensive and sure process, be abstemious in food and drink—attend balls, gay circles, theatres, the hells of blacklegs, dress fashionably, deprive yourself of sleep, make whist parties, play the libertine, and dance to folly as she flies. In this way, you will succeed as surely, sometimes more rapidly, than you at first anticipated—anticipated did I say?—a mistake—no *man* anticipates the end of such mad career. His base appetites and delirious desires first dethrone reason—convert the *man* into a *brute*—the animal leads him, hoodwinked, to the gulf of ruin, and pushes him into destruction. Combine all these forces, attack simultaneously by sea and land, you can take the citadel by storm.

Reader, this manual is short, but true as the books of Euclid. Look around—you can readily discover demonstrations—and, fearful thought, perhaps in your own person. If so, pause, reflect—invoke the great Jehovah to enable you to break the serpentine coils that bind you—let reason resume her throne—let common sense lead you back to duty and to safety. There plant yourself on the rock of Ages—take the Bible for your manual, the Spirit of all grace for your guide, and let Heaven be your aim, that it may be your reward.

M A N .

Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
 Though sullied and dishonor'd—still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! A frail child of dust!—*Young.*

MAN was created after the moral image of Deity, his soul, an embodied immortal spirit; his body capped the climax of visible creation. He was endowed with all the rational powers, with intellect to discern and plan. His body was the crowning glory of created matter; was put in motion by the pure breath of the great Jehovah, with all the appetites and sensibilities, requisite for the unalloyed enjoyment of the rich bounties in the store house of nature, and with physical powers to execute, all that reason and genius should dictate to be done. He was the grand connecting link between Heaven and Earth—his soul communing with God and Humanity; celestial and terrestrial pleasures commingling in harmony.

As the finishing touch on that elysian state of man, Woman was made, and added a brighter lustre, a softer melody, a finer tone, a richer enchantment, and new delights, to the heart of man, and the beauties of creation. The great Architect looked upon this finished work with delight, heaven rejoiced, angels smiled, Satan wept, hell was moved. This Elysium was suspended by a single cord—obedience to God in but one particular—one tree had forbidden fruit, all else was free as mountain air, and ample as their needful wants. With lightning speed and burning wrath, Lucifer flew

to the bowers of Eden, put on the deceptive mask of the wily snake ; sang the siren song of untasted pleasures within the reach of the happy pair ; infused his polluting breath with theirs ; seduced them from allegiance to their King ; destroyed their innocence by inducing disobedience ; stamped the indelible stain of sin on their purity, with ink infernal ; infused his own vile passions in their nature ; planted the poison of mortality in their bodies ; sowed the seeds of thistles, briars, and thorns in their garden ; snatched the flowers of bliss from Paradise ; cut the silver cord of all their joys ; stripped them of happiness, and left them naked ; hiding, and writhing in bitter agony and keen despair. Ruin ensued, Jehovah frowned, the earth was cursed, the rebels fled, heaven mourned, angels wept, Satan smiled, hell rejoiced. The deed was done, man had fallen.

Thus were our first progenitors betrayed and seduced from the duty they owed to their Creator ; all the miseries of their fall rushed upon them and their progeny ; their created powers in full vigor, but poisoned with the miasma of hell ; with a clear perception of good and evil, and with full power to choose between them, a natural impulse inclined them to the latter ; the most cogent reasons pressed upon them to still love God and return to him for succor ; but their hearts were charged with rebellion and enmity against him, and his government ; and they at once commenced weaving a garment of self righteousness to hide the shame of their degradation. But all was vain—they were doomed culprits, and could neither hide their shame, or flee from impending wrath. They were arraigned—had no excuse—were condemned—the sentence of death was passed

—the sword of justice drawn—when Mercy interposed. The sword was stayed—her plea was heard—the Eternal Son gave his bond for the penalty—Man was spared, and again became a probationer—not in his native innocence, but by faith in the glorious Redeemer and Mediator, could ultimately be restored to his original purity and bliss.

Hence we find Man the cap stone of the climax of paradoxes; a complex budget of contradictions; a heterogeneous compound of good and evil; the noblest work of God, bespattered by Lucifer; an immortal being, cleaving to things not eternal; a rational being, violating reason; an animal with discretion, glutting, instead of prudently feeding appetite; an original harmonious compact, violating order and revelling in confusion. Man is immortal without realizing it; rational, but often deaf to reason; an animal, transgressing the law of appetite; a combination of noble powers, waging civil war, robbing, instead of aiding each other; yet, like the Siamese twins, compelled to remain in the same apartment. They were created allies, to promote their own happiness and the glory of their king; but Beelzebub, the first rebel against heaven, has made them conspirators. Appetite is lead astray by pleasure; they first stupify, then dethrone reason; immortality becomes paralyzed, and loses sight of things eternal—stupified reason and voracious appetite run riot, and depose the soul, all these fall in the ditch together,—the natural consequence of violating the laws of common sense, reason, and revelation.

Notwithstanding his ignominious fall from original purity, a way has been provided, by which man can be restored to his native dignity, and again repose in the

sunbeams of God's love. The Eternal Son cancelled the bond given for the redemption of our race, at the time and place appointed; by giving his life, a sacrifice for its payment. He has opened a fountain in the house of King David, where every stain may be washed away. He has opened the gushing streams of the waters of life, where all may freely drink and live. The noble powers of man are left, but associated with bad company. We have only to separate these—keep ourselves unspotted from the world, close in with the terms made by Mercy, and all will yet be well.

With his nature polluted as it is, so important was man considered by the Trinity, that all Heaven was moved to devise the plan of his restoration. O, Man, look within, and see the wonders, the powers of thy immortal soul. Through the long vista of history, a single glance carries us back to the time of our creation. Our minds, with the rapidity of light, encircle the globe, measure the stars, grasp the arcana of nature, and find a resting place, only in the contemplation of the great Jehovah. We are heirs of glory, why cling to earth, and turn our backs on our legal inheritance? Forbid it reason, forbid it heaven, forbid it Almighty God.

MATRIMONY.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man,
Locked up in woman's love.—*Middleton.*

POET Middleton and his Lady Love, were probably among the few happy pairs, contemplated by the Indian Philosopher, who believed souls were made in heaven,

to meet and match on earth; but often got separated on their way down, and got mis-matched, and of course were rendered miserable. I believe, with the poet, that if a woman can succeed in locking a man in her love, and keep the key, and make him stay locked, their earthly bliss must be precious. But once out, he is as hard to get in, as an untamed bird, escaped from a cage.

The marriage institution is the bond of social order, and, if treated with due respect, care, and discretion; greatly enhances individual happiness, and consequently, general good. The Spartan law punished those who did not marry; those who married too late; and those who married improperly. A large portion of the evils that have defaced the original organization of the Roman Church, were the result of the injunction of celibacy, imposed on the priests; an embargo that is gradually being raised. There are other causes that have stripped the marriage institution of its ancient simplicity, and rendered its pure stream turbid in places. Among the Patriarchs, before there were any rakes, parents never interfered, the young pair made the match, and the girl always married the man of her choice, an indispensable pre-requisite to a happy union. Latterly, especially among the rich and great, the parents make the matches, and marry portions of money, or noble blood, together, instead of their children—mutual esteem, the foundation of happiness, is a secondary concern. Fashionable circles; gay life; levees among the great; watering places; and wealth, or an appearance of wealth; often cheat the young into Matrimony, without any love in the pot, and without the aid of parental authority, the very circumstance that should induce it; for, as society *now*

is, it is often proper that the experience of parents should prompt them to interpose to *prevent*, but never to *enforce* marriage. We have many polished knaves in modern times, who make it a profession to betray innocence, and sacrifice virtue—demons, that have been vomited out of hell, to serve the devil. Marriages, not based on mutual esteem, often produce connubial infidelity, always unhappiness. A few discreet men seek for *wives*, some seek for *nurses*, more seek for *beauties*, and a larger portion seek for money in hand, or in expectancy. Fashion and habit have also thrown much mud in the stream of matrimony, since the time our hardy and happy pioneers settled this country. Then, the girls and boys were permitted to eat and grow fat—now, they are often moulded after the wasp, body and mind. Then, they took their lessons in the kitchen and field; now, in the drawing room and anti-work societies. Formerly, they made and wore homespun; now, our country is drained of specie to supply more costly, and less comfortable and durable wearing apparel. Then, the girls were educated for wives, and the boys for men of industry—now, the former are educated to make a show, the latter, to make a dash. Then, the spinning wheel was sweet music—now, it is vulgar. Domestic felicity, old-fashioned economy and industry, have been strangled together, by fashion and habit—hence, we have fewer happy marriages, and more divorces, than in times of yore. All are not angels, that angels seem.

Marriage, properly engaged in, enhances the consequence of those who enter into it, by inspiring confidence in the surrounding community. Figure one only counts a single unit, make it as big as you may—put another

figure one by its side, and we have eleven. The married man, if he performs his duty, is no longer a bird of passage, but becomes a permanent citizen, and as his *little responsibilities* increase, feels an increasing interest in the welfare of our common country. His comforts, interests, joys, and griefs; are shared by the partner of his bosom—his soul is expanded—he has something to care for, besides his noble self—consolations unknown to single blessedness—bachelors.

But love on both sides, and all things equal in outward circumstances, are not all the requisites of domestic felicity. Human nature is frail, and multiform in its passions. The honey moon gets a dash of vinegar, now and then, when least expected. Young people seldom court in their every-day clothes, but they must put them on after marriage. As in other bargains, but few expose defects. They are apt to marry faultless—love is blind—but faults are there, and will come out. The fastidious attentions of wooing, are like spring flowers, they make pretty nosegays, but poor greens. Miss Darling becomes the plain house wife, and Mr. Allattention, the informal husband, not from a want of esteem, but from the constitution and nature of man. If all these changes, and more than would answer in wooing time, are anticipated, as they are by some analyzing minds, their happiness will not be embittered by them when they come. Bear and forbear, must be the motto put in practice.

Let the unmarried be cautious of those who do not treat their parents, those around them, and even brute animals, kindly. Beware of those who do not, at least, *respect* religion. Beware of those whose minds are always floating on the surface of vanity, and are nauseated at

serious reflection. Beware of those who have more nonsense than common sense. Finally, to enter safely into the married state—the contracting parties should understand human nature, and above all, their own dispositions—and then compare them frankly and candidly. If one is alkaline, and the other acid, a frequent effervescence must occur—to be happy under such circumstances, your love must be strong, and religion rule your hearts. The Rock of Ages, is the firmest foundation on which matrimony can rest. The atmosphere of piety is free from many storms and fogs, that overtake and hang over those who are strangers to its purity. I will add the experience of another, for our mutual benefit.

“When people understand they must live together, for reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, the yoke which they cannot now shake off. They become good husbands and wives, from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives; for necessity is a powerful master, in teaching the duty it imposes. If it were once understood, that, upon mutual disgust, married persons might be legally separated, many couple, who now pass through the world with mutual comfort—with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civilized society, might have been, at this moment, living in a state of mutual unkindness—in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality.

“In this case, as in many others, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good. If people come together, with the extravagant expectation, that all are to be halcyon

days—the husband conceiving, that all is to be authority with him, and the wife, that all is to be accommodation with her, every body sees how that must end. If they come together with the prospect of happiness, they must come with the reflection, that not bringing perfection in themselves, they have no right to expect it on the other side—that having respectively many infirmities of their own to be overlooked, they must overlook the infirmities of each other.”—*Lord Stowell.*

MISFORTUNES.

OFTEN SELF CREATED.

A LARGE portion of the miseries of mankind, in a pecuniary point of view, are brought on by themselves. One cause may be found in a restless disposition. Some men try every kind of business by turns, become master of none, and necessarily make a sacrifice at every change. They fly every way to get wealth, and overtake poverty before they are aware of its proximity. Had they begun cobblers, and stuck to the awl—all would have been well. The people of our country are more fickle in business, than those of any other.

Mrs. Restless has a kind husband, docile children, and a competence. Her neighbor, Mrs. Stylish, has a wealthy, surly, snappish husband; but is surrounded by splendid furniture, and rides in a carriage. Mrs. Restless envies her pomp, and would be glad to be in her situation; and Mrs. Stylish envies, in turn, the other fair lady, because she has a kind husband, and is not troubled with the parade of wealth. Both are unhappy,

because discontented. Farmer A. and Merchant B., both well off, imagine a change in business and location, from country to city, and from city to country, will enhance their happiness, and increase their wealth. They try it, and soon make shipwreck of their wealth, and sigh for former comforts, now beyond their reach. Had they let well enough alone, all would have been well.

Another cause may be found in the indulgence of artificial and imaginary wants. More expensive dresses, more delicate food, more costly furniture, the comfortable plain carriage must give place to a coach—none of which add to real comfort, perhaps the reverse—have ruined thousands.

Trying to purchase the reputation of wealth in the opinion of others, by living beyond their means, has landed many a family on the bleak shores of poverty. These exhibit more folly than the preceding characters.

A greedy ambition and impatience after wealth, often brings poverty down upon a man, like an avalanche of snow. Rash speculation often does the work in short order.

An indulgence in the pleasures, fashions, vices, and follies of the day, is the greatest source of self-created misfortunes, which are neither few or light.

To avoid these misfortunes, the first grand requisite is, to become truly pious, and live in the favor of our great Benefactor. Be temperate—govern your desires and passions—be on good terms with the world, and those around you—spend all your time usefully—make no enemy or lose no friend carelessly—be cheerful and contented—despise not small gains—never be

led astray by delusive prospects of sudden wealth—mind your own business, only when charity calls you to interfere and aid others—avoid the extremes of avarice and prodigality—use the world as not abusing it—take a pew and family newspaper—use and pay for them both—and live in a full belief of, and put your trust in that BEING who rules wisely, and cease creating misfortunes; they will come fast enough without your artificial aid.

MONEY.

A KNOWLEDGE OF MONEY.

A LARGE portion of man and womankind, are sadly destitute of this important branch of knowledge. I will particularize but four classes. The avaricious and miserly man renders himself, and those within his power, miserable, by making too much of money. He becomes an idolator, and violates the law of God, and of common humanity.

The spendthrift runs into the opposite erroneous extreme, and by not placing a sufficiently high estimate on money, to induce him to use it prudently, he makes it the means of his speedy ruin, by wasting it in extravagant foolish expenditures, perhaps in the indulgence of sensual and vicious pleasure.

We have a third class of persons, who would make good use of this necessary evil, if they knew the relative value of money, and the things to be purchased with it. Our country is flooded with land sharks, who are on the alert to rob all who can be deceived. Unless we know the worth of the article to be purchased,

there are many who will charge twice or four times its value—for those persons are excellent physiognomists and phrenologists, and can tell a green horn, man or woman, half a square off.

Those who are confined within the walls of a seminary, from childhood to the time they commence life for themselves, are those who suffer most from an utter destitution of a knowledge of the value of things. From their books, they learn that money has been treated with contempt by the learned and wise, and are erroneously led to believe that money, instead of an inordinate *love* of it, is the root of all evil. They have had no means of learning the worth of things, and, with a highly polished classical education, they are more ignorant of the common concerns of life, indispensably necessary to prepare them to live, than a huckster boy but ten years old. It is a cruel error in our system of education, not to adopt some plan, that will prepare our young men to *live*, as well as *shine*, when they arrive at their majority. If, during vacation, boys were put to active business, real work, and the girls in the kitchen, and both often taken on shop and market, instead of pleasure excursions, it would do much towards curing the evil. To be safe against imposition, we *must* be well acquainted with the common concerns and business of life. They are not taught in our seminaries, and must be learned somewhere, sooner or later. If this indispensable part of education is postponed to man and womanhood, it is then acquired at a dear, often ruinous price.

The fourth class is composed of those who make money the standard of reputation and merit—a limb of that baneful aristocracy, that is increasing in our

cities and large towns, at a fearful rate. I have often thought of the force of a remark, made to me about a year since, by an observing man of thirty-five, who had been raised in it, relative to the standard of reputation in the city of _____.

“If you desire me to inform you of the standing, reputation, and consequence of any man in that city, first tell me how many dollars and cents he is worth—his intelligence and moral worth are of no account.” He continued, “See the consequence. That city has not a single public square, or a single asylum within, and but a miserable—*emphatically a poor HOUSE, beyond, its limits.*” *Without money, without character,* is the motto of aristocracy.

When the *love* of money, which has been long considered the root of evil, pervades a community, all that is noble, generous, and that adorns human nature; is blighted, as by a Sirocco. Money the standard of reputation! Money placed above the mental powers, the moral attributes of mind! the acquirements of splendid talents—the triumphs of lofty genius! Away with such a false standard—it is unworthy of immortal beings. Use money as not abusing it—but banish the *love* of it, and let it no longer defile, degrade, and cripple the noblest powers of man. Its *love* is anti-republican, anti-human, and anti-christian. It dries up the milk of human kindness, and transforms the soul into a sterile, barren waste, contracting its expansive powers, until they become so small, that they find more room within the circumference of the almighty dollar, than a frog would in Lake Erie.

NATURE.

In the vast, and in the minute we see
 The unambiguous footsteps of the God
 Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
 And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.—*Cowper.*

THE capacity of man, that enables him, by observation and investigation, to grasp the works and operations of Nature, and, aided by Revelation, to comprehend God in every thing, is a strong evidence of the immortality of the soul, and of the vast powers of his mind. To trace the perfect gradation of Nature, from the smallest animalcule, up to the grand centre of the planetary system, is the province of man. He is privileged to enter the great laboratory of Nature—not to work, but to admire; not to dictate, but to be instructed. He there beholds a perfect whole, without a vacuum—a connected whole without a discord; a separate independent whole, beautifully connected; each part moving by itself, yet each contributing to the harmony of the whole; and a single thing, unlike most of the inventions of man, performing separate and distinct offices.

The atmosphere is the element of respiration; the conductor of light by refraction and reflection; and, by being decomposed, becomes heat, three grand essentials of life. The ocean sustains its myriads of inhabitants; and, although it is a great reservoir of *salt* water, by the joint action of the atmosphere and sun upon it, becomes the great fountain from which the earth is supplied with *fresh*. The sun warms, enlightens, controls time, motion, and space. The earth

bears on its bosom, all that is necessary for man and beast, in almost endless variety ; and in its bowels, the minerals that enable us, with greater facility and comfort, to reap the other bounties that surround us. View the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms, as a connected harmonious whole, or separate ; and then each part of each, separate, from the smallest grain of sand, up to the mighty globe ; from the smallest fibre of the smallest plant, up to the majestic oak ; from the smallest animalcule, that can be seen by the most powerful microscope, up to the crowning glory of creation—**MAN**—all is one united harmonious whole, in regular gradation, without an imperfect link. Who can contemplate Nature as it is, and doubt the existence of a God ? None but the wilfully blind, and obstinately perverse.

NOVELS.

To me it seems, their females and their men
 Are but the creatures of the author's pen ;
 Nay, creatures borrow'd, and again convey'd
 From book to book—the shadows of a shade.—*Crabbe.*

NOVEL writers and readers, have increased, within the last half century, like rabbits in a clover field, and have produced and devoured more flowers, than esculent plants. Taken as a whole, from Fielding, Richardson and Smollet, down to the “JUST PUBLISHED,” the benefits that have resulted from the productions of novel writers, are like a kernel of wheat in a peck of chaff. Comparatively few of them inculcate morals, pure as those of the Pagan school, and fewer recom-

mend, much less, inculcate Christianity. Novel writing has become a profession, and novel reading, a mania. The one caters, the others devour, like the shark, every kind of food that comes in their way, labelled, "A NEW NOVEL." As this class of readers seldom consult the Bible, Query, would it not be well to foil the devil, by publishing it in piece meal, with the above label? The name of the author presents the grand objection. I complain less of the *name* novel, than of *quality* and *quantity*. By being crammed with light and frothy trash, the mind, like the body with new cider, becomes affected with flatulency; a continuation of which, produces dyspepsia; this often results in dysorexia, and sometimes in dysthymia.

Novel writing, is imagination playing upon imagination. The writer is a veteran, inured to the service; the readers, less accustomed to fatigue, are more liable to be overworked, especially if young. The one knows and treats the subject as fiction; the others often treat it as a dreadful reality. As a convincing proof to me, that novels vitiate the taste, and destroy a relish for stronger food, I can turn my mind's eye to several, whom I have seen weeping over a novel, and have seen the same person sit under the most vivid description of the crucifixion of our Saviour, with stoic indifference; showing, clearly, that this kind of reading neither improves the judgment, nor leads to a true estimate of persons and things. The same persons would look pale, if asked to read Paley on the Mind, and be locked in the arms of Morpheus, by Locke on the Understanding.

Unsound and false thinking, often produce improper actions. Not unfrequently do weak-minded persons

take the hero or heroine of a novel, as a pattern for imitation, and succeed about as well as a monkey would in distilling whiskey. The style of novels, some of them festooned with the gayest flowers of language, is calculated to give a disrelish for more solid and useful books; for habit is as quick to seize power, as an ambitious demagogue, and holds on with as much tenacity. If the Bible was read more, and novels less, it would be better.

OCCUPATION.

THE man who has no occupation is in a bad plight. If he is poor, want is ever and anon, pinching him; if he is rich, ennui is a more relentless tormentor than want. An unoccupied man cannot be happy—nor can one who is improperly occupied. We have swarms of idlers among us, the worst of whom are gentlemen idlers; that is, men who pursue no useful occupation, and sponge their way, often enjoying the luxuries of life, living upon the hard earnings of others—the cancers of community—pseudo patterns of bipeds—leeches on the body politic.

In this wide-spread and expanding country, no one need be without some useful occupation. All trades and professions are open, from the honest hod carrier, up to the highest place in the agricultural, commercial and mechanical departments, and from the humblest, but not least useful teacher of A. B. C., up to the pinnacle of professional fame. Those occupations that require manual labor, are the surest, most healthy, and most independent; surest, because they

are more expansive ; healthiest, because they give exercise to the physical powers ; most independent because less exposed to the whims and caprice of public opinion. The two great professions, Law and Physic, are fearfully overstocked at the present time, and, melancholy as is the fact, parents are pushing their sons into this accumulating torrent, covered with floating wrecks, as indiscriminately as the Hindoos do their children into the Ganges. It is a sad mistake, an injury to the son, and to our common country. But a small portion succeed well, a few more make a mere living, but by far the largest portion struggle awhile with disappointment and poverty, and then go at some other business, or, what is more lamentable, become dissipated and ruined. Every boy should be taught some manual occupation, and every girl housewifery—no matter how rich the parents, or for what profession designed. Riches can be taken from us—our trade or occupation—never while we live. A profession may fail—we then know how to labor. I would especially caution parents against putting their sons to the profession of the Law. As people grow wiser and better, lawyers will be less needed. Physic has also lost much of its mystery—people are becoming their own physicians more and more. In the early history of our race, we read of neither lawyers or doctors, a strong hint that none were needed then—if the number of the former was now reduced three fourths, and that of the other one half, and the young flood dammed up for ten years, it would greatly increase individual happiness and the prosperity of our country.

OFFICE SEEKERS.

HAD not office seeking become a kind of professional business, based upon impudence, and the rank and file monopolized by many who are void of true patriotism—men in leading strings—slaves of party leaders and reckless demagogues—some sympathy should be extended to the disappointed thousands, who swell the multitude at the seat of government. It would be but charitable to sympathize with those who are ignorant of the political machinery of party politics—and have been led there by the promise of some member for whom they voted—a promise, probably made to scores of others, for the purpose of obtaining their votes. Office seeking and office promising, are among the canker-worms that are preying on our body politic, and are causing serious mischief. The aspiring candidate, who thinks more of self than the glory and good of his country, obtains many votes, by selecting a number of pliant, plausible men in his district; and promising each a slice from the wheat loaf, should he be elected. If he succeeds, they are encouraged to make a journey to head quarters—where they go, only to be disappointed, often spend the last dollar they can raise, and leave their families to suffer for bread. Scenes of distress, arising from such reckless promises, are of common occurrence, the authors of which, cannot be too severely censured.

Office seeking has become a game, in which the applicants are the pack, demagogues the players, and government, *alias*, the *dear* sovereign people, the table played upon. The secret of true wisdom consists in keep-

ing out of the pack, living in sweet communion with your family, friends, and with the Author of all good. When virtue and genuine patriotism predominate, offices will seek good and competent men, who should answer the call, as a matter of duty, not of pleasure or profit. If corruption, intrigue, and duplicity, are the order of the day, it is useless for good men to enter the arena of applicants—they will be jostled out—have their names traduced, and their feelings mortified. Let them rather aid in clearing out the Augean stable, as the only means of safety, for themselves and our country.

 OPINION.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

IF Pope wrote truly of the people at the time he penned the above lines, they were composed of different materials from those of the present day. A large portion of our people, in matters of high importance, especially political and religious, either carry dumb watches, do not wind them up, do not trust to them, or force them to run alike. Some big clock governs the mass around it. As it clicks, so they click—as it points the hour, the minute, the second, so do they. If the big clocks were all true to time, and all alike, there would be some sense and comfort in being governed by them—as it is, it would be well for us to look a little to our own timepieces, exercise our own judgments, and learn to think and act for ourselves. This would have a tendency to regulate the big clocks, put a check on

demagogues, and allay the heat of party spirit. In religious matters, let the Bible be the standard, and let us set our watches to it by actual inspection, and not depend upon another to give us the time; much less, upon those who go by a dial, governed by the moon, instead of the Sun of Righteousness. Although our time may then agree with the big clock, it will be for the reason that it is correctly set to the same standard. It is very agreeable to go with the multitude if right—better be alone than wrong, or to wrangle with those who differ in opinion, and believe they are right. Let every one be persuaded in his own mind, is the injunction. By these remarks, I mean not, that one man shall treat those with contempt or indifference, who differ with him in opinion—but the reverse—they should be respected because they have an independence of mind, without which man is a mere automaton. Nor do I undervalue the opinions of others. This would be to repress, not encourage investigation, and would be an assumption of infallibility, which belongs only to God. Let opinion be free as mountain air, and not be confined by demagogues or priests, by metaphysicians or dogmatists, by kings or popes, but based on Reason and Revelation. Nor do I mean any disrespect to those who are worthy and competent to lead—for leaders there must be. I only wish to prompt men to use the noble powers of their immortal minds for themselves, that they may better benefit others; and neither let them rust out, or be worn out, to forward the selfish designs of intriguing and ambitious aspirants. Discussion in the mental, like a thunder storm in the natural world, purifies the atmosphere, and when the clouds are cleared away by the action that produced the commo-

tion, the sunbeams of truth in the former, as the fountain of light in the latter, shine upon all around.

Be not over anxious to know the opinions of others concerning yourself. If they are favorable, it may increase that rank weed, pride—if the reverse, it may sour your temper and destroy your happiness. To be cursed with this kind of curiosity, is worse than corns on the toes—or gout in the head. Cultivate an independence of mind, deserve the good opinion of others—then run your boat in the middle channel—be neither too anxious, nor yet indifferent of what others think of you. Keep a conscience void of offence, act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God and man.

PARTY SPIRIT.

FOR years, my voice and pen have been arrayed against this foul spirit, nor shall my humble efforts relax, until the purple current ceases to flow from my heart, or the enemy is subdued. Its history is red with blood—its career has been marked with desolation and ruin, often riding on the whirlwind of faction, and the tornado of fanaticism. It has blotted kingdoms and empires from the map of the world—its burning lava has consumed nations, blighted the fairest portions of creation, and sacrificed millions upon its sanguinary altar. Its motive power is wild ambition—its fuel, too often, fell revenge—its object, illegitimate power. I refer to its past history, from which we are to draw lessons for the present and future. Human nature is the same—like circumstances will produce the same results. Although this *Bohon Upas* has not attained a towering height in our

own country, it is taking deep root in our community—its poison already contaminates our political and religious atmosphere—it has already had its victims of blood, and blighted the fair reputation of many an individual. Its miasma has reached our ballot boxes, violated the peaceful fireside, traduced private character, invaded patriotism, induced perjury, countenanced forgery, corrupted our elective franchise, arrested the liberty of free discussion, and produced mobocracy, in its most fearful aspect, marked with sanguinary scenes and direful consequences.

If these sad effects have been realized in the *spring*-time of its growth, how awful will be the consequences of its summer foliage, and autumnal maturity? The solution of this problem is found in crimson, and fully demonstrated in the history of nations that once were, but now are not—nations who enjoyed the sunshine of prosperity, until this demon sealed their ruin.

It is contended by many, that it is the safety of a Republic to have two political parties, that one may watch and detect the corrupt designs of the other. If this argument is sound, our country is highly favored, for we have *four* distinct parties, besides guerilla leaders, who plunder from each of the others. The argument would be sound, if either party would banish all demagogues from its ranks—become purely patriotic—be guided entirely by love of country, charity towards others, the fear of God, prudence, sound discretion, and rigid justice to all. As they are now constituted, for one to correct the faults of the other, would be like Satan rebuking sin. There are good traits and good men in each party, but good men are not apt to become party leaders, and bad riders will

spoil the best of horses. Many of the prominent leaders of the present day, are much like the Kilkenny cats.

We have swarms of demagogues who are destitute of patriotism—who are regardless of the good of our country; men of seven principles—“*five loaves and two fishes*”—men who put on the livery of heaven to accomplish base party purposes—who unite an oily tongue with a scorpion heart—an evil brain with an active body—often sacrificing honor, integrity, and even their friends; to carry out plans, based entirely upon PARTY SPIRIT; pressing towards the end, with the force of a locomotive, regardless of the means brought in requisition.

The influence of this foul spirit has often manifested itself in our legislative halls, in the cabinet, and in the distribution of executive patronage. It is no longer an inquiry, *what*, but *who* recommends a man to office. The first and highest qualification is, to belong to the party in power—“Is he honest? is he worthy? is he competent?” are old fashioned Jeffersonian questions, of secondary importance. It is with reluctance, that a man of real worth and modest merit, enters the political arena, or consents to encounter the pestiferous atmosphere of PARTY SPIRIT, now hanging, like an incubus, over our beloved country. Nor is merit a necessary qualification with the demagogue. *Available*—is the omnipotent word—the grand counter-sign—the magic passport to a nomination—and *when* nominated—the candidate *must* be voted for, although destitute of capacity, moral virtue, and the requisites of a statesman. As a natural consequence, dignity, decorum, and common courtesy; are often banished from our legislative halls—scenes of confusion occur—crimination and re-

crimination usurp the place of sound logic and courteous debate—reason is dethroned—common decency outraged—the business of our country neglected, or badly performed—party laws passed at one session, and repealed at the next—all the result of being enslaved by **PARTY SPIRIT**.

Let those who love **LIBERTY** and our common country, burst the fetters of party—think and act for themselves—spurn the fawning demagogue, and become **FREEMEN** indeed. On this course depends our safety—our final national destiny.

Party spirit is not confined to the political arena. It has raised Alpine barriers in the way of the religion of the cross—sectarian walls, behind which the skeptic, the infidel, and unbelievers, hide with impunity. All Christian creeds are professedly drawn from the same pure fountain—yet, by a kind of chemical process, each sect gives its own supply a hue to suit its own fancy, and each forms a distinct party. How awful the persecutions of party spirit, by one set of professing Christians against another—let past history tell, and the angry clouds that are gathering in our own country—confirm.

Unless intelligence, wisdom, and prudence, check the onward career of **PARTY SPIRIT**, daily accumulating force in our midst, our country is doomed—our union dissolved—our **LIBERTY** lost—our **FREEDOM** gone.

PAUPERISM.

THIS growing evil of our country, like many others, has so far pursued its bold and onward course, presenting a bold front, pressed on by an accumulating rear. RELIEF has been the watchword with the benevolent; CAUSES and REMEDY, have but recently been traced and proposed, and are now arresting the attention of the public mind in this city.

Prodigality is the great *first* cause—the others are secondary, and minor. By prodigality, I mean, a waste of INTELLECT, TIME, and MONEY, the three great secondary causes of Pauperism. Intellect is wasted by ignorance or perversion; time is wasted by idleness; and money, by an unnecessary and criminal expenditure. Darkened or perverted intellect, gives a wrong direction to the mind, poisons it with false principles, and often diverts the body from the path of rectitude and useful employment. Idleness is the teeming hotbed of vice, from grossness, up to refinement—every avenue of which, leads to Pauperism.

Useless and criminal expenditures of money lead to the same goal, from the unnecessary smoking of a cigar, drinking alcoholic poison, patronizing hells of blacklegs, or living and dressing beyond the income; up to the extravagant outlays of the rich, who pamper pride, by making a pompous show, to attract the admiring gaze of those of the multitude, who have more fancy than brains, and more vanity than common sense; retaining an infantile taste for glittering gewgaws, as long as they live; thinking every thing gold that shines.

In the abstract, idleness is the great producer of pauperism—the reservoir of vice and crime.

A minor secondary cause of Pauperism, is improvidence, or a want of judgment and experience in doing business, and using money. A system of education should be introduced, to remedy this evil.

Another minor cause may be found, in the liberal provision made by the benevolent, for paupers. In many persons, this has induced idleness, and an expenditure of money for articles not indispensably requisite, knowing, that some of the benevolent institutions would provide for their wants. If we had no almshouses, Dorcas Societies, or Soup Associations; there are many who would lay up a store for winter, that now depend upon them, and even speculate from them. I remember a case in point. A woman, a beneficiary of a Soup Society; called in the afternoon of a day, for four quarts of soup. She was reminded that she had been served in the morning—“True,” said she—“but sure, haven’t I taken four boarders since?”

Another cause of increasing Pauperism is, the large number imported from Europe. Congress should prevent this. I would not dispense with eleemosynary institutions, but I would recommend a more rigid discipline. We have long been devising and adopting plans of *relief*, but a *remedy* has but recently been suggested, that seemed to promise success—that remedy is the Bible, and the religion there inculcated. It is a fact worthy of notice, that more than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the paupers in this city, are not members of Bible churches. This fact has more force, than a volume of fine-spun arguments. Virtue and industry are the necessary results of pure Bible religion. St. Paul said,

he that will not work shall not eat. If all will work, who are able, and make a judicious use of their earnings, we should have but few paupers, and those, the really unfortunate. Bring all under the influence of the Bible, pauperism would be reduced ninety per cent., the day that is accomplished. Let the philanthropist look around in the churches where the Bible has free course, and he will be astonished to find scarcely a pauper there, and that pauper supported by the church of which he or she is a member, and not a beneficiary of any other institution.

PERSPECTIVE.

A GLANCE AT HUMAN NATURE — SELECT AND ORIGINAL.

SOME make large figures on a public subscription, who spurn the famishing poor from their door. Some enter zealously into laudable plans, if originated by themselves, not otherwise. Some are greatly moved by trifles, who bear heavy calamities with fortitude. Some preach virtue, but practise vice. Some censure pride in the devotees of fashion, and are themselves just as proud, in being out of fashion. Some husbands and wives are all love, dove, dear, and honey, when abroad; their ill-nature they keep for domestic use, and go abroad but seldom. Some are so uneven in their temper, that at one time, nothing can anger them, at other times, nothing can please them; others are like punk-wood, quick to take fire, and quick to go out; others are slow to anger—but when offended, usually stay so for life.

Some feel deeply their own misfortunes, but those

of others, they view with calmness. Some are free to volunteer their own advice, but spurn the advice of others—being overwise in their own conceit—more hopeless cases than fools. Those who crouch and fawn to superiors, are usually tyrannical masters. Some change their friends often, and like the last ones best. Some practise affectation to appear large, and render themselves ridiculous. Some base their faith and opinions on some leading star, or the multitude, not on their own judgment and reflection. Some create suspicions of dishonesty, by too great professions of honesty. Some mistake taciturnity for wisdom, and stupidity for gravity.

Some ladies of fashion affect extreme sensibility by their looks, manners, and tones of voice; and are so tender hearted, as to weep over high-life scenes of fiction, portrayed in a novel; but can view, with stoic indifference, the vulgar poor, objects of real distress, that have legitimate claims on their charity. Cosmopolite philosophers have a large fund of speculative benevolence, consisting in words—not deeds. They are true to their prototype, *SENECA*, who was very wealthy, wrote an admirable essay on charity, but never gave any thing to the necessitous.

We have another class of bipeds, who seek to ease their guilty consciences, by commuting for neglects and trespasses, hard dealing and close shaving, by a grave and punctilious attendance at church on Sunday. Distance, mud, and storm; are no barriers. The devil delights in such servants. Some have too much religion in theory, and too little in practice. Some will wrangle for it, others will write for it, some will fight for it, others will die for it; but there are too few who

live for it; after the precepts and examples of its great Author. In two things, false professors of all religions have agreed—to persecute all other sects, and plunder their own.

PILLOW.

THE pillow is the throne of conscience, and the citadel of reflection. It is there, that the world is shut out; there, conscience will be heard; there, reflection enforces attention. There, the grand review of life, and especially of the past day, week or month, takes place. There, errors are corrected, or plans laid to increase them—there, resolutions are formed—good or bad; but there, more than any where, conscience corrects the bad, and enforces the good. On the pillow, we analyze our plans of business, our judgments are more settled, we discover what is wrong, and abandon it; and are more strongly confirmed in what is right. The good man buries his resentments in the pillow, and the wicked are often conquered by reflection, and, on the pillow, nobly resolve to forsake their wickedness, and return to the paths of virtue. The pillow often cools burning revenge, and drives anger from the heaving bosom.

On the pillow, the Christian delights to hold communion with Him who protects him by day, and guards him by night. He can there review the numerous blessings of which he is the happy recipient, reflect upon the immortality of the soul, offer up his silent and undisturbed prayers for himself, his relatives and friends, and the whole human family. The philanthropist can there devise and digest plans for the amelioration of the human family, undisturbed and in quiet. But, oh! the

thorns that are in the pillow of him who is steeped in crime, unless he has seared his conscience, and strangled reflection. And to the awakened sinner, how dreadful is the pillow! In the darkness of night, he seems to see the gleaming fires of vengeance, blazing from the throne of an offended Deity. But, from that same pillow, he can look to a bleeding Saviour, find pardon for all his sins, and bathe his enraptured soul in the fountain of redeeming love. On the pillow, the good man commends himself to God for safety while he sleeps, and awards to Him his gratitude when he wakes. On the pillow, nature is refreshed by sleep, let that pillow be of feathers, wood, or stone—sleep, the semblance of death, but the preserver of life. Let all make good use of the pillow.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

THIS is a rare and useful quality, constitutional with some, and greatly improved in others, by frequent and repeated exposure to danger. This is strongly exhibited by our Aborigines, who are trained to perils from childhood. Long familiarity with persons and things, often changes their first appearance materially. The principle of self preservation, the first law of nature, is the main spring of presence of mind, in time of personal danger. A naturally timid person may become so accustomed to danger, that what he once dreaded, he no longer fears. The reverse sometimes occurs—exposure to perils increases fear and paralyzes all the powers of the man. Some men can never be depended on as soldiers or sailors—owing to constitutional fear.

The man who is blessed with original presence of mind, will exhibit it on his first exposure to sudden and imminent danger, and the greater the danger, the more brightly will this quality shine. At a single glance, the peril and the remedy are lighted up before him, as with a lightning flash in the darkness of night, and his energies of action receive a supernatural vigor, and are nerved to double the strength he could exert on ordinary occasions. At fires, on the water, at raising buildings, on the highway, and in numerous other situations of peril, I have witnessed feats of strength, performed at a moment when life was in jeopardy, that clearly proved my assertion. Other instances I have witnessed, where safety depended upon a single momentary act, not of strength, but the result of pure presence of mind—the only thing that could have been done to save life, so far as human judgment could determine.

From what I have seen, heard related, and read ; I am inclined to believe this quality is more common in the female than in the male sex ; and so designed by an all wise Providence, for the protection of our species, when in a helpless state. An instance occurred in India about thirty years ago, of remarkable presence of mind in a lady. Several ladies and gentlemen went on shore, and had seated themselves near a jungle—the lady in question sitting a few feet farther out than the rest. Suddenly, a huge tiger sprang at her—she instantly spread an umbrella in his face, which so discomfitted him, that he retreated, and the party escaped unhurt. In the history of the early settlement of our country, and of the border wars, many thrilling instances of presence of mind are recorded, on the part of

both the settlers and savages. These were not unfrequently exhibited, in a remarkable degree, by females, especially mothers.

In the time of battle, both on land and water, this quality has often decided the contest against all previous probabilities. Among those who possessed this natural gift to a high degree, were Washington and Napoleon, men whose dispositions and desires were at perfect antipodes to each other. In the midst of the din of battle and the clash of arms, at a single glance, they could see the position of the contending armies, and coolly calculate the advantages to be gained by sudden changes and manœuvres, and as quickly order them. A commander who has this quality, has a decided advantage over one who has not, and, with an inferior force, often achieves astonishing victories, especially if his officers and men are imbued with the same gift. Perry could leave his disabled ship, and, calm as a summer morning, pass to another vessel in an open boat, through a storm of iron hail, and weave for himself a wreath of glory, enduring as the pages of history.

In other spheres of life, not fraught with dangers to the body, presence of mind is an indispensable requisite to success. Shining wit is a species of presence of mind.

This quality should be possessed by the judge on the bench, the lawyer at the bar, the orator in the forum, the minister in the pulpit, who *preaches*, and does not *read* his sermons, the physician, with whom we trust our lives, and the surgeon, in his responsible operations.

Those who practice *humbuggery* successfully, are found to have a large share of this quality, coupled

with impudence and dishonesty of a high order. It is also possessed, in a preëminent degree, by successful blacklegs, pickpockets, burglars, robbers, and others who stand high on the calendar of crime. Like other strong qualities, when perverted from good to evil purposes, this gift becomes a dangerous agent with those who are corrupt in principle and practice.

My advice is, to keep cool under all circumstances, if possible. Much may be effected by cultivation—we should learn to command our feelings and act prudently in all the ordinary concerns of life—this will better prepare us to meet sudden emergencies with calmness and fortitude. If we permit our feelings to be ruffled and disconcerted in small matters, they will be thrown into a whirlwind, when big events overtake us. Our best antidote is, implicit confidence in God.

PRESS.

No one can too highly appreciate the magic power of the Press, or too deeply deprecate its abuses. As newspapers have become the great highway of that intelligence, which exerts a controlling power over our nation, catering the every-day food of the mind, I will confine my remarks to these vehicles of knowledge, and their conductors.

No course of reading is better calculated to show the present state of society, than the perusal of the various newspapers of the day. The variety and quality, size and quantity, have increased to a mighty flood. Comparatively, we have the omnibus, that admits every thing for money; the stage coach, a little more particu-

lar; and the private coach, neat, cleanly, and uncontaminating. We have the political party sheets, some of whose editors are often goaded on by demagogues, to the most disgraceful venality; acrimonious, calumniating; assailing persons, more than measures; placing party interests above public good. The political discussions of the present day, are seldom characterized by reason, logic, courtesy, or common sense. This is an evil that editors can, and should correct. They can give a harmonious, or a discordant tone to society. But few of the corps editorial, seem to feel the high responsibility resting upon them. Their whole aim should be, to enlighten and improve mankind, and avoid all publications, calculated to produce ill blood, or lead to erroneous conclusions. Their papers should be standards of truth, promoters of peace, cementers of union, inculcators of pure morality, disseminators of sound logic; free from personal invectives and animadversions on private character, and rigidly just, in their discussion of public men; chaste in language, free from scandal and calumny; calculated to improve the mind, correct the head, and better the heart. Public good never requires an editor to expose domestic relations, and exaggerate minor faults, promulgate false charges, or echo inuendoes. Politics, as conducted by some of the leaders of the parties of the present day, have become disgusting to the genuine patriot, who deems the good of his country, paramount to party-triumph. The old landmarks of '76, have been discarded by many, and too frequently are our laws, and even revised, and new state constitutions, based on party principles; if not a sandy, at least, a very problematical foundation.

It is a law of nature, that each mass of matter, contains the materials to effect its own destruction. The destructive material once put in motion, the work of dissolution is done. Let editors lay this to heart, and, if they love our country, and its free institutions as they should, they will banish all venality from the press, and send forth a pure stream of light ; the rays of burning truth, that will purify our political and moral atmosphere, and make our nation healthful, vigorous, and strong.

The silken cords of our Union have several times been strained to their utmost tension. We have an accumulating mass of combustible, destructive materials in our midst. Our bond of union has been put at issue by demagogues—the virtue and intelligence of the people at large, can alone preserve it. A little more steam upon the locomotive of **DIVISION**—a little more fuel from the north, and fire from the south ; may burst the boiler, and destroy the beautiful engine of our **LIBERTY** which, if preserved, will yet give **FREEDOM** to the nations of the old world. Editors, more than any other class, can insure the perpetuity of our **UNION**.

How important, then, that the Press shall be preserved pure and undefiled, and send forth no bitter waters, no fire brands, no error. Let every sheet, issued from the Press, be a bright and shining light, to guide us in the path of wisdom and virtue, which is the only path of safety. Let editors soar above all selfish, personal, and demagogue influences. Let them be men of reflecting and analyzing minds ; expansive and liberal views ; pure and lofty principles ; men of general intelligence ; students of human nature ; philosophers of mind ; cool, deliberate ; firm in purpose

decisive in action ; free as mountain air ; wise as a serpent, but without venom ; harmless as a dove, but noble, soaring, and piercing as the eagle ; discreet and disinterested as was the astute Franklin ; patriotic and devoted to the glory of our country, as was the immortal Washington.

Let them feel, with mountain weight, that upon them, more than upon any other class of men, rests the high responsibility of maturing the political and moral character of the rising generation ; of imparting a sound and healthy tone to society ; of promoting the good and prosperity of our beloved country ; of consolidating, more firmly, our free institutions ; of preserving the perpetuity of our Union ; and of directing the final destiny of our nation. More than all, let them be men of high moral feeling ; of pure integrity ; the champions of virtue and innocence ; a terror to evil doers, and the advocates of those who do well. We may then hope on, and hope ever.

With such an editorial corps, shedding a benign influence on the minds of the increasing millions of this land of democracy, our country would continue to rise, in majesty sublime ; and, as it towered upward, would set the eastern continent in a blaze, by the lightning flashes of LIBERTY ; illuminate, and set on fire, the souls of the multitudes of slaves in that land of despots, deeply galled with chains ; who would burst upon their oppressors, like a long suppressed volcano ; rise from their degradation, like the lion from his lair ; demolish the thrones of monarchs ; sing the requiem of tyrants, and assume their native dignity.

Then, universal FREEDOM would become the crowning glory of man ; the banner of LIBERTY would wave,

in triumphant grandeur over the nations of the wide world; angels would carry the glad news to high Heaven; every patriot would shout a loud—AMEN!!!

PROCRASTINATION.

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom.—*Suckling.*

PROCRASTINATION has been appropriately surnamed THE THIEF OF TIME, and a bold thief it is, and what is worse, goes unwhipped of justice. It is often the parent of confusion—sometimes of poverty. Some persons appear to have been born half an hour too late, and chase that half hour through life, and are finally distanced in the race; for, by procrastinating, they are always behind hand in every thing, unless it shall be in the pursuit of vice, which is very apt to produce a little too much punctuality. An old Saxon adage reads thus, *Never put off till to-morrow, what may be done to-day.* The Spaniards have one that reads as follows, *Never do to-day, what can be put off till to-morrow.*

The present condition of the two nations, is a striking commentary upon the text; the natural result of the policy of each proverb. Another adage may be cited, worthy of note, *Punctuality is the life of business.* Some mechanics, excellent workmen and kind-hearted men, lose all their custom, for want of punctuality. Some farmers make double work for themselves, and perhaps sustain essential damage, by not doing work in time. Some let their accounts run, until they are drawn into the awful vortex of the law. Some lose

debts, by procrastinating them into the Statute of Limitations, which was made as a check on this widespread evil. Borrowers are great procrastinators.

Most men postpone making their wills until on a sick bed, and often then, until too weak to make them clearly, and the lawyers take more of the estate than the heirs. Some persons from penuriousness, others from dread of medicine, postpone sending for a physician quite too long—others send on very trivial occasions. The latter practice is the most safe, although sometimes a theme of ridicule.

Some delay vaccination; the smallpox comes—it is then too late—the victim dies. Some ministers delay preparing their sermons until Saturday—and others do not prepare them at all. Without unusually strong natural powers, a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and the most fervent zeal and piety, they are not prepared to feed their flock. Others are sadly prone to keep the congregation waiting—arriving half an hour too late. The impatience of the hearers has soured their minds, and they are measurably unprepared to receive the word in the love of it. Punctuality in religion, is of vast importance.

The most fatal procrastination is exhibited by those who delay a preparation for death. They know not how soon it may come—and if unprepared when it arrives, their dismal fate is irrevocably fixed. Reader, lay this to heart—*prepare to meet thy God.*

PROMISES.

CUSTOM and fashion have combined to legalize promise breaking. Some men, like bad boys, promise, to avoid, and pass over an unpleasant emergency, without an intention of performing; nay more, they often make promises they know they cannot perform. This is double lying—they make a false promise, and deceive the person to whom the promise is made, unless they have established a general reputation, and, by the laws of custom and fashion, are licensed liars; in that case they would forfeit their standing by performing their promises, and be subject to censure by this very large fraternity.

It would save much trouble and disappointment, if this numerous class would petition Congress, and obtain the passage of a law, as general, and more permanent than was the Bankrupt law, to have all notes they shall hereafter be called on to sign, to commence thus, *I promise never to pay*—then, if conscience should prompt them to pay, the disappointment to the creditors would not be so disastrous, as under the present improper, fictitious, and delusive phraseology. The debtor could justify his course in paying, from the example of the two spoken of in the New Testament—one promised to do, but did not, and was condemned; the other refused to do, but went straightway and performed his duty, and was approved.

A train of disastrous consequences has often rushed upon a community, like cars let loose down an inclined plane, by one man failing to perform his promise. Misfortune is sometimes the justifiable cause, but I speak

of those who promise, knowing they cannot perform, or, that the performance will at least be problematical. We have a large and increasing number of this class of bipeds in the labyrinth of life—cancers upon our body politic. Not a few pass along, and appear in style too, who live by borrowing and promising, and never paying. True, like caterpillars, when they have stripped one orchard of its leaves, they are compelled to emigrate to another; and having been well fed at the last, they appear “fat and sleek” at the next, which gives them new credit, and thus they pass through life, and move in fashionable circles, because they can keep up appearances, by swindling the industrious, under the present wide-spread system of promise making and breaking. These are the favored children of fashion, a kind reciprocity exists between them—she furnishes precedents in high life, to take off the curse of promise breaking, and they are thus enabled to be number one in her train.

In matters that are erroneously considered minor, promise breaking is very common, and extends to all classes, and a large majority of persons. Ten men make an appointment to meet at a certain time and place—one or two *may* be punctual; nine may get there half an hour after the time fixed, but some one generally takes an hour’s grace; thus are the punctual robbed of an hour, and probably suffer by it, for punctual men are systematic, and have particular business for every hour. This is a serious evil. A friend makes an appointment to call on his or her friend at a particular time—the time arrives, the call is anxiously, perhaps impatiently waited for—the promise is broken, and not unfrequently, ill blood has been the conse-

quence. One family promises to visit another on a certain day; extra money and time are expended to give the entertainment—the promise is broken, and, perhaps, their friendship too. But the vilest, most brutal, and most hellish promise breakers, are those demons of men, who promise marriage to an innocent and unsuspecting girl, and then desert, if not ruin her. Such brutes should be caged with scorpions, fed on aquafortis, and drenched with prussic acid; a mild punishment, compared with the enormity of the crime.

Finally, let those who have made promises to the great Jehovah, either by or without a profession of religion, beware how they break them. It cannot be done with impunity. He is not man, broken promises to Him, will be fearfully punished.

PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE is the combination of wisdom, reason, discretion, and common sense; the offspring of a clear head, a correct judgment, and a good heart. It regards the past, the present, and the future; time and eternity; never shrinks from known duty; acts with coolness and decision; investigates impartially, reasons correctly, and condemns reluctantly. The prudent man meets the dispensations of Providence calmly; views mankind in the clear sunshine of charity; is guided by the golden rule in his dealings; cherishes universal philanthropy; and soars, in peerless majesty, above the trifling vanities and corrupting vices of the world, and lives in constant readiness to enter the mansions of bliss beyond this vale of tears.

It is not the consequent result of shining talents, brilliant genius, or great learning. It has been truly said by Dr. Young, and demonstrated by thousands, *With the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool.* A profound scholar may astonish the world with his scientific researches and discoveries ; pour upon mankind a flood of light ; illuminate and enrapture the immortal mind with the beauties of expounded revelation ; point erring man to the path of rectitude ; direct the anxious mind to the Saviour's love ; and render himself powerless in the cause of truth, by imprudent and inconsistent practices.

“How empty learning, and how vain is art ;
Save when it guides the life, and mends the heart.”

One grain of prudence is of more value than a cranium crowded with unbridled genius, or a flowing stream of vain wit. It is the real ballast of human life. Without it, dangers gather thick and fast around the frail bark of man, and hurry him on to destruction. The shores of time are lined with wrecks, driven before the gale of imprudence.

Prudence may be urged upon the reader negatively, for there are but few, who do not better know, than they practise this virtue.

It is not prudence for children and youth, to disregard the good counsel of their parents and teachers ; contracting habits, calculated to lead them into crime, and destroy their future happiness and usefulness.

It is not prudence in parents, to permit their children to grow up in idleness and ignorance, pursuing, unrestrained, the wild inclinations of corrupt nature—pleasures, that will lead to corruption ; vice, that will

involve them in lasting disgrace and ruin. A high responsibility rests on parents to train their children properly. The mutual comfort of both, the salvation of their souls, and the salvation of our country, depend much upon the manner in which the rising generation is trained.

It is not Prudence to contract sudden intimacies with strangers. Many wolves are wandering about in sheep's clothing; with long faces, smooth tongues, and demon hearts; seeking for some unwary lamb, whose jugular they can tap, before their true character is known, or even suspected. Genuine coin loses nothing by being tested—genuine good hearts will not depreciate, by being proved in the crucible of truth-telling time. You can extend the hand of charity, without mingling souls.

Hasty, or compulsory marriages are seldom prudent and rarely happy. After the blissful knot *is* tied, it is Prudence for the twain to do all in their power to render each other happy; to both pull the same way, carefully avoiding cold indifference, cruel neglect, angry words, discordant views, and unnecessary crosses; for love, like china, once broken, is hard to be repaired—like the caged bird, once fled, it is hard to be regained.

It is not Prudence, but base injustice, to bear false witness against our neighbor, either by petty scandal, open slander, or willful perjury. Slander is more to be dreaded than the cholera. It is like a sulphureous fire or a charcoal gas, that suffocates as we slumber; a scorpion in the grass, inflicting an unsuspected, but deadly sting.

It is not Prudence, but cruel, to trifle with the feelings of others, by inspiring hopes only to be blasted.

and making promises only to be broken; more especially, if a female heart is concerned.

It is not Prudence to travel in the wide-beaten path of the pernicious credit system of the present day, by which debtor and creditor are not unfrequently involved in mutual ruin, and sink, embraced, in the slough of poverty.

It is not Prudence to leave a certain business, because its gains are slow, and embark in another kind, to which you are an entire stranger. Nor is it Prudence to rush into wild and visionary speculations, because one out of a hundred may have succeeded. *Slow and sure*, is an old and sound adage.

It is not Prudence to place ourselves on the rack of imaginary wants, unnecessary disquietudes, and discontented minds; because we are not placed in the *palace* of fortune, and are not able to follow all the wild freaks of ever-varying and fickle fashion, and make as magnificent a show, or as great a dash, as many who live in splendor, until they dash their fortunes to pieces, and perhaps that of a confiding friend. Our ancestors were plain, frugal, temperate, and happy.

It is not Prudence to pine under misfortunes or disappointments. Never give up the ship while a plank floats within your reach. Industry and perseverance have, and ever can, perform wonders.

It is not Prudence to indulge in procrastination, crowding to-morrow with the business of to-day. Putting off the payment and collection of debts, often leads to a lawsuit and the loss of friendship.

It is not Prudence to take for granted all we hear, or tell it to others. Nor is it Prudence to be blown about by every wind of doctrine, or fresh breeze that

passes over society. We should be wise in design, firm in purpose, and decisive in action.

It is not Prudence to make politics a profession—the business is overstocked—the field is overrun with weeds; if you enter the arena, take a pick-axe and pruning-hook with you. The Augean stable needs cleansing—if you are a Hercules, go ahead.

It is not Prudence to enter your name on the list of office seekers.—This field is full of brambles and thorns.—Over the avenue of its entrance, UNCERTAINTY, is painted in glowing capitals—and over the outer gate, DISAPPOINTMENT, is written with the ink of tears.

It is not Prudence to wrangle about disputed points in modern theology—the Bible is plain, simple, sublime, complete; and so easily understood, so far as the salvation of the soul is concerned, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err.

In short, to be Prudent, is to shun all evil, practise virtue, live in constant communion with God, and ever be in readiness to throw off our mortal coil, and take our exit, calmly and peacefully, “to that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.”

QUACKS.

SCIENCE seems to increase, rather than diminish the number of Quacks among us, on the same principle that an increased number of solvent banks, increases the amount of counterfeit bank notes. I apply the term to all professions, not to physic alone. A very astute writer has imparted a word of consolation to Quack doctors, by recommending the employment of

a Quack who can *cure*, but cannot *explain* a disease, rather than the scientific physician, who can *explain*, but cannot *cure* it. The isolated fact is true, but the principle is not susceptible of general application, and is therefore unsound.

Quack doctors need no encouragement of this sort—their self conceit and impudence often enable them to outstrip the man of science. And they do sometimes perform wonderful cures—for many diseases are seated in the imagination, instead of the physical organs, and yield to quackery, more readily than to science. I once knew a very celebrated country physician, who always carried rye dough pills, which, aided by water gruel, strongly sweetened with West India molasses, effected astonishing cures. He was master of pathology.

We have two classes of literary Quacks, with a prolific generic organization of species, that swarm our country like locusts. The one has erudition but no genius; the other, volubility, but no depth. The first presents us with secondary sense, the other, with foaming nonsense. The one deserves respect for honest intention—the other, pity for weakness, and contempt, for impudence. The former may effect some good—the latter, little harm, but great annoyance.

All preachers are Quacks, who add to, or diminish from that infallible book—the Bible, or go out of the record.

We have mechanical Quacks, who consist of three classes. The first has genius not matured by experience and discretion, but ready to take charge of steam engines, and *all* machinery. The second has experience, but no genius, and is a mere machine to be operated upon. The third has genius, unconcentrated;

men who are jack at all trades and master of none, like Handy Andy, they always get hold of the wrong tool, and use it the wrong way. Many lives, and vast amounts of property have been sacrificed by these Quacks.

We also have Quack humbugs, yet too desultory to be classed, who endeavor to follow in the wake of the Simon Pure, and effect a grand failure. A successful humbug has three advantages—it puts money in the pocket of the humbugger, exhilarates the humbugged for the time being, and puts them on their guard against future imposition. The Quack humbug effects neither, and is sometimes honored with a dress of tar and feathers—I say honored, because real humbugs, much less Quacks, are too low for the waste of time and material, and should be kicked out of community by cripples on crutches.

Finally, this is a free, as well as a *great* country, and those who have Quack minds, will live and die under the potent influence of quackery, in spite of truth and science.

QUARRELS.

Dissension, like small streams, at first begun,
Scarce seen, they rise and gather as they run.—*Garth.*

THE little eddies of wind that set the dust in commotion, are precursors of a thunder storm in hot weather, and of a strong wind always; so Quarrels often precede a thundering time where two high-tempered persons are concerned, and, as the Hoosiers say, a right smart sprinkle of wind, in minds of calmer tem-

perament. What renders the matter more disastrous, they uniformly occur between those who are on terms of intimacy, perhaps lovers, and not unfrequently, the married pair. To the disgrace of human nature, they are generally based on trifles, not worthy of a passing notice.

In the second chapter of the Apocryphal Book of Tobit, is a case to the point. Anna, the wife of Tobit, during his absence, obtained a kid. When he came home, instead of kindly inquiring how she came by it, he threw out some uncourteous hints concerning its acquisition, which drew from her the retort, that he was no better than he should be. The two eddies of anger met, and quite a storm ensued. As is usual in Quarrels, the old man first committed a wrong, the old woman put another wrong to it—and two wrongs never made a right. If the wife had remained cool and met the fire of the husband's anger with kindness and affection, he would have flashed in the pan, and no explosion would have occurred.

To preserve the current of connubial felicity placid and serene, great caution is necessary. A harsh word, a sour look, a trifling neglect, an unkind hint, an unjust suspicion; often raise a tornado, that makes the whole house shake, and often repeated, will shake the strongest love. But one should get angry at a time—both is two too many.

Among neighbors, mere trifling differences sometimes amount to tedious and expensive lawsuits. The intrusion of a pig, the killing of a chicken, the picking of a little fruit, often engender a lasting hate. The dispositions of such people are like Locofoco matches, they are liable to take fire from their own friction.

Much may be done to remedy these evils, if all would resolve, and put the resolve into execution, to curb their tempers, bear and forbear, soar above trifles; be kind, courteous, and act the human—not the brute. The most efficient remedy, above all others, to cure the evil, is, to live in the full and constant *enjoyment* of religion. A profession, merely, only makes the matter worse, for human nature and religion are both disgraced. Cold and lukewarm professors, who happen to differ, are the bitterest quarrellers to be found, especially if they belong to the same church. Hypocrites are still worse, for they cover themselves with a cloven infallibility, that is as dangerous of approach, as spirit gas with a lighted candle, or gunpowder with a firebrand. Pure, active, and every-day religion, transforms our nature more and more, and gives us an increasing power over the infirmities flesh is heir to. To profess religion, and not adorn that profession by living up to it, is a dangerous experiment.

READERS.

LACON divides Readers into three classes—those who read to *think*; those who read to *write*; and those who read to *talk*. The first is rare, the second more common, the third, the great majority, but most superficial—treating books, as some do great men—if they are so fortunate as to see their faces once, without even hearing them speak, they immediately boast an intimate acquaintance. A book of paragraphs, or short essays, is the only one likely to benefit such persons, and it is for them that I particularly write. The great quantity now afloat, like a great variety of dishes

on a table, bewilders all but the discerning and systematic; hence, books of an argumentative and logical character, are purchased by such persons, if at all, for show and not for use, that wise men may suppose them wise, from viewing their library. For the last twenty years, more than before, the taste of a large portion of the reading community has been vitiated by the influx of highly-spiced books of fiction, feeding the imagination, without informing the judgment, exciting the sympathies, without mending the heart. So far has this taste affected community, that some have deemed it necessary, and have actually supplied sabbath schools with books of fiction. Let the responsibility be theirs, not mine. The judgment day will tell the result.

To read with profit, the books must be of a kind calculated to inform the mind, correct the head, and better the heart. These books should be read with attention, understood, remembered, and their precepts put in practice. It depends less on number, than quality. One good book, well understood and remembered, is of more use than to have a superficial knowledge of fifty, equally sound. Books of the right character produce reflection, and induce investigation. They are a mirror of mind, for mind to look in.

Of all the books ever written, no one contains so instructive, so sublime, and so great a variety, as the Bible. Read the essay under that head, and then resolve to read three chapters each day, for one year, and you will find realities there, more wonderful than any pictures of fiction, that have been drawn by the finest pencillings of the master hand of the most practised novel writer, who has shone in the dazzling galaxy of ancient or modern literature.

RETALIATION.

WHEN the Sun of Righteousness rose, in all the majesty of light and glory, re-illuming the immortal mind with its animating, soul-cheering rays, the opprobrious law of Retaliation was expunged from the record, but not from human nature. To this foul blot upon the fair escutcheon of man, as it came from the clean hands of his Creator, we trace a dark catalogue of evils, from the puerile quarrels in the nursery, up to the most sanguinary conflicts on the field of false honour, and the barbarous battle-ground of national armies. Its victims are found in all the avenues of private and public life. Even brute animals have been sacrificed at its baleful shrine, by demons in human shape—bipeds, so deeply dyed in the wool by degrading baseness, that they had no courage to move in a higher sphere. All such automatons of the devil, should be enclosed in a case of asafœtida, and transported on a thunder-cloud beyond $54^{\circ} 40'$.

Retaliation not only demands "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but would gladly go the whole pig, and settle its accounts by the rule of geometrical progression. The man who indulges this unholy propensity, is liable to dethrone reason, insult justice, thwart the design of his creation, deprive himself of the endearing consolations of that love which is the crowning attribute of the great Jehovah, and violates the heavenly injunctions of the immaculate Redeemer.

Retaliation is put in motion by the fire of anger, fed by the fuel of revenge, fanned by the wind of false pride, propelled by the locomotive of inconsistency, with duplicity for fireman, old Chaos the engineer, and

Lucifer the conductor. Such a motley crew cannot render passengers comfortable in passing over the railroad of life. And then the fare—how expensive, and the food—how bitter. Accumulating trouble, increasing vexation, wasting envy, tormenting jealousy, lost friendships, unyielding animosities, dismembered families, distracted churches, protracted law-suits, biting anguish, keen remorse, inveterate malice, burning revenge, fights, riots, mobs, wars, and sometimes nations have been lost in the awful vortex of the terminus depot of this hydra.

We have a remedy in the Golden Rule—a rule professedly admired by *all*, but practised only by a *few*, and not *always* by them. Its universal *practical* application, would drive back Retaliation to its original Pandora box, and relieve society from one of the most efficient disturbers of peace and harmony. Let ministers and laymen, at all times and under all circumstances, practise the forbearance and charity inculcated by the gospel of Christ—then their example will do much towards stripping this monster of its crown of thorns and plume of thistles. It is under the melting sunbeams of the religion of the Cross, shining in all the beauty of native loveliness, without an intervening cloud of error, that sullied human nature must be brightened, its tarnished lustre renovated, its injured character redeemed, and the soul prepared for heaven.

Let charity—broad and universal, pervade the whole human family—then a blow will be struck for the KING of kings, that will resound through the wilderness of mind, and cause it to bud and blossom like the rose. Then the family of man will be rapidly evangelized and made free in the fraternizing

Gospel of the WORD—a Gospel, untrammelled by the inventions and dogmas of men—a Gospel, crowned with all the glory of original simplicity and heavenly love.

 REPROOF.

Do not, with too severe
 A harshness, chide the error of his love,
 Lest, like a crystal stream, which, unoppos'd,
 Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,
 Being stopp'd of the sudden, his calm nature riot
 Into a wild fury, and persist in his intended fancy.

Glopthorne.

To be able to administer reproof advantageously and successfully, is no ordinary gift, and one more to be desired by the active philanthropist, than the laurels of the hero, or the honors of civic fame. Men must be led—they have too much of the spirit that entered the swine, to be drove. Reprove with kindness and gentleness, is the injunction.

The first requisite for one who assumes the high prerogative of a Reprover, is a naturally kind heart, filled with the milk of human kindness, united with a clear head to discern, and sound discretion to direct in action at all times. The next is a thorough knowledge of human nature, and the manner it is moulded and affected by the multiform circumstances of life. To arrive at correct conclusions on this point, we must first become well acquainted with ourselves, and explore, impartially, the labyrinthian mazes of our own minds. Time, manner, and place; are the next considerations. To crown all these, our souls should be

imbued with the religion of the cross, and feel, deeply, the value of the immortal spirit of man.

With these qualifications, all shining harmoniously in one person, that person is prepared to eclipse all earthly fame, as a benefactor of mankind. To snatch one immortal, from the deadly coil of the serpent of sin, is an act that will resound and echo through heaven, where Greek and Roman fame will never be rehearsed. To save a soul from eternal death! how sublime the thought! how noble the object! how glorious the act!

From the government of children in the nursery, up to the man of low, medium, and high degree; let the above rules be observed, in giving reproof—incalculable good will result from their observance. Let the parent, the husband, the wife, the friend, the moral reformer, the layman, the minister—*all*, be kind, affectionate, prudent, discreet, and faithful; in giving Reproof, looking well to the time, place, and manner. These rules are as applicable to public, as private Reprovers.

Finally, ever bear in mind, that pure motives must impel to action, ardent prayer should warm the heart—and a firm reliance on God to bless our exertions, will give a zest to every effort, for He alone can crown the labor with success.

R E V E N G E .

For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
 For this alone exists—like lightning fire,
 To speed one bolt of vengeance—then expire. —*Moore.*

THE man who permits Revenge to reign triumphant in his bosom, is in as miserable, and in a more dangerous situation than one who has the hydrophobia. He frequently becomes a murderer—thus two or more lives are sacrificed, instead of one—disease destroys the latter; the murderous hand and the gallows destroy the others. Hydrophobia warns, and enables us to guard against danger; revenge strikes in the dark, without notice. The former paralyzes the mental powers by its paroxysms, and is excusable—the latter produces rage as violent, aided by increased mental vigor to plan and execute, aggravating criminality. The one is sometimes cured by medicine—the latter, only by sacrifice. The one is communicated; the other, an inherent passion, indulged without excuse. The one has its moments of repose at intervals; the other preys upon the mind like a Promethean vulture. The course of Revenge is right onward; it follows the object of its vengeance with the perseverance of a lion, and is held in check only by self love, based upon the first law of nature, self preservation. The dread of punishment for overt acts of violence, is the most powerful shield, to guard us from the attacks of Revenge. Self love, not the most amiable passion of our nature, creates fear, which, like the safety valve of a steam engine, regulates the steam generated by Revenge. Were it

not for this wise provision of our Creator, we should have an increased and increasing number of explosions in society, retaliation would increase resentment, acts of violence would be multiplied, anarchy would mount its discordant throne, peace and order would cease. A conflagration would be produced in the moral world, which, like a fire in the natural, would increase the wind, and this would give a tenfold impetus to the fire. Revenge rests only in the bosom of fools. Hence the benefits arising from laws punishing wrongs and crimes, if faithfully administered, and not paralyzed by an injudicious exercise of the pardoning power.

Like all other bad passions, the fruits of Revenge are bitter—its projectile force recoils on its projector ; like the scorpion enclosed within a circle of fire, it stings itself to death. Like other vile passions, it can and should be subdued—no man should permit the sun to go down upon his wrath. By kindness and forgiveness we may obtain a far more glorious and triumphant victory over our enemies, and enjoy the unspeakable happiness of obeying the precept, and imitating the example of our immaculate Redeemer, who closed his earthly career, praying his Father in Heaven to forgive his murderers, for they knew not what they did.

Revenge produces a maniac insanity, and converts its victims into demons, exposing them to danger, and rendering them dangerous in community. It is a burning fire, searing all the noblest powers of the soul.

REVOLUTION.

A SCRAP OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

MANY of the bold and daring feats of the "times that tried men's souls," have escaped the historian's pen, and are only known to the relatives and acquaintances of those who were the acting heroes of many thrilling adventures and daring deeds. As they fall by the ruthless hand of death, the corroding tooth of time robs their history of its richest features, and but a faint tribute is paid to their merits by after generations.

The animated countenance, the strong emotion, the trembling voice, the bending frame, the furrowed cheek, the heaving bosom, the silent tear, of an old soldier; impart an interest to his story that no pen can portray, no eloquence imitate. His adventures, his toils, his sufferings, his hair-breadth escapes, his struggles for victory and liberty; are all indelibly imprinted on his mind, and are ever fresh in his recollection. His patriotic feelings expire only with life; his soul is enraptured with the same enthusiasm, that impelled the heroes of '76 to break the chains of slavery, and drive from our country the last vestige of kingly power. His memory is on the wing, and runs back, with lightning quickness, and grasps the scenes of the Revolution, as if they had occurred but yesterday. His relation of "battles fought and victories won," is enlivened by the fascinating charms of a pure original, producing an impression upon his listeners, more chaste and enchanting, than can be imparted by the ablest pen, or most finished eulogist.

Among the veterans of the American Revolution were two noble and brave spirits, whose thrilling stories were deeply impressed on my mind when a boy. Unconnected with the army, called to protect the new settlements in a confined interior, their names were not entered upon the public roll, and have not appeared upon the historic page. Their services and fame were known, and highly appreciated by those around them, and their memories are still held in high veneration in my native neighborhood, where their bones lie, beneath the clods of the valley.

Their names were Harper and Murphy, the latter an Irishman. They were among the pioneers who settled at the head of the Delaware river, which rises from a fountain of pure water, called by the Indians, lake Utstayantho. Around this lake is a small valley, then the central rendezvous of the savage tribes, whose walks extended from the Mohawk in the north, far down the Delaware, Lackawaxen, Lackawana, and the Susquehanna, in the south. It was an isolated spot, surrounded by mountains and hills; covered with lofty pines, and a variety of evergreens. Its scenery was romantic and beautiful; formed by nature for a retreat, such as the rude children of the forest suppose the Great Spirit delights to dwell in.

For years, perhaps for centuries, the lords of the forest built their council fires in the amphitheatre of Utstayantho. There they manufactured their stone pots, their flint arrow points, and their bows. There they smoked the pipe of peace, performed the terrific war dance, and tortured their unfortunate prisoners. There they saluted the white man as brother, and murdered him as a foe. There, many of their boldest war-

riors fell, beneath the avenging hand of the enraged inhabitants. There, I first drew my vital breath, there I grew to manhood, there I have ploughed up the bones of those who were slightly buried; and there I have often listened to the tale that follows.

At the commencement of the American Revolution, the Indian tribes in that section of country, were influenced by two Tories, Brandt and McDonald, to enlist in favor of the British. Their tomahawks and scalping knives were soon bathed in the blood of mothers and babes, as well as in that of husbands and fathers. In the spring of '77, they murdered several families, and took a number of prisoners. Among the latter, were Harper and Murphy. As these were the leading men of the settlement, it was decided to take them down the Delaware about sixty miles, to an Indian station, then called Aquago, now Deposit. They were put in charge of eleven warriors, who started with their victims, pinioned and bound. The second night, fatigued with their march, they all laid down before a fire, and the savages were soon soundly asleep. A supply of rum during the day, and a hearty drink as they stretched themselves out to sleep, rendered their stupor more complete than it otherwise would have been. This opportunity could not pass unimproved by such men as Harper and Murphy. Although closely wedged between the Indians, they rose so cautiously as not to awake them. They soon relieved each other from the bark thongs with which their arms were bound, and hesitated, for a moment, whether to flee, or attempt to despatch the cruel foes. They quickly decided upon the latter; removed the arms to some distance, and, with tomahawk in hand, commenced the fearful work. Each

blow was sure and deep—a messenger of death. So profound was their sleep, and so rapid the work of blood, that eight of the savages were killed, before the other three awoke. They attempted to rise to their feet, but two of them met the deadly blow of the two champions, and fell beneath their own weapons. The other escaped, and fled to Aquago, to tell the sad news. The two heroes then took each a gun and all the ammunition, secreted the other guns, and with some parched corn and dried venison, guided by the polar star, commenced their journey back, keeping near the river until daylight, when they took the ridge to avoid meeting Indians, and in the evening reached a small settlement, within ten miles of their home. They were met with joy unspeakable, as the news of their capture had already reached this point; and with almost as much surprise, as if they had risen from the dead.

When taken, they were in the woods, manufacturing maple sugar, and knew not that their families had fallen beneath the savage hand. Imagine, you who are husbands and fathers, the bitter anguish of their souls, when informed, that their wives and children had been butchered, by a party led on by the bloody Brandt.

The next day, the most of the men left the block-house, and escorted them home, there to behold a scene, too awful for reflection, too horrible for description, too painful for humanity. Murphy had two children, one two years old, the other three months. The eldest had apparently fled under the bed, and had been pulled out far enough to be tomahawked and scalped, and then left. The mother, a beautiful woman of about twenty-two, seemed not to have attempted an escape, as her hands and arms were much cut, and her body in the

back part of the room. She had received three blows in the head with the tomahawk, one of which penetrated the brain. Her cranium was literally bare, that her fine head of hairs might be all saved. Across her lifeless body lay her lovely babe, smiling in death. It had been finished by a single blow, and was not mutilated. Low murmuring execrations were whispered, the tears of sympathy flowed from all but Murphy; he stood silent, with dry and glaring eyes, immovably fixed on the wife of his youth, and the pledges of their love. Dark and dreadful was the storm that gathered in his convulsed bosom. At length he took his murdered infant in his arms, and, with a high and desperate resolve, swore to be revenged or die, and sealed the vow with a kiss upon the cold cheek of the little innocent. How fearfully his vengeance was poured out upon the red man, the sequel will tell.

A rude grave was then prepared, lined with bark, in place of a coffin, and the mournful duties of sepulture closed the bloody scene. The children were placed in the arms of their mother, upon the bosom that had so often nourished them. To this day, that grave is moistened with the tears of visitors, who have been informed of their tragic end.

They then proceeded to the dwelling of Mr. Harper, and found it empty. His wife was an amiable young lady, only nineteen years of age, with an infant at her breast. She had attempted to escape to the woods, and was overtaken a few rods from the house, where she and her babe had been massacred, and their bodies had subsequently been torn to pieces by wolves, or some carnivorous animal. This spectacle was more heart-rending than the other. The husband wrung his

hands in anguish, as his friends deposited the scattered fragments beneath the clods of the valley.

He also made a firm resolve to drive the foe from the neighborhood, but it was not the maniac revenge of Murphy. His resolution was as determined, his purpose as fixed, but his designs were more expansive. A block-house was immediately erected, to which the surviving settlers all removed. This done, immediate measures were taken, to meet the attack that would probably be made speedily, to avenge the death of those Indians, who had been killed by the two prisoners. Murphy proceeded to Schoharie to obtain assistance from the fort, and Harper went to Albany, and obtained a captain's commission, authorizing him to organize a company from the contiguous settlements.

Colonel Hager, who commanded the fort at Schoharie, immediately accompanied Murphy, with ninety men, to Utstayantho. When in the narrows, about two miles east of that place, the advance guard retreated hastily, having met a large body of warriors, fresh painted, and advancing furiously. One of the guard, a brother of the colonel, had been so closely pursued, as to receive a wound in the shoulder with a tomahawk, when, turning suddenly around, he plunged his bayonet through the body of the Indian. Mr. Hager has pointed out the precise spot to me where it occurred, being at the junction of two small streams that empty into the lake.

The colonel quickly formed his men in order of battle. Waiting some time for the approach of the enemy, and hearing nothing from them, he despatched Murphy, with five men, to reconnoitre their position, following, with the main body, about forty rods in the

rear. When within half a mile of the lake, as they passed out of the narrows, three of the enemy were seen, retreating, one of whom fell, beneath the unerring aim of the enraged Irishman. This was the signal for the colonel to rush on, and in a few minutes, he was engaged with the whole savage force. Murphy took his station behind a large pine tree, within twelve rods of the Indians, who lay in a ravine, directly below him. For a moment, they directed their whole fire to that point, and pierced the tree with more than fifty bullets, many of which I cut out, after I was old enough to use an axe. In front, he discovered the very savage who had escaped from him and Harper, to Aquago. He raised his rifle to his face, called the red man by name—the call was heard by his antagonist, who gave a terrific whoop, and fell lifeless to the ground. At that moment a charge was ordered—with the force of an avalanche the men rushed on, and, in less than three minutes, the Indians took to flight. A part of them, with Brandt, fled down the Delaware, and a part down the Charlotte, a stream that empties into the Susquehanna. Four of Colonel Hager's men were killed, and about thirty of Brandt's allies.

Having left the fort in charge of a small force, the colonel prepared to return; and buried his dead in one common grave, on the peak of a round bluff near the lake, whose bones I aided in removing to a more proper place of repose, about forty years ago. The account of this battle, I had from Colonel Hager, as well as from several of his men.

In the mean time, Captain Harper was returning by the way of Cherry Valley, deemed the safest route. As he was crossing the hills west of the white settlements

on the Delaware, he came suddenly in contact with a party of fifteen Indians, who had been at the recent battle. To flee, he knew would probably be certain death; he therefore advanced boldly, gave them his hand, and succeeded in impressing them with the belief that he was their friend. Their leader he knew well, but fortunately was not recognised in turn. He learned from them the disasters of the battle at the lake, and found they were on their way to a white settlement on the Susquehanna, probably for the purpose of murder. He then shook hands with them, and hastened to a settlement a few miles distant, where a number of armed men were manufacturing maple sugar. Presuming that the savages would encamp at the foot of the hill, on the bank of Schenevas creek, the captain had no trouble in persuading the sugar makers to accompany him in pursuit of the company of savages he had met.

With two day's provision, they immediately set out in pursuit, and just before day, the next morning, gained the top of the hill above the Indian encampment, where the red men were all asleep. Captain Harper and his men descended, forded the creek, succeeded in taking away the guns of the enemy, without rousing them, and took the whole of them prisoners, and safely lodged them in a fort a few miles distant. Learning from them, that they had left a party of nineteen in the Charlotte valley, Captain Harper and his men determined to pursue them. They replenished their provisions, commenced their march, and, on the second day, struck a fresh Indian trail. They advanced rapidly, and, towards evening, heard the report of a gun some distance in front. They then halted to refresh themselves, and

wait until the savage foes should encamp for the night. Soon after dusk, the captain and his men advanced with great caution, and, in about an hour, discovered the fire of the encampment. Hours passed slowly on, and still several of the red men did not lie down. At last, all but one, seemed to be asleep. A slow and cautious advance was now commenced. Each man was instructed, in case the Indians were roused, to take his station behind a tree, and not to fire, until the enemy came near enough to be reached by the muzzle of the gun. They all examined the priming of their guns, and fixed their bayonets firmly. A deep silence pervaded the dense forest of hemlock and pine. Not a breeze was perceptible, not a leaf was moving on the trees. The moments were full of suspense and deep anxiety. The recent murder of his wife and babe, nerved the captain for the combat. Courage, fearless and strong, urged every man to death or victory.

They drew nearer and nearer. The quick ear of the wakeful savage soon caught the sound of their footsteps on the dry leaves. A piercing war whoop started his companions on their feet. They seized their arms, and stood ready for action. For a moment, no motion agitated the parties, but the beating heart, and the purple current, rushing through their veins with a ten-fold velocity. At length the savages commenced a slow, cautious movement, towards the captain and his men. They were between the fire and the avengers of blood, each of whom marked his victim. Sure and deadly was the aim. Twelve of the warriors fell at the first fire, and three were mortally wounded. The sugar makers advanced, and surrounded the survivors. A short and desperate conflict ensued—the nineteen

savages, in a few moments, were all locked in the embrace of death. The captain, and four of his men were wounded, but not dangerously. This tragedy was closed about one o'clock in the morning. After dressing the wounded in the best manner they could, they took some refreshment and rest, and the second day after, they reached home, laden with the arms and ammunition of their conquered foes.

These two successful expeditions convinced the settlers, that Captain Harper was the proper man to command, and enrolled themselves under his banner, and organized themselves into a guerilla corps for mutual defence. During the whole time of the revolutionary struggle, the operations of this company were confined to that section of country, which accounts for the omission of their deeds of noble daring, upon the pages of history.

Exasperated at their misfortunes, the fiendish Brandt collected about three hundred savage warriors, and made a descent on the fort in Schoharie. It was too well fortified to be taken by this force, but had not men enough to make a sally. Learning their situation, Captain Harper disguised himself, mounted a horse, and started for Albany to obtain aid. He passed through the midst of the enemy, as a tory named Rose. In the evening, he stopped at a public house for refreshment, where were several men, whose actions were rather suspicious. He went into another room and locked the door. Shortly after, four tories, one of whom had recognised him, demanded entrance. He cocked his pistols, drew his sword, opened the door, and inquired their business. When informed they wished him, he coolly remarked, "Pass that door, and you are dead

men." He received no farther molestation at the house, but was fired at, soon after he resumed his journey, but was not injured.

On his arrival at head quarters, the commander despatched a squadron of mounted men, who rode all night. The first intimation received in the fort, of any assistance, was a furious attack on the enemy by the cavalry, just as the day dawned. The troops in the garrison immediately made a sally—the route was complete, the slaughter of the Indians dreadful, many of them plunging into the stream, reddening its waters with blood. At the first onset, Brandt and M'Donald fled and escaped.

Captain Harper remained, a vigilant, bold, discreet, and active commander of the settlers, during the remainder of the Revolution, and subsequently received a large tract of land from government, as a reward for his valuable services. He enjoyed the esteem and respect of a large circle of friends and acquaintances, to the day of his death. Harpersfield is a township at the head of the Delaware river, so called, as a mark of respect for this worthy, good, and honest man. Harpersfield, in the Western Reserve, or New Connecticut, Ohio, was located by his descendants and neighbors, and is named after him.

Let us now return to the enraged and revenging Murphy. From the time of the battle of Utstayantho, he commenced fighting on his own hook. His thirst for vengeance knew no bounds. He was a man of great muscular power, near six feet in height, of an iron constitution, and swifter on foot, than any one who ever pursued him. He obtained a double barrelled rifle of the very best kind; carried the tomahawk and

scalping knife he took on the night he and Captain Harper killed the ten Indians, and could use them all, with as much skill as a Mohawk. He soon became a terror to the red men. His many miraculous escapes and bold exploits, led them to believe he was protected by the Great Spirit. He hovered around them like a vulture—many of their braves fell beneath his brawny arm. He spent the most of his time alone in the woods, seeking his hated foe. He never hesitated attacking a party of three Indians, and not unfrequently despatched the whole. His courage was as cool, as his revenge was direful. Such was Murphy—a revenging foe of the red man, with a warm heart for his friends.

The next day after the battle at the lake, he prepared himself, and pursued the party of Indians that retreated down the Delaware. On the second night, he came in sight of their encampment, and, by the light of the fire, could count twenty-seven warriors, some of whom were evidently wounded. He determined to wait until all was quiet, and make their number less by one. This he effected about midnight, and retreated without being pursued, as the night was quite dark. He followed this party until he despatched six of their number, when he returned to his friends, who received him with glad hearts, fearing he had fallen into the hands of the butchering foe. They entreated him to desist from such exposure to danger, but all in vain. He rested under an oath, and most fearfully did he fulfil it. He desired no angel's tear to blot it from the record. He held his life in his hand, but put upon it a high price.

He replenished his knapsack, and started for the hills bordering on the Mohawk river. The second day,

he arrived at a settlement of whites, who were greatly distressed at the loss of one of their number a few hours before. Early in the morning, a young lady had ventured outside the block-house to milk a cow, when four savages suddenly sprung upon her, and dragged her into the woods. Her cries were heard, her frantic friends could see her struggle, but durst not venture out, as all the men who were able, had left a few days before, for the northern army, among whom was her father, two brothers, and a young officer, to whom she was engaged to be married in a short time. Her mother was overwhelmed with grief, and gave up her child as lost. She fancied her expiring beneath the ruthless hand of the barbarians, perhaps writhing under the agonies of a slow fire, surrounded by demons in human shape, drowning her cries with their savage yells.

No Irish heart beat higher or warmer for woman, than did that of Murphy. Like a knight of chivalry, he started in pursuit. It was then ten o'clock; four hours had elapsed since the capture. He soon found the trail, and advanced rapidly. About five o'clock, when on the top of a bold hill, he discovered the party in the valley below. The fair captive was still alive, but expected that night would close her career for ever. Her anticipated happiness had faded away; she believed an awful fate was about to seal her doom; she had said in her heart; *farewell* father, mother, brothers, lover, friends; resigned herself to God, and became abstracted from the world. The images of her fond parents, her dear brothers, and him, with whose soul her's had sweetly mingled; all passed in review before her imagination; she could only hope to meet them in heaven.

The encampment for the night was soon arranged by

the red men, during which, Murphy approached as near as prudence would admit, before the mantle of night should cover him; determined, that if they attempted any violence to the young lady, he would immediately rush upon them. With an eagle eye, he watched every motion. They built a large fire, prepared their last supper, and about ten o'clock, tied the hands and feet of their prisoner to two poles, and were soon in a profound sleep. For a few minutes, she struggled, but found she was unable to extricate herself. Her bosom heaved with sighs, her eyes rolled wildly round, she seemed already on the torturing rack. Our knight was so near, he could see all this by the light of the fire. It was too much for him to endure. He drew his knife from its scabbard, and advanced, with still and cautious step. He was soon discovered by the young lady, and motioned her to keep silence. He unbound and removed her, and the guns of the savages, a few rods off, enjoining her to keep quiet, and, if he became overpowered, to flee for her life; for he had determined to kill his hated foes, or perish in the attempt. With his tomahawk in one hand, and his knife in the other, he returned. Waiting a few minutes, for their sleep to become more sound, he approached their muscular frames. He plunged his knife into the hearts of three—the fourth awoke, and as he rose, aimed a blow at Murphy with his tomahawk, which was parried, and the head of the savage cleft to the brain. As the Indian rose, the heroic girl, instead of making her escape, seized a gun, and rushed to the aid of her deliverer. But the work was done, and the heroic knight stood contemplating, with a species of maniac delight, the quivering bodies, expiring in the agonies of death.

The liberated captive now gazed on the stranger ; to her, all was inexplicable mystery. In a few words, he explained the whole matter, and assured her of his protection back to her habitation. She lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "May God reward my benefactor." A flood of tears choked further utterance, she clasped his hands in gratitude, and invoked her God to command the richest blessings of heaven to rest upon him. That was the happiest moment of Murphy's life. His pleasure was purer and nobler, than if he had gained a crown, or conquered a world.

The Rubicon passed, he took the blankets, which had not been unpacked, and persuaded his fair charge to take a little rest, which she much needed, after the trying scenes she had passed through on that eventful day. Although sleep came not to her on that memorable night, she felt refreshed when the day dawned. The sun rose, in all the beauty of a June morning—not a cloud obscured the sky. They started for the block-house, following the track, where they arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. No language can describe the joyful surprise of all who were there. No one knew the gallant Irishman had gone in pursuit of the lost girl. He had listened to their story, the morning previous, with apparent indifference ; without making any reply ; concealing his design, for fear it might prove a failure. He was half suspected of being a tory, and in league with the savages who had abducted the young lady. He was a stranger, of whose business and destination, they knew nothing. Under such peculiar circumstances, their feelings can be but faintly conceived, much less, described. It was a scene of thrilling interest, calculated to awaken the finest feel-

ings of the human heart, the loftiest tones of unalloyed gratitude.

The next morning he left them, under a June shower of invoked blessings and benedictions, and proceeded to his place of destination. He arrived safely in the neighborhood of the Mohawk river, where he killed several of the red men, and narrowly escaped being killed himself. As he was lying in ambush, he discovered an Indian, who, from his actions, he believed to be alone, and at once shot him. Instantly, two brawny warriors rushed upon him with uplifted tomahawks. One he brought to the ground with the contents of the other barrel of his rifle, the other advanced and aimed a blow at his head, which he warded off, and plunged his knife to the heart of the savage. He at once retreated to the fort in Schoharie, for fear he might, in turn, be ambushed. From there he again returned to his friends at the block-house and found them in deep distress. About two hours previous to his arrival, two men, who were at work in the corn field, had been taken by a party of Indians. The number of the savages was not known; there were but five men remaining; with them Murphy commenced an immediate, but cautious pursuit. Early in the evening they discovered the fire of the encampment, and found there were eight warriors, who were preparing for the war dance, and to wreak their vengeance upon the captives. As their preparations increased, Murphy, and his comrades drew nearer. The prisoners were bound to a tree; around them, faggots were placed, for the fire was to cap the climax of the festivity of the savages. Dreadful must have been the feelings of the victims, now beyond the reach of hope, and about to be tortured by a slow fire.

The firing of the faggots was made the signal of attack. At length, the blazing torch was raised; the heroic party rushed upon the red men, placed the muzzles of their guns to their heads, and blew them into fragments. Six of them were killed in a second, and the next moment, the spirits of the other two joined their companions, in their journey through the air. The deliverance of the captives was as unexpected, as it was joyful and soul-cheering. Of such thrilling scenes, nothing but experience can convey a correct idea, or draw a faithful picture. On the next day, the party reached the block-house, where high-beating hearts and convulsed bosoms, were waiting the result of the bold expedition. With open arms, the wives received their husbands—a flood of joyful tears spoke the feelings of their enraptured souls, with an eloquence unknown to words. Murphy was the hero, who richly merited and warmly received the gratitude of all.

In the same manner, this enraged Irishman, who was now known by the cognomen of *Indian killer*, continued to harass the Aborigines, until they were driven from their ancient haunts. To relate all his exploits, would require a volume. He had many hair-breadth escapes, but was never taken prisoner after the first time, nor dangerously wounded. He was greatly dreaded by the Indians. He had a great desire to wreak his vengeance on Brandt. He said he could then die happy. But that murderous tory always remained with the main force, and cautiously avoided danger.

For the Indian warrior, Murphy had no sympathy. The squaws and papooses, he never molested, nor would he stoop to sacrifice any but their fighting men. To the day of his death, he indulged in feelings of the

most direful revenge towards the much-abused race of red men, who have been driven from their own soil, and whose cruelties, dreadful as they have been, were the result of their mode of warfare, inculcated by the education of ages—the natural consequence of barbarism and the absence of civilization. But few there are, who view this subject in its true light, and award even-handed justice to the poor Indians, who did what we would do, but after their own manner—*defend our rightful possession to the last.*

At the restoration of peace, Murphy married, and settled in Schoharie, about twelve miles from Utstayantho, which he often visited, until prevented by age.

It was there he commenced his savage warfare—it was there, that I often listened to his stories. That ground had been enriched by the blood, and moistened by the serum of hundreds. During the revolution, three pitched battles were fought there, between the whites and Indians, the last of which was so disastrous to the red men, that they abandoned that ground to their more powerful invaders. In that beautiful valley, now improved by cultivation, Murphy always appeared animated, and would “fight his battles o’er again.” The scenes of past life, with all their dreadful and thrilling interest, would rush upon his memory, and often have I seen the big tears chasing each other rapidly, through the furrows of his war-worn cheeks. He lived to the age of about seventy-five, beloved and esteemed, when his brave spirit reposed on the bosom of his adored Redeemer, and took final leave of this world of vicissitudes and changes. His bones moulder in Schoharie, near where the old fort stood, and not a stone is reared, to tell the inquisitive stranger where they lie.

SAYING TOO MUCH

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.—*Shakespeare.*

NEVER say too much, was the advice of a dying mother to her son, who still lives to profit by her counsels. This admonition may be justly applied to all grades of society, and profitably heeded by many in each grade. Public speakers are sadly prone to say too much. It is a fact worthy of notice and imitation, that Washington, Franklin, and others, whose memories we delight to perpetuate; were remarkably laconic in their speeches, keeping close to the question under consideration, aiming to inform, rather than dazzle; more anxious to despatch the business of their constituents, than to outshine each other in the galaxy of eloquence.

These brilliant lights I would not extinguish, but I would trim them, so that they should emit less smoke. The public speaker, who, without flourish or parade, comes to the subject matter at once; who presents, in a clear, concise, and forcible manner, the strong points of his case; whose every sentence strikes home; who says just all that is necessary, and there stops; is always listened to with a marked attention, unknown to those who indulge in flights of oratory, plucking flowers from the regions of fancy, drawing more largely upon imagination, than upon sound logic and plain common sense. Especially in some of our courts and legislative halls, there should be less said and more done.

At the proper time and place, I admire a speech, perfumed with the nosegays and flowers of poesy; but not at the expense of the "dear people" at large. Let those who prefer dancing to working, pay the fiddler.

In the private walks of life, there are thousands who say too much. The liar, profane swearer, backbiter, and slanderer; are ever saying too much. The whisperer of scandal, the mysterious guesser, the impertinent meddler, the fiery and passionate, the jealous and suspicious, the malicious and revengeful, the envious and reckless; are usually saying quite too much, and from influences always wrong—often criminal.

There are others, who, in the innocence of their hearts, say too much. The young man, whose stock of knowledge is small, by talking when he should listen; may miss of intelligence that might be of great use to him. The man who engrosses all the conversation in company, to show his learning and superiority; often disgusts his companions by saying too much. The fond and loving twain, who relate long yarns, relative to their conjugal affection, and the shining intellect of their children; often tire their friends by saying too much. Those who are ever relating fish stories, bold exploits of their own, hair-breadth escapes, exulting in their own powers; sometimes render themselves ridiculous by saying too much. Long metre anecdotes are never interesting. They are like a book with the preface longer than the text.

Some persons, when intrusted with a secret, get some half dozen to help them keep it; each of the half dozen get as many more, and so on, *ad infinitum*; all of whom say too much.

If we know a fault of our neighbor, and, instead of going to him, and kindly endeavoring to reclaim him, we proclaim it to others, we violate the duty we owe him by saying too much.

At parties, at levees, in mixed company, in public meetings, in private conversation; men and women very readily say too much.

Nor does the evil stop here. The printing press has become a trumpet-tongued instrument, and is often made to say quite too much.

The organs of our political parties, issued from this magic contrivance, say much more than is necessary, and often in a very uncourteous manner. When the press is made the instrument of circulating error, falsehood, calumny, crimination, recrimination; any thing but truth in its simple purity; it is made to say too much.

Let us all strive to arrest this evil, by commencing at the fountain head, and, first of all, correct the heart and keep it with all diligence. Let our public business speeches be short and to the point. Let sermons in the pulpit be based on charity, and point to Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and not contain more than twenty-four divisions, each ten minutes long, for morning and evening. I once heard one with thirty-two divisions—the preacher said too much. In exhortations, lay members should be careful and not say too much. The wise man says, *A word fitly spoken*—not a volume of words.

In private conversation, much will be said, but it should be better said than it usually is. Too much light, unprofitable, uninformative conversation; generally occurs, more especially among professors of religion, of whom better things are expected. Let us all remember; that for every idle word, we must render an account at the dread tribunal of the great Jehovah; and let us strive NEVER TO SAY TOO MUCH.

SCANDAL.

The whisper'd tale
 That, like the fabling Nile no fountain knows,
 Fair fac'd deceit, whose wily, conscious eye,
 Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
 But when it safe dares—as prompt to sting.—*Thompson.*

EVIL speaking, from the inuendo to perjury, is a violation of the ninth article of the decalogue. Petty scandal, practised, more or less, by almost every person, often produces more mischief than a false oath. The sly whisper, the mysterious hint, the anxious inquiry, the uncharitable inference, gather importance and magnitude, as they pass from one to another, until they become dreadful realities in the public mind. By the small envenomed worm of petty scandal, many a fine ship has been sunk—many a fair character has been ruined, that would have outrode the storm of open and violent slander.

There is a sad propensity in our fallen nature, to listen to the retailers of petty scandal. With many, it is the spice of conversation, the exhilarating gas of their minds. Without any intention of doing essential injury to a neighbor, a careless remark, relative to some minor fault of his, may be seized by a babbler, and, as it passes through the babbling tribe, each one adds to its bulk, and gives its color a darker hue, until it assumes the magnitude and blackness of base slander. Few are without visible faults—most persons are sometimes inconsistent. Upon these faults and mistakes, petty scandal delights to feast.

Nor are those safe from the filth and scum of this

poisonous tribe, who are free from external blemishes. Envy and jealousy can start the blood-hound of suspicion; create a noise that will attract attention; and many may be led to suppose there is game, when there is nothing but thin air. An unjust and unfavorable inuendo is started against a person of unblemished character; it gathers force as it is rolled through babble town—it soon assumes the dignity of a problem—is solved by the rule of double position, and the result increased by geometrical progression and permutation of quantities; and before truth can get her shoes on, a stain, deep and damning; has been stamped on the fair fame of an innocent victim, by an unknown hand. To trace calumny back to the small fountain of petty scandal, is often impossible; and always more difficult than to find the source of the Nile. There is real masonry in petty scandal. Every thing is communicated with the finger on the lips, breast to breast. A hypocritical tenderness for the good name of the victim, is the salt that preserves the scandal from taint, and renders it palatable to some, who would be nauseated by any appearance of malice or revenge.

It is a melancholy reflection upon human nature, to see how small a matter will put the ball of scandal in motion. A mere hint, a significant look, a mysterious countenance; directing attention to a particular person; often gives an alarming impetus to this *ignis fatuus*. A mere interrogatory is converted into an affirmative assertion—the cry of mad dog is raised—the mass join in the chase, and not unfrequently, a mortal wound is inflicted on the innocent and meritorious, perhaps by one who had no ill-will, or desire to do wrong in any case, but, from mere impulse, joined

the rushing crowd, without having examined the victim, to know if any symptoms of disease were visible.

In this way, but few there are, who have not been involuntarily drawn into the vortex of petty scandal, and have become instrumental agents of injustice, without a desire to injure, or wound a fellow being.

If more caution was used, less mischief would be effected by dealers in detraction. If they had no hearers, they would not preach their tales of scandal. Rebuke has a magic effect upon this tribe of paltry cowards. It suffocates them, and brings them down, as quickly as the fumes of burning brimstone will a wild turkey from a tree. Let the sword of rebuke be drawn upon the dealers in backbiting, wherever they show their Janus faces. The murky waters of falsehood will not then so often stain the fair fame of the innocent, and poison the happiness of the most amiable in community.

Professing Christians are often led astray by this natural propensity. I have known churches that were cursed with envious babblers, who would make a common sewer of their minister, paralyze religion, and convert the sanctuary into a boiling cauldron—disgraceful to those concerned, and a stigma on their profession of religion. Let all deprecate and cautiously avoid petty scandal, as they would a scorpion.

SCORN.

SCORN is the offal of pride, and an awfully disgusting propensity. It courts the displeasure, and draws down the wrath of those who are the special objects of its notice, with no power to control them, as Franklin did the forked lightning. It repudiates the homely adage, *It is better to have the good, than the ill-will of a dog.* Scorn violates courtesy, is pharisaical, anti-republican, and renders disgusting aristocracy more repulsive. Upon its unfortunate possessors it exerts an influence, not unlike that of the devils that were cast out of Mary Magdalene, and is harder to get rid of. No wounds are more obstinate to cure, than those inflicted by this fiery serpent. The finger of scorn makes more havoc of feeling, than the arrow of Abaris, the Scythian priest, did of the body, which is said to have carried destruction into the ranks of the enemies of the Scythians, but spared some, to tell the sad fate of the rest. Scorn rouses all the bitter feelings of the scorned, and converts them into the most implacable enemies. No time will obliterate the look of disdain, the contemptuous airs of the scornful; a striking evidence in favor of the doctrine, that all are born free and equal. Scorners are somewhat of a paradox—by raising themselves above their fellows, in their own conceit, they sink themselves below every body, in the opinion of others. None are more prone to imbibe this offal of pride, than those who are raised suddenly from poverty to wealth; the last, of all others, who should exercise it. The man who perpetrated the following saying,

must have had such a scorner in view. *Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil.*

A great fault on this point is too prevalent among some parents. They make scornors of their children, by teaching them to scorn the children of others, who are less wealthy. Children may be properly taught to shun the company, as associates, of children that are vicious, because they are so, but to treat them kindly, and not to scorn any. If this lesson was taught to children, and they were made to understand, that all children are as good by nature as they ; and that poor children, who behave properly, are entitled to the same respect as the rich ; it would do much towards reducing the number of scornors. Teach them that *worth* not *wealth*, makes the man ; and teach them, that religion has no distinction of rank.

SELFISHNESS.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.—*Thompson.*

Thou canst not name a tender tie,

But here, dissolv'd, its relics lie.—*Scott.*

SELF is the Sahara of the human heart, where all the nobler powers of the soul are deeply buried in the scorching sand of avarice, on which we may pour showers of human wo and kindness, without producing the least appearance of sympathy or gratitude. The blighting Sirocco of indifference sweeps over the desert mind, increases the powers of absorption, and destroys all that is cheering, amiable, and lovely.

Man was created a social being ; benevolent, sym-

pathetic, kind, affectionate; quick to feel, and prompt to alleviate the miseries of his fellow man. Selfishness is one of the foul blots imprinted on human nature by Lucifer, and should be hurled back to Pandemonium, from whence it came. It dwells only in little minds, and pinches them, as a dandy-boot does the foot, covering them with excrescences, painful as corns and chilblains. The man, who is a slave to self, could look calmly on the wreck of nature, and the crush of worlds, if it would add one item to his wealth. Haggard poverty he spurns from his door; the favors of fortune he receives, as obligations paid. He is tormented with envy, withered with covetousness, and pained with jealousy. Like Franklin's boy, he grasps at more than he can hold, cries because he cannot carry all, and would be an Atlas if he could. His soul is shrivelled like Pharaoh's lean kine, without the power of devouring; his benevolence is always confined with the gout of contraction, his charity is always hid behind the clouds of suspicion, the whole man becomes comparatively, the aurelia of a minnow, with more room in a barrel of water, than a porpoise has in the Atlantic ocean. If his benevolence inadvertently passes the circumference of a half dime, he is in as much agony as a lost child, and involuntarily calls for the bellman. He renders himself miserable, knows nothing of the sweets of social enjoyment, incurs the scorn and contempt of those around him; and is worse than a blank in community. Self has often baffled, and always cripples the powers of religion. Like the leprosy, it requires a miracle to cure it, and then is hard to stay cured. The mournful obsequies of death cannot shame it. So powerfully does this all-absorbing propensity operate

upon some persons, that they are lost to all propriety and decency, in language and action on this subject, and openly avow their desires, and manifest their joys and regrets, when circumstances occur to forward or frustrate their selfish wishes. I have heard heirs wish the "old man" or "old woman" dead, that they might come in possession of an estate, showing, that the base passion of selfishness had banished all natural affection, and left their hearts fit receptacles for the filth and scum of selfishness. I have seen heirs thrown into an ecstasy of delight, on the death of a kind and indulgent but wealthy father, proving clearly, they placed a greater estimate on his money, than on him. They could scarcely wait to have his cold form laid in the grave, and shed a crocodile tear over it, for appearance sake; before they urged the examination of his will—nay, I have known one instance, where the will was opened before the body was put in the coffin. Many may think human nature is not so depraved—it is true—and more—there have been instances of men purloining wills in presence of a corpse, and substituting forged ones in their places.

Frederick, the Great, was one of these selfish, narrow-minded brutes. In the midst of a furious battle, his nephew, hereditary Prince of Prussia, was shot by his side, when he exclaimed with apparent delight, *Ah! the Prince of Prussia is killed—let his equipage be saved.* I knew a good man, whose wife was so immured in self, that when he died, the first exclamation she uttered after he expired, was, "Poor dear husband, you have gone, and ha'n't finished my milk-room." Get behind me, thou Lucifer!

SPECTACLES.

It is recorded in Mythology, that Jove directed an equal quantity of pleasure and pain, to be put in the cup of human life. Complaints were soon made by sundry individuals, that some of their neighbors drank all the pleasure, and left them nothing but the dregs of pain. To silence this continual murmuring, Jove ordered Mercury to place upon each a pair of invisible Spectacles, with false lens, that should make pain assume the appearance of pleasure, and to the devotees of pleasure, happiness would look like misery.

Unfortunately for the human race, this fable seems to be reduced to a fatal reality. It is a correct delineation of the natural heart, and I am inclined to think the devil invented these Spectacles, and first put them on Mother Eve. We here see the origin of the remark, *Man is the only animal that can laugh and cry, and the only one that deserves to be laughed at and cried for.*

Youth are prone to view every thing through these deceptive glasses, and too often look through them during life; for we see many adults who use them continually.

They wear these Spectacles, who indulge a restless disposition, making themselves unhappy, when surrounded by all the necessaries of life; who twist and turn, and are every thing by turns and nothing long; tortured by imaginary wants, leaving a sure business, because its gains are slow, and, rushing into the whirlpool of hazardous undertakings, are suddenly ruined.

They wear them, who indulge in idleness, dissipation, and crime. They wear them, who follow fickle

fashion, bowing, cringing, bending the knee to her, as she rolls her chariot from city to city, from city to town, and from town to country; levying taxes without reason, and collecting them without mercy. They wear them, who are inflated with pride, and endeavor to float in the upper atmosphere; assuming a scornful mien towards those who have not the same gas to render them equally ridiculous. They wear them, whose tongues run riot, and are ever saying too much. They wear them, whose fancies run away with their judgments; whose imaginations lead reason captive, and whose appetites and passions, convert the man into a brute. They wear them, who indulge any of the base propensities, to the injury of themselves or others. They wear them, who rush into the labyrinth of law rashly, and are willing to pay more to indulge a stubborn will, than for the Gospel and physic. They wear them, who wind themselves up in the cocoon of self, making an idol of money, hard dealers, oppressors of the poor, miserly, eschewing the comforts of life to hoard up wealth, dying with regret, regretted by none. They wear them, who enlist under the high floating banner of wild ambition, turn politicians, neglect their business at home, not for the sake of patriotism or country, but for the sake of the loaves and fishes, which are no longer distributed miraculously, and thousands who scramble for a whole fish and loaf, get not even a herring bone, or a single crumb from under the table. Poor fellows, they pay dear for the whistle.

Parents are often led astray by these invisible, false, deceptive Spectacles.

They wear them, who permit their children to grow up in ignorance and idleness, rambling from place to

place ; frequenting grog and gambling shops ; drinking vice in copious draughts ; preparing them for infamy, from its lightest shade, to its blackest hue. Those parents wear them, who have their children instructed in the light and fashionable literature of the day, to the neglect of the solid branches, fit for practical purposes in the every-day concerns of life, when they will be compelled to make a living for themselves. Teach them pure virtue, common sense, rigid economy, and healthful industry. Parents, guardians, and masters wear them ; who never reprove but by scolding, and never chastise, only when in a passion up to a boiling heat.

Some old people wear these Spectacles, often in goggle form ; and seem to forget they were once young, and pass an indiscriminate censure upon the vivacity of youth ; an unreasonable censorship on young men ; and unjust criticisms upon mature manhood.

Those persons wear them, who unnecessarily neglect their homes ; prefer other company to that of an amiable wife ; expose themselves to unhallowed temptations, thereby destroying their own, and the comfort of their families.

All wear them, who are not guided by reason and prudence, in matters of political, moral, and religious economy ; who desert the paths of virtue, give a loose rein to the unholy passions, indulge in the ruinous vices of the day ; and neglect the salvation of their immortal souls. To all, I say, beware of the invisible Spectacles of Mercury, alias Lucifer's. Break the glasses and shame the devil.

SUNDAY.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heaven's palace arched lies :
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.—*Herbert.*

THIS sacred day of rest is based on wisdom, goodness, and mercy. As a day of rest from labor, devoted to the more immediate means of grace, it invigorates our physical powers, and points to heaven—promoting the health and preserving the strength of our bodies, leading our souls to God; and, if properly observed by all, would be a most powerful agent in advancing and perfecting social order in our community, and make thousands wise unto salvation. Thus, the goodness and mercy of God are exhibited, in providing for the relief of fatigued nature, and the means of enjoying religion, at one and the same time.

To those who hail it with joy, that they may rest from their labors, and worship Jehovah in spirit and in truth, it is a happy day—an antepast of heaven. But wo! wo! unto those who make it a day of sinful amusement, of carousal—a day set apart to serve the devil, more than any other day of the week. The command was given by the Judge of all the earth—amidst the burning flames of Sinai, to keep this day holy, and most fearfully will the vengeance of an angry God be poured out upon the finally impenitent Sabbath-breaker. Often, in this life, the judgments of heaven seem to fall upon the violaters of this holy day. Numerous criminals, now in our penitentiaries, trace the

commencement of their career in crime, to a violation of the Sabbath day.

To groggery keepers, it is the most money making day in the week, strict (*dead*) laws, and vigilant (*winking*) constables to the contrary notwithstanding. With all the well intended exertions of the friends of this holy day, to induce people generally to its more strict observance, we have millions in our land, who commit more overt acts of sin on the Sabbath, than during the other six days of the week.

We have many professors of religion, who are far from paying due respect to their Lord and Master, in the proper observance of this day. Some attend church in the morning, and either lounge, sleep, or ride out in the afternoon. Some are fair weather church going people, and are pleased to see a succession of stormy, or at least cloudy Sundays. Others have the seventh day headache, which commences about nine every Sabbath morning, and confines them to the bed, or house at least; until about four in the afternoon. Others toil so hard for themselves through the week, that they are unfit for devotional duties on Sunday, and if they go to church, it is only to save censure from their pastor and brethren, and sleep away the sermon, for fear its truths might set too closely, and pinch their consciences. There are others who do not go to church, because they cannot dress as well as some others—vain pride is stronger than their religion.

There are none more punctual at church, than an obnoxious class of professors, that may be termed seventh day Christians—They stop at no means in accumulating wealth six days of the week, and can easily be tempted, after church on Sunday. Such men

are the devil's scavengers, and are worse in a church, than hogs in a cornfield, just in the silk. None but the active, truly pious, duly appreciate, and properly keep Sunday.

SUSPICION.

———Suspicion is a heavy armour, and,
With its own weight, impedes, more than it protects.—*Byron.*

SUSPICION is the legitimate offspring of selfishness, and can no more exist in a noble, generous heart, than a salamander could in an iceberg. It is like self-righteousness, the more, the worse. It is like a Promethean vulture, preying upon the vitals of human happiness. It is at war with rational enjoyment, and an enemy to the refined pleasures of friendship. It is like the Rhinoceros, the only animal that is armed with a horn on the end of his nose. It is the bane of social intercourse, the medium through which we are enabled to learn the nature of man, and become prepared to appreciate his good qualities and guard against his bad.

It dooms its unfortunate victims to ignorance of human nature, and exposes them to the attacks of the designing knave, more than open frankness—for the latter inspires respect—the former, contempt. True, the other extreme should be avoided, but is less dangerous, and does not rob us of the dearest enjoyments of life—the sweets of friendship. Frankness basks in the melting sunbeams of charity—Suspicion shivers in the arctic circle of selfishness, and never thaws out. Frankness refracts and reflects kindly feelings, as kindred hearts meet—Suspicion imparts a centrifugal force

to every object that approaches its automaton. Once deeply rooted in the human breast, the focal heat of religion may pour its rays upon it, without affecting it, any more than the sun does the banks of perpetual snow, on the highest peak of Mont Blanc.

Let parents guard their children against selfishness, and its froward offspring, Suspicion. They are enemies to common humanity, and all the amiable qualities of the heart; repugnant to social order, adverse to religion and the most refined enjoyments of the human family. With these two ulcers, a grain of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Once deeply rooted, they become the coffin and the sepulchre of the noblest powers of the immortal soul; the chilling tomb of all that renders life desirable, and nerves man to look calmly on that hour, when he must say farewell to his loved ones, bid adieu to earth, grapple with the king of terrors, and, through faith in Jesus, triumph over death and the grave; and ascend to realms of enduring bliss beyond the skies.

TONGUE.

“BRIDLE THE TONGUE.”

THIS little member of our physical organization, designed by our Creator for none but useful purposes; is often the source of immeasurable mischief and the keenest regret. Unless constantly held and guided by the bridle of prudence, the bit of discretion, the curb of charity, the martingal of wisdom, and a skillful position; it runs at random like a wild colt, and, in a moment of levity or passion, may commit a serious

trespass on our neighbor—one that may not readily be repaired. It may be in the flower garden of his reputation, in the wheat field of his friendship, or in the department of his domestic affairs—no matter where, a trespass is a wrong—if committed by our cat, we are answerable for it—if by our tongue, it is much more serious and less excusable.

It is declared in Holy Writ, that the tongue is an unruly member and cannot be tamed—that it is full of deadly poison, that its words are sometimes smoother than oil, yet are they drawn swords—that it separateth very friends, and that the words of the talebearer are as wounds; which descriptions are no high encomiums on its good qualities.

We have a variety of tongues that are permitted to run at large by their owners; many of whom are bankrupt, and are not able to render any remuneration for trespasses committed, and go unwhipped of justice. These tongues are a nuisance in society, and stamp their owners with lasting disgrace.

The tongue that feeds on mischief, the babbling, the tattling, the sly whispering, the impertinent meddling; all these tongues are trespassing on the community constantly. The fiery tongue is also abroad, and being set on fire of hell, scatters firebrands among friends, sets families, neighborhoods, churches, and social circles in a flame; and, like the salamander, is wretched when out of the burning element. The black slandering tongue is constantly preying upon the rose buds of innocence and virtue, the foliage of merit, worth, genius, and talent; and poisons, with its filth of inuendoes and scum of falsehood, the most brilliant flowers, the most useful shrubs, and the most valuable trees, in

the garden of private and public reputation. Not content with its own base exertions, it leagues with the envious, jealous, and revengeful tongues; and, aided by this trio, sufficient venom is combined to make a second Pandemonium; and malice enough to fill it with demons. They can swallow perjury like water, digest forgery as readily as Graham bread, convert white into black, truth into falsehood, good into evil, innocence into crime, and metamorphose every thing which stands in the current of their polluted and polluting breath.

There are other tongues that are not so pernicious, but which need correction. The scolding tongue often produces mischief, and always disturbs the harmony of a family. It sours the disposition of its owner, destroys good government, injures children, and makes bad servants. A petulant scolding teacher in a school, is worse than the night-mare. A storm of words engenders hatred in the pupils—this destroys respect—in the absence of love and respect, their improvement is more than problematical.

Some well-disposed tongues are prone to say too much, and weary us with continuous speaking, forgetting to stop when they have said enough. In the private circle, such persons often render themselves disgusting, by monopolizing all the conversation, seeming to forget that others have ideas of their own, and tongues to express them. If a company of these persons happen to meet, and their tongues all start on a gallop together, as they generally do, the history of Babel is at once forced on the mind of a reflecting person. In our convivial meetings, and in moments of anger, we are all prone to say too much.

Persons who have, or what is worse, think they have,

a talent for repartee; are in danger of saying too much. Those who form too high an estimate of big *I*, are sure to run into this error. Those parents, who think their geese are all swans, can talk of nothing but the rare qualities of their own children; their domestic concerns; their conjugal affection; and thus often awaken contempt, perhaps jealousy, in the bosom of a neighbor. Young men often make a mistake, by talking instead of listening. Some old men would talk you into the middle of next year, if you would waste time in hearing them.

To censure the ladies for saying too much, would be cruel; but they must pardon me for admonishing them not to defile their pretty mouths with any of the vile tongues above alluded to—it would be horrible deformity, blended with native loveliness—a violation of the laws of nature, and a stain upon the sex.

Many public speakers say too much for their own credit, the edification of those who hear them, or the good of our common country. Legislative sessions are prolonged in this way, our courts are extended, vast amounts of money wasted, and less good produced, than if we had no speeches in the halls of legislation and justice. If men are affected with the *lingo mania*, let them seize, without flourish, upon the strong points of the subject to be discussed—stop when they have said enough—they will then sooner acquire the celebrity they desire, save to the treasury large sums of money, and prove, more conclusively, that they love their country, and respect themselves and their constituents. Let us bridle our tongues, and keep our hearts with all diligence, and be careful not to offend in word, deed, or action.

TRIFLES.

To appreciate small things properly, is a point not well attended to by the mass, and is the attainment of close observation and a refined discernment. The eyes of some are so large, that they disdain to look at, much less analyze, the small threads that make up the warp of human life; and are careless observers of its filling. Others view every thing through a microscope, and spend so much time in looking, that they take no time for analyzing, and run into an extreme, that is no more to be applauded, than the carelessness of big eyes. The medium course is free from the quagmires of the former, and the thorny asperities of the latter. Time is made up of seconds—they should be prized and improved as well as minutes, hours, and days. The man who misspends the one, is prone to waste the other. The boy who is encouraged to spend pennies for gew-gaws, too often acquires a habit that ruins the man. He is taught to place a value on things that have no intrinsic worth—his taste and fancy become vitiated, and his judgment led astray. Mature age sometimes corrects combined trifling errors, contracted in childhood and youth—but habit often proves too strong to be conquered. Parents should remember, that the warp of human life is made up of numberless small threads, and that a coarse filling, carelessly interwoven, may ruin the texture of the fabric of the minds of their children, and *all* should reflect, that the web is not complete, until death takes it out of the loom—and that wisdom, prudence, virtue—in short, that a good life, is the only filling that will give a smoothness to

the piece, that will be approved by Him, who furnished the stock to be manufactured by us.

Nor are the trifles that affect our temporal and everyday concerns, to be overlooked. We should examine the whole machinery of human nature in the light of charity—not that we will find it in that finished and perfect order, as when it received its finishing touch from the hands of its Creator—but, deranged as is the machine, we should make ourselves as familiar with it as possible—its main and hair springs, its combinations, its levers, its valves, its fly wheel, its generating and motive power ; and all the minutiae that forms the grand whole. An ignorance of these, has often been attended with disastrous consequences to individuals, to states, and to nations.

This mastery over the machine, can be obtained only by diligence and application. These ever have and ever will perform wonders. The fabled mouse, with its diminutive teeth, severed a cable that defied the force of a lion and the power of a giant. The operations of nature, our best schoolmaster in natural things—are slow, but sure and uniform—she never leaps. Great good is effected—great estates are accumulated, by adding little to little. Those who pursue a contrary course, like the man who seeks a fortune at the lottery wheel, the gambling table, or in wild speculation, are doomed to find ninety-nine blanks to one small prize, and a large prize, more rare than death by lightning. Most of those who become steeped in crime, enter the mere portals of vice at first—their frail bark is gently moved around by the extreme and scarcely perceptible circles of the awful whirlpool—gradually, they are drawn nearer and closer to the fatal vortex,

until they are rendered powerless, and sink to rise no more.

The first convivial party, the first social glass, the first infatuating game at cards, the first lucky throw of the dice, the first fortunate lottery ticket, the first success in fancy stocks, the first violation of the sacred decalogue—all apparently TRIFLES in themselves, have proved the entering wedge to the county prison, the state penitentiary, and the barbarous gallows. Reader, think of, and prepare for thy final destiny.

In our intercourse in society, a word, a look, a gesture, a smile, a frown, a sneer, the curl of the lip, a fling of the head, a hint, an inuendo—although small items of communication and expression, may be big with consequences—may break a shaft or burst the boiler of friendship.

All the relations of life are interwoven with TRIFLES, and, unless the shuttle is plied with a skillful hand, the texture of the web will be full of knots, and of many discordant colors. Let all duly appreciate TRIFLES—look at them closely, but let them be reflected by the sunbeams of charity—arranged and woven together by sound discretion, that an even and beautiful fabric may be presented before the gazing millions, at the great day of final examination.

TYRANNY.

Think'st thou, there is no tyranny but that
 Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice,
 The weakness and wickedness of luxury,
 The negligence—the apathy—the evils
 Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
 Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
 The worst acts of one energetic master,
 However harsh and hard in his own bearing.—*Byron.*

MUCH wind and time are expended, in denouncing monarchies, and the institutions of slavery; both in opposition to the republican form of government adopted by us. To cure these evils, we must cure greater ones, on which they are predicated. Strip the world of vice, in all its borrowed forms, and make every man, woman, and youth intelligent; especially, let them be made to read and *understand* the Bible; freedom would then be as universal as man. The devil is the father of Tyranny. He first corrupted, then enslaved the human family. All Tyranny is based on corruption, and, as virtue predominates, every species of slavery must recede. His Satanic majesty has numerous petty Tyrants, who carry out the principles of his most arbitrary government with an iron hand. His magic power consists in his first paralyzing reason, and bringing all the base passions under his control. The passions being enslaved, the soul becomes torpid, the body passive, and the work is done.

The courts of kings are admirable manufactories for bringing these passions into submission. Luxury, dissipation, and fashion; with their concomitant retinue of subalterns, whether in kingly courts, or in a repub-

lic, exercise a Tyranny, more to be dreaded than the guillotine or the scaffold. The former kill soul and body, the man Tyrant can only consign our clay to its mother earth. We must turn back the stream at the fountain head, before we can stop those that flow from it.

When all mankind become free in the Gospel of our immaculate Redeemer, the *slavery* of vice will be done away. Thrones, kings, and the thralldom of body and mind, will then vanish, like the morning fog before the rising sun. Then we shall see,

“The varying sects of Christians all unite
To spread the common truths of Gospel light.”

UNION.

AN enchanting halo surrounds this word, a harmonious euphony vibrates from its sound. It is the most mellow word in our language. It was the watchword in heaven, before this mighty globe was spoke into existence—its melody still echoes there—and will, through the rolling ages of eternity.

It is the magic word that has rallied millions to deeds of noble daring—it has been seized by each successive combination of the human family, to accomplish desired objects—good and evil. All have perceived, that Union is strength, that united, they might stand, divided, they must fall. What language thrills through the soul of the patriot and Christian, like “OUR UNION,”—the watchword of '76. And shall this UNION be preserved to millions yet unborn, or will we, like nations that have gone before us, suffer patriotism to be strangled, basely suffocated, by party spirit and internal dissen-

sions, originated by demagogues, and those who care only for the fleece, loaves and fishes? For years, too little attention has been given to the moral qualifications of our legislators. *Available* men, with some honorable exceptions, have been selected, on party grounds exclusively. I only name the fact to induce reflection—not to discuss it, or cast personal reflections. Let us lay the adage deeply to heart—UNITED, WE STAND—DIVIDED, WE FALL.

UNION—symphonious word—mothers, teach your babes to lisp it—it is the first word they can speak. Let this be the watchword from the WHITE HOUSE down to the rude cabin of the back-woods-man—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the northern provinces of Queen Victoria, to the land of the Montezumas.

Let Christians make it their watchword, in the conflict with the man of sin—let the members of every church cultivate Union—let every Society, formed for the amelioration of man, cultivate it—let the students in our seminaries cultivate it; let its importance be impressed on the pupils in our primary schools; let parents teach it to their children, by precept and example—let it be the rallying word between husband and wife, to quell the little squalls of wind that may suddenly arise; let it be the bond of peace to guide us in all the concerns of life; and, above all, let us live in the constant enjoyment of Union with the great Jehovah, and be prepared to enter into that heavenly Union, where songs of euphonious symphony, shall melt upon the soul, and UNION! UNION! UNION! shall burst from the lips of countless millions, who commenced their Union with God and the Lamb, before they left their tenements of clay.

USEFULNESS.

Nature, indulgent, provident, and kind,
In all things that exist, some use design'd.—*Landsdowne.*

THE great Architect of the Universe made all things well, and designed them for good. Man was the lofty cap-stone of the climax of creative wisdom, animated by the pure breath of Jehovah, and placed upon earth to enjoy the rich and liberal bounties of nature. This enjoyment was not designed to be selfish, but to be rendered purer and more complete, by association and social intercourse. As a finishing touch to the magnificent plan of man's happiness, woman was ushered into his Paradise, to smooth his pathway, and shed a softer and more mellow bliss around him. The design of their mutual creation, was to impart consolation to each other and their progeny, and to glorify God in all their actions. This obligation still rests upon the family of man—how to discharge it, is an important inquiry.

The great plan of Usefulness is suspended by a triple cord—a right disposition, intelligence, and wealth. With these, every man and woman will be useful. The first is the grand filament of the cord, around which the others are twined. The second is within the reach of all in our community; the third is in the possession of more than apply it to its legitimate purpose—that of aiding the cause of humanity, alleviating misery, and increasing happiness.

The family of man is composed of teachers and learners; the idle and industrious; the evil and the

good. The original purity of human nature has been stained with sin—but man is still endowed with full power to discern, and choose good or evil. He has a strong propensity to adhere to the latter, with a clear knowledge of the fearful consequences of rejecting the former. It is the province of the good and philanthropic, to correct the vices and follies, and ameliorate the wretchedness and misfortunes of those around them, and induce them to eschew evil and learn to do well. To be enabled to do this, we must learn the duty we owe to our God, ourselves, our families, and our fellow creatures; and then nobly fulfil this duty, by precept and example.

What good we learn, we can teach to those who are below us in the grade of intelligence, although we may be destitute of wealth. In what we are ignorant, we can find willing teachers to instruct us; and can continually expand our sphere of Usefulness, and thus fulfil the design of our creation. If we have the disposition, a large store of intelligence, and an abundance of wealth; our Usefulness will be extended to a greater circumference, and scatter blessings all around.

The humblest individual can be useful, if he wills to be so. The sphere of Usefulness has a wide range—from the scavenger in the street, to the loftiest pinnacle science can rear—one extended endless chain, with all the links dependant upon each other—and, in the absence of vice, would be a harmonious connected whole—a golden chain, that would reach from earth to heaven.

To be truly useful, we must correct our own hearts, and keep our own garden free from weeds. Without good examples, our precepts will be powerless. This done,

we should seek every opportunity to direct others to the path of wisdom.

The sabbath school presents one of the widest fields of Usefulness, ever opened for cultivation. Criminally ignorant is that adult, who is not able to teach some one or more, found in this juvenile nursery of mind. Upon the correct cultivation of the rising generation, depends the salvation of our country, and the perpetuity of our religious and civil institutions. A mass of heterogeneous and heterodox materials is accumulating amongst us, with fearful rapidity. The combined powers of monarchy and hierarchy, have drawn their mental swords against us, and thrown away the scabbards. Widely disseminated intelligence, alone, will save us from the burnished steel. The story of our Liberty has been told to millions in the old world, and has weakened the tenure of kings, and made their thrones tremble. Upon our death depends their life. A dreadful struggle is rolling on us; an angry storm is gathering; a fearful crisis coming. Upon the rising generation of our land, depends our existence as a free people, and the triumph of liberal principles over the world. Individual responsibility should be more deeply felt. Each man and woman is a thread in the triple cord of Usefulness. Every thread that is added, strengthens this cord—forbid, Almighty God, that any shall be detached, to weaken it. Let the moral and religious tone of the community be pure and healthy; pauperism, poverty, vice, misery, and wretchedness, will recede, as surely as does the morning fog before the rising sun. *Seek first the kingdom of heaven* and all needful earthly blessings will flow in upon us.

Let all examine, anxiously, where, when, and how

they can be most useful ; learn their appropriate sphere of action, and then nobly, faithfully, discreetly, kindly, and in the name of the great Jehovah, perform their duty.

V A L V E .

THE intricacies of the first steam engine, constructed under the direction of Fulton, were so numerous and novel, that but few could be found, competent to take charge of them ; and those who did assume the responsibility, were cautioned *not to open the wrong valve*.

The intricacies and complexity of the machinery of human nature, as far exceed those of Fulton's steam engine, as they did those of a jack knife. To understand fully, the philosophy of the human mind, is an acquisition, as rare, as it is difficult and interesting. Many who have undertaken to fathom its depths and mark its soundings ; have found themselves with field notes, involving problems they could not solve or demonstrate, surrounded by mysteries they could not comprehend or unfold. The combined powers of Physiognomy and Phrenology, can never make a chart, that will represent, fully and truly, all that lies beneath the ever-moving surface of human nature. The current of circumstances will produce its varying changes, the phenomena of mind will ever keep in advance of those who profess to unravel and demonstrate its arcana. It requires a Locke, to unlock the secret valves of its steam generators and more than an angel, to fully explore its secret chambers. Human nature is little understood, because most persons neglect to open the valve of self examination. Ignorant of their own men-

tal arrangement, and of the ever-revolving circuit of their own immortal minds; men often open the wrong valve, start on false premises, and arrive at erroneous conclusions.

This ignorance of human nature, which is far more extensive than the casual observer would suppose, often paralyzes the best intentions of benevolence and philanthropy, by generating error, not unfrequently imbibed, by imparting unsound instruction to the rising generation, or permitting them to grow up carelessly, perhaps ignorantly.

In external matters of business and money-making, men are more careful to open the right valve; bringing into action, judgment, skill, and taste. Their mechanic must understand his business; their physician his practice; their counsellor his profession; their book-keeper his duties; but, when the machinery of the immortal mind is first put to work, unskilful engineers are too often employed, who open the wrong valve, and derange the noble work that came from the hands of the Architect of worlds, perfect in all its parts.

Parents and teachers, who do not correctly understand the machinery of mind, are ever in danger of opening the wrong valve, and of doing irreparable injury. Nor does the danger stop here. Ignorant pilots, incompetent engineers, and blind leaders of the blind; are ever urging their services, assuming the high responsibility of managing the valves of the mind, when matured by age. They are found in the walks of private life, and in all the departments of political, moral, and religious economy.

The great object of every philanthropist is, to improve and better the condition of the human family.

To succeed in this noble enterprise, we must understand the delicate and sensitive formation of the mind of man, and the philosophy of his nature. Without this knowledge, we are liable to open the wrong valves, or open the right ones so unskilfully, as to produce confusion, perhaps mischief.

The vicious are restrained and reclaimed by example, persuasion, reproof, and coercion; all of which should be consistent and harmonize. Where example fails, persuasion should be resorted to, in all the mildness and meekness of Christian love and charity. The minds of men may be led, but not forced. We can rarely drive vice out of a man, or a man out of vice. Reserved rights are tender parts of the machinery, the valve of interference must be cautiously opened. The minister who presents the precepts of religion, with all the ardor of heavenly love and affection, instead of pouring upon his hearers a stream of fire and brimstone; does more to restrain vice, reclaim the wicked, and evangelize the world; than one who deals out terror and vengeance like a volcano. Simple truth, in its native dress, is more fascinating, than when decked by the ornaments of men.

If example and persuasion fail, reproof must be administered, with all the kindness and tenderness we use, when we only attempt to persuade. To gain the esteem and confidence of a person we wish and hope to reclaim, is the safety valve, which alone can insure success.

If all these fail to produce a reformation, and the recusant steps beyond ordinary vice, into the arena of crime; the law valve must be opened, but with no less skill and precaution than the others. To do full

justice to the offender, and the offended majesty of the law; the judge and jury must understand the machinery of human nature, or they may open the *vindictive* valve, and inflict an injury, beyond their power to repair.

In the ordinary concerns of life many open the wrong valve. When I see children growing up in vice, drinking in corruption like water, I conclude they are under the direction of a bad engineer—the wrong valve is opened—they are in danger of ultimate ruin.

When I see young men in full chase after the phantom, PLEASURE, neglecting all that makes the man; fonder of a mint julep than of Bacon or Locke; who prefer the theatre to the lecture room; I fear they may neglect their safety valve, destroy their condenser, burst their boiler, and ruin the noble engine intrusted to them by the grand Architect of the universe, to whom they must render an account of the manner they have performed the important trust committed to their care.

When I see a married man reeling from the grog shop to his home, there to meet a wife who is all loveliness; children who are all affection; perhaps a mother who is all tenderness; a father who is all anxiety; sisters who are all forgiveness; I know he has opened the wrong valve, and, unless he quickly closes it, and opens the safety valve, he will run his ship on the rocks of disgrace and poverty; and will fall into the hands of those rigid wreckers, the constable, the sheriff, and the judges.

When I see a man neglect his business, and embark on the murky and deceptive stream of politics, poor fellow, say I, *you* have opened the wrong valve, and most likely will land on the lee shore of disappointment. The political boat carries a large number of deck pas-

sengers, who have coarse fare and wood in the bargain; but has a very small cab-in-et.

When I see men run into wild and visionary speculations, working on the high pressure principle, *make or break, they* open the wrong valve, may break a shaft, and make themselves out of boat and home; and leave their passengers to manage the wreck in their own way.

When I see people forsaking the paths of wisdom, prudence and virtue; ruining fortune, health, and reputation; and endangering their immortal souls, by an indulgence in the follies, fashions, and vices of the day; it is plain they have opened the wrong valves, and live in constant danger of an explosion; fearful and destructive. To better insure safety, let all open the valve of self-examination, explore the labyrinthian mazes of their own immortal minds, become familiar with the safety valves there placed by a God of love, and learn from Him, and his book on this most important of all engineering; how, when, and where to use them, and NEVER OPEN THE WRONG VALVE.

VANITY.

THIS propensity pervades the whole human family, to a less or greater degree, as the atmosphere does the globe. It is the froth and effervescence of pride. The latter is unyielding haughtiness, the former, as soft, pliant, and light, as the down of a goose. It is selfishness modified and puffed up, like a bladder with wind. It is all action, but has no useful strength. It feeds voraciously and abundantly on the richest food that can be served up; and can live on less and meaner diet, than any thing of which we can have a conception.

The rich, poor, learned, ignorant, beautiful, ugly, high, low, strong, and weak—all have a share of Vanity. The humblest Christian is not free from it, and, when he is most humble, the devil will flatter his Vanity, by telling him of it.

It is the weakest and most vulnerable point of human nature, and well does Satan know it, and most deeply should we deplore it. It was the wicket gate of Eden, through which the arch enemy entered, and took Mother Eve's citadel of Innocence. He tried the same plan with our Saviour, but was foiled in his base attempt to snatch the last ray of hope from our race.

Because the woman first yielded to temptation, some have credited females with a larger share of this propensity, than their lords; but the book of books says, "Surely, every *man* walketh in a vain show."

Vanity, like the peacock its ugly feet, is ever striving to hide itself, and will even deny its own name. "*I speak without vanity*"—HUSH—you deceitful puff. You make men and women, the only animals that *can* laugh, the very ones to be laughed at. Dr. Johnson once remarked, "When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an eminent degree, he waits, with impatience, to be contradicted," and thus Vanity converts him into a fool and a liar, only to render him ridiculous. Vanity engenders affectation, mock modesty, and a train of such like *et ceteras*; all subtracting from the real dignity of man.

On the other hand, it feeds, with equal voracity on vulgarity, coarseness, and fulsome eccentricity—every thing by which the person can attract attention. It often takes liberality by the hand, prompts advice, administers reproof, and sometimes perches, visibly and

gaily, on the prayers and sermons in the pulpit. It is an every where and ever present principle of human nature—a wen on the heart of man; less painful, but quite as loathsome as a cancer. It is, of all others, the most baseless propensity.

We have nothing of which we should be vain, but much to induce humility. If we have any good qualities, they are the gift of God—in the best of men, there are bad ones enough, if they can see themselves, to strangle Vanity. Let every one guard against this all-pervading principle, and teach their children, that it is the shadow of a shade.

VARIETY.

Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.—*Scott.*

VARIETY has been called the spice of life, that gives it all its flavor—hence, many people use so much spice, that every thing becomes artificial, and nature no longer borrows blessings from Variety; which must be governed by discretion, and made subservient to the wants of nature; not those of a vitiated taste and pampered appetite. Variety is the opposite of monotony, and should be so used, as to produce an equilibrium between the two—as designed by a wise Creator. Then, and only then, will the mind reap the fruit of both. Alone, the fruit of the former produces satiety—that of the latter, disgust. Frugality is the parent of health—if we eat of twenty dishes at the same meal, or of more than is necessary to support nature, we are not only liable to overload the digestive organs, but impose upon them a

cumbrous load, always more burdensome to carry, than a consolidated one.

The man who is engaged in several kinds of business at the same time, must have great versatility of talent, united with great energy ; or some of his irons will burn. Nature is generally best served, when we bend our energies to some particular occupation, which seems to indicate, that variety was created to please the fancy and exhilarate the mind, as a gentle wind does the body in a hot day.

The reason why mechanical work is better executed in England, and some other parts of Europe, than in our country, arises from the fact, that where articles are composed of different parts, each piece is made by a separate workman ; whose whole energies are spent upon this single part—he works at nothing else.

Here, American genius grasps the entire thing in all its parts, in one and the same person, and of course, work is not so rapidly, cheaply, or perfectly executed, as by our more systematic neighbors, especially fine and delicate articles.

Variety is most beautifully exemplified in our intercourse with each other. In our business transactions, several small coins of different denominations, are necessary to make change. So in our hourly and daily intercourse, there are numerous courtesies and kindnesses, that should be as current, and more plenty, than half dimes and dimes. They give the finishing touch to our pleasures. Withhold them, a variety of ill feeling is the inevitable consequence. As in dealing, if you know a man expects the penny in change, or the half-penny, give it to him if in your power ; so in the kind offices of intercourse, give every one the small

change as well as the large. Nothing promotes this kind of necessary change, unalloyed, so much as pure Religion.

WIT.

Sense is our helmet—wit is but a plume ;
The plume exposes—'tis our helmet saves.—*Young.*

GENUINE Wit may be compared to a kaleidoscope ; every time it is shook, it presents new and beautiful figures. The latter please the eye, and enables carpet and calico manufacturers to obtain new designs for their work ; the former pleases us all over, without really benefitting us any where. Like lightning in a dark night, its illuminations are momentary in most cases. — Sheridans and Hopkinsons are very rare. They were as highly charged with Wit, as a cloud sometimes is with the electric fluid, emitting flashes in such quick succession, that darkness is scarcely visible.

Wit, like a coquette, is pleasing company for the time being ; but no man, knowing her character, courts her with the intention of marriage, and no sensible man is long edified with her company.

Wit and wisdom *may* be found in the same person, but when the former is flashing, its glare hides the latter. It serves to amuse and exhilarate, but rarely produces profitable reflection, or elevates sound common sense. It is emphatically a plume, and exposes the head it ornaments, to many an arrow from the bow of revenge. Some wits had rather lose a friend than a keen, cutting remark upon him. This has often occurred, and is exchanging treasure for trash. Wit may

obtain many conquests, but no willing subjects. It is like echo, it always has the last word. It is more difficult to manage than steam, and often wounds by its explosions. It produces many bon mots, and but few wise sayings. It is like some heartless sportsmen, who shoot every bird indiscriminately, and kill more innocent ones, unfit for food, than hawks, that prey upon our poultry.

In no way is Wit so pernicious, as when perverted to injure the Bible and the Christian religion. It then forfeits, to its possessor, the esteem of all good men; and every flash serves to render the incumbent more obnoxious to them, and endangers his own happiness.

Finally, flashing WIT is an undefined and undefinable propensity—more to be admired than coveted; more ornamental than useful; more volatile than solid; a dangerous, sharp-edged tool, often cutting its most skilful master; rarely imparting substantial benefits to mankind; but often serious injury. Let those who have it, endeavor to control it, and those who have it not, can make better use of the sense they have.

W O M A N .

The man who lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to call a coward.—*Shakespeare.*

To write an essay upon Woman, and do her impartial justice, is an imposing and delicate task. On no other subject have writers run into greater extremes, or differed more widely. The most nauseating flat-

tery, the keenest satire, and most vindictive anathemas; have been showered upon Woman, in copious effusions. She merits neither, no more than man. The second cast of some metals refines them more, so only Woman differs from man in her nature. Frailty is stamped upon both.

The man who flatters is apt to betray Woman. The man who condemns the sex as a species, has been unfortunate in his associations, or in his advances—perhaps both. The vilest of men have been Women haters—good men—never. Dominic, the author of the infernal Inquisition, and sainted by the Roman Church, was so bitterly opposed to women, that he never would look one in the face. The man who cherishes a contempt for the female sex, shows that he has never been favored with the company of intelligent, refined Women, or that he has a very bad heart. It is an insult upon Deity, who made her, to advance the happiness of man, and if the end is not accomplished, the fault is his, not hers. Some men use their wives, as farmer's girls do split brooms; when new, they only sweep the parlour with them; then the kitchen, then scrub with them, then take them for oven brooms, and when the splits are burnt off, they use them for cow knockers. O! shame, where is thy blush!

Man was made to protect, love, and cherish, not to undervalue, neglect, or abuse Woman. Treated, educated, and esteemed, as she merits; she rises in dignity, becomes the refiner, and imparts a milder, softer tone to man. No community has ever exhibited the refinements of civilization and social order, where Women were held in contempt, and their rights not properly respected and preserved. Degrade Woman, and

you degrade man more. She is the fluid of the thermometer of society, placed there by the hand of the great Creator. Man may injure the instrument, but can neither destroy, or provide a substitute for the mercury. Her rights are as sacred as those of the male sex. Her mental powers are underrated by those only, who have either not seen, or were so blinded by prejudice, that they would not see their development. Educate girls as boys, put Women in the business arena designed for men, and they will acquit themselves far better than boys and men would, if they were placed in the departments designed for females.

As a species, the perception of Woman, especially in cases of emergency, is more acute than that of the male species; unquestionably so designed by an all-wise Creator, for the preservation and perpetuity of our race. Her patience and fortitude, her integrity and constancy, her piety and devotion; are naturally stronger than in the other sex. If she was first in transgression, she was first in the breach. Her seed has bruised the serpent's head. She stood by the expiring Jesus, when boasting Peter and the other disciples had forsaken their Lord. She was the last at his tomb, embalmed his sacred body, and the first to discover that he had burst the bars of death, risen from the cleft rock, and triumphed over death and the grave.

Under affliction, especially physical, the fortitude of Woman is proverbial. As a nurse, one female will endure more than five men. That she is more honest than man, our penitentiaries fully demonstrate. That she is more religiously inclined, the records of our churches will show. That she is more devotional, our prayer meetings will prove.

The fact of greater numbers of females becoming pious, than males ; has been often referred to by infidels, to prove the fallacy of religion, by asserting their inferiority in strength of mind. The argument proves the reverse in the abstract. Religion is the loftiest subject that can engage the attention of the human mind, and is more enrapturing to a strong, than a weak one. Base must be that heart, that aims to destroy the one and degrade the others, with the same poisoned arrow. The very fact, that Woman depraved, excites in the breast of man, a stronger feeling of regret and disgust, than to see the male sex degraded ; arises from our innate consciousness of her more refined nature, and her less frequent appearance in the arena of vice and crime. This trait in her character, is of vast importance in a moral and religious point of view. From the mother, the child receives its first impressions, which are most lasting. Her example is its model, her lessons its sentiments, her precepts, its laws. These impressions have a strong influence in forming the character of the adult. To their mothers, Washington, La Fayette, Sir Philip Sidney, and many other great and good men ; were indebted for their bright and noble career. To mothers, we are indebted for the liberty we enjoy ; on mothers its perpetuity depends.

Montesquieu truly observed, " The safety of a State depends on the virtue of Women," and I will add, the virtue of Women depends on their being properly treated by men. By elevating them in the scale of being and intelligence, their virtue is best protected. By elevation, I do not mean an introduction into the poisonous atmosphere of fashion and gaiety ; the danc-

ing school, the ball room, the theatre, the levee, and whist parties; that, in our day, are disqualifying thousands for the duties of wife and mother, by keeping them in utter ignorance of domestic life. By intelligence, I do not mean a knowledge of French, Italian, instrumental music, wax flowers, or fancy drawing; that are also depriving many of that solid education, fit for every-day use, and calculated to improve the mind, correct the head, inform the understanding, and better the heart. The mother of Washington was ignorant of them all, and was never contaminated in the gay circles of the upper ten thousand. Let girls, no matter how wealthy their parents, be first thoroughly instructed in the solid branches of an English education, including the Bible, and in all the duties of housewifery, from the cellar to the garret. Without these, they are not qualified to be wives or mothers. If they should never be under the necessity of laboring, they need all these, to enable them to manage the affairs of a house. Here is the sphere designed for Woman by the great Creator, where she should have as unlimited control, as the man in his sphere; not to be cooped up, like a hen with chickens, but with as much liberty to go and come, as the interests of her department will permit; and with as full scope for her mental powers, as man. In no circle is Woman as lovely, as safe, and as useful, as in the domestic; and on errands of mercy. Such was her circle when Greece and Rome flourished. When *she* became a student of the school of fashion and gaiety, *they* fell; an awful warning to those in our country, who are making fearful innovations upon the republican simplicity and domestic habits, that characterized our nation fifty years ago.

I again repeat, that upon intelligent, domestic, pious mothers; the perpetuity of our liberty depends. If we are sacrificed, it will be at the shrine of fashion, sensual pleasures, and infidelity, in their various shades; which mutually beget each other, and have borne, on their fiery billows, the wrecks of numerous nations that once flourished as happily as our own—but have sunk to rise no more.

XANTIPPE.

Such women feel not, while they sigh and weep;
 'Tis but their habit,—their affections sleep.
 They are like ice, that in our hands we hold,
 So very melting—yet so very cold.—*Crabbe.*

XANTIPPE was the wife of the great Philosopher Socrates, and the greatest scold of which history gives any account. To use an illustration—She could scold at a target for hours together, hit the nail every shot, keep her own tally, and, like a well regulated air-gun, her ammunition was as exhaustless as the atmosphere. Whether this aided in producing that extraordinary composure, manifested by Socrates, when he took the fatal hemlock ordered by the tribunal that unjustly condemned him to death; the historian does not inform us, but it is reasonable to suppose, that such a battery of words, discharging its whole fury upon even a philosopher, for fifty years, must have made some impression.

This scolding propensity is still one of the ugly excrescences of human nature, and, occasionally, its thrilling music may be heard. Habit has much to do

with it. Indulgence gives it strength, and greatly increases its volume, but not its melody. It converts a sour disposition into elixir vitriol, and a sweet one into vinegar. Of all scolds, the crying ones most disfigure the human face divine. They remind me of the flutter wheel of a saw-mill, clogged with brushwood. They produce no dry thunder gusts.

This unfortunate, unnecessary, self tormenting, others provoking, all annoying habit, is not confined to females, as in the case of Xantippe. I have known some husbands and wives, who were all honey and dear to each other, when entertaining company and on visits, who were both adepts in this business; as their poor children and servants could attest. Occasionally, by way of change; they would open their battery on each other, and make the splinters fly freely, and sometimes the crockery too. O shame!

I have known master mechanics, who converted their workshops into bedlams by scolding; spoiling good apprentices, making the bad worse, and driving away each journeyman in quick succession.

A scolding teacher in a school, is worse than New Orleans mosquitoes in dog days. I have known a scolding physician destroy the usefulness of brilliant talents, and they highly cultivated, by indulging in this mad freak. I have known scolding lawyers make themselves a butt, and often injure, and sometimes ruin the cause of a client, by indulging in this sad propensity. I have known scolding preachers drive away all their parishioners, and have seldom known one to do any good. It is no where sanctioned or recommended in the Bible, in ethics, or by any philosopher, although some have been cynics. If once fixed on a person by



habit, it is difficult of cure. Solitude increases its force, like pent-up waters; for the scold seldom stops to reflect. Religion has sometimes cured the disease, but, like cancers that are *cut* out, their fibrous roots are very apt to be left, and still torment the patient. Unless nipt in the bud, this noxious plant will grow. As a continued dropping of cold water upon the head, will eventually stop the circulation of the blood, and produce a most horrid death; so will perpetual scolding dry up the life-stream of affection, esteem, and respect; and destroy all social order that comes under its pestiferous influence. Lay this to heart ye scolds, and pray God to give you grace to overcome this freezing, ice-bound habit, and thereby increase your own comfort, and that of those around you.

XENIADES.

What is life ?

'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun !

'Tis to be free.—*Addison.*

XENIADES was a citizen of Corinth, who purchased Diogenes, when sold as a slave. He asked the tub philosopher what he could do. *Command freemen*, was the prompt and laconic reply; which so pleased his purchaser, that he immediately set him at liberty. Independence, as is usual with true lovers of freedom, was a strong trait in the character of Diogenes. Alexander the Great once visited him in his tub, and asked what favor he could bestow upon him. *Get out of my sunshine*, was his quick and sarcastic answer. The

conqueror of the world turned to his courtiers, and said, "Were I not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes."

How few we have at the present day, who would not dwindle into pigmies, and weigh like a feather against a pound of lead, if put in the scale of patriotism by the side of a Diogenes. In his day, the friends of freedom loved and fought for it, for its own intrinsic worth, not for the sake of the loaves and fishes, as in modern times. Love of gain, fame, and honor, now form the great motive power that moves the multifarious wheels, wires, and pipes, of our political machinery. The towering waves of party spirit have long rolled over old school patriotism, and covered it with the alluvion of corruption. If not too deeply buried, it will yet spring up; and our country will again reap a rich harvest from this alluvial bottom. But it is high time the plough of correction and harrow of equality should be used. The *few* have governed the *many* long enough. If the deposite is suffered to accumulate, the substratum of patriotism cannot be reached with a common instrument. Even now, it would require a prairie plough to insure a good crop. The people, in mass, should become fully sensible, that they have something more to do, than "to stalk about, and draw fresh air, and gaze upon the sun." Let them reflect, analyze, judge, and act for themselves; and with the independence and patriotism of a Diogenes, prove themselves worthy of freedom. Then, and not without, will it be preserved and perpetuated. Let demagogues, and all the contaminating vices that have long polluted the political atmosphere of our country, be thrown over the dam, with all the accumulated flood wood, that is impeding

the originally pure stream of LIBERTY. Our nation may then reasonably ask, and expect to receive, the guardian care of Almighty God—not otherwise.

Y A W.

THIS word is applied to a ship, signifying its unsteady and indirect motion on a great swell of the sea; a fit emblem of the Yawing of man, in passing over the ocean of life. How few there are who carry ballast enough to keep their frail barks from careening at every swell that overtakes them. Many are thrown upon their beams ends, others are lost at the early part of their voyage. And why these shipwrecks? Because the vessel is of bad materials, poorly constructed, and not properly trimmed; not for want of good materials within the reach of every one, and good workmen to put them together.

The youth who rushes into the avenues of vice, will find himself with a bad hull, a rotten mainmast, a mildewed mainsail, a disordered cabin, a broken compass, a weak cable, a light anchor, his figure head defaced, his helm unshipped, his ballast composed of bilge water, his cargo worthless, and all his rigging unfit for sea. In this condition, unless thoroughly repaired by those master workmen, VIRTUE and WISDOM, his shipwreck is inevitable and speedy.

Reader, look around, and see what multitudes are Yawing on the billows of life. See that young man, endowed with towering talent, polished by an expensive and refined education; the hope of indulgent parents, and the pride of admiring friends—see his vessel ca-

reening—his sails fluttering—his masts falling—his cable parted—he founders—one awful plunge—he sinks to rise no more. Alcohol unshipped his helm, destroyed his compass, forced him on the rocks, and plunged him in ruin, before he had lost sight of the shore from which he launched.

Look at the multitudes, whose flimsy barks are constructed of the light materials of sensual pleasure; their vessels cannot live on a rough sea for a moment. Look at those in the low black schooner, water logged with crime in all its varied forms—the billows of justice roll over them, and they disappear. See the gay multitudes putting to sea in their light canoes of fashion—they are tossed to and fro, like squirrels on a strip of bark; and sometimes are driven back on shore, and apply to Virtue and Wisdom, to construct them something more substantial. Look into the ship-yard of Folly and Vice, and you will see an endless variety of crafts, all enticing to the natural eye, but none of them sea-worthy—they will all Yaw those who embark in them, on the rocks of destruction.

Wisdom, Virtue, and pure Religion, are the only safe workmen to be employed. They have none but substantial and durable materials, and do their work in the very best manner. Be not deceived in the firm—the name is Happiness and Heaven—index pointing upward. Embark in a craft from this ship-yard, if you desire to outride the storm of life, and be safely landed in the haven of enduring bliss and endless joy.

YOUTH.

What is youth? a smiling sorrow,
 Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow;
 Never fixed—for ever ranging,
 Laughing, weeping, doting, changing;
 Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,
 Cloy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain.—*Mrs. Robinson.*

LACON has well remarked, that the excesses of Youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date. Hurry and Cunning, are the two apprentices of their Despatch and Skill—but neither of them learn their master's trade. Youth are easily thrown off the track of happiness, and often get woefully bespattered. They are usually strangers to the three modes of bearing up under the ills of life—indifference, philosophy, and religion. Their anticipations are strong, their imaginations ever on the wing, their hopes extravagant, their judgment weak, their experience green; and, like the kite, they are carried by various currents of wind, in a zigzag course, up to adult age. Some unfortunates are long reaching their majority, and are somewhat kitish through a long series of years. They chase and crush butterflies a long time.

With these natural propensities, how important that our Youth receive, and duly improve the right kind of instruction during the proper season for improvement. The reasoning powers, and the capacity of discerning between good and evil, are early developed, by kind and judicious culture. But few are too obstinate to listen, and those few have been neglected in early childhood.

Induce them to listen, an affectionate course will usually influence them to comply with advice, that they can readily see must enhance their happiness, and prepare them to become respectable and useful members of society. Inspire in them self respect, a most powerful lever to insure their safety. Teach them the proneness of human nature to yield to seducing pleasure, and the great safety in avoiding temptation, that they may be kept from evil. Teach them their importance as immortal beings, and curb their pride, by convincing them of their dependence on God for every thing. Show them that they must soon take the places of their fathers and mothers, on the great theatre of life; teach them to think and act like men and women; this will strengthen them and press upon them the vast importance of becoming thoroughly prepared to act well their part, when called on the stage of action. Teach them religion in its native purity and simplicity. Unfold to them its sublime beauties, and contrast them with the distorted features of vice. Picture to them the happy results of the former, and the direful effects of the latter. Do these things with *all* of our Youth, religion will prosper—our country is safe. Causes will produce their legitimate effects.

To the dear Youth, I desire to say a few words. Listen to an old man, who feels a deep interest in your welfare, and well remembers when he was young, and can appreciate the increasing dangers to which you are exposed, as our country becomes more densely populated.

Love, honor, and obey your parents. From them you received the first kind attentions of humanity. By them you have been fed, clothed, and preserved, under

God ; from your helpless infancy, to the present moment. During your more tender age, when you knew no care, felt no anxiety, and realized no blessings ; their anxiety, care, and love ; impelled them to watch over you, and provide for your numerous and accumulating wants. They first opened the quarry of ignorance in which your intellect lay concealed, and aided in bringing your mental powers from the darkness of nature, to the light of intelligence. If your parents are Christians, they have taught you the necessity of shunning all vice, and of reposing your trust in the immaculate Redeemer. For all this, your hearts should swell with gratitude ; you owe them a debt you can best pay, by loving, honoring, and obeying them, and departing from all evil, and walking in the ways of wisdom, virtue, and truth.

Improve your minds by acquiring a good store of useful knowledge. If the tree put forth no blossoms in spring, we gather no fruit in autumn. If the spring-time of your lives passes without improvement ; if the vain allurements and trifling amusements of this deceitful and deceiving world engross your minds, to the exclusion of salutary improvement, the darkness of ignorance will remain stamped upon your mental powers, and will most likely push you into the murky waters of shame and disgrace.

At the week day and Sabbath school, improve your time—love your teacher and fellow schoolmates, endeavor to be first in your class, live in harmony and peace with every one, shun all vice, resist every temptation to do wrong ; and bear strongly in mind, that you will soon take our places—become fathers, mothers, teachers, ministers, statesmen, governors, presi-

lents—and that the responsibility of preserving our country and nation, will soon devolve on you. Let these reflections raise you above the trifles that only amuse without benefiting you—learn to be men and women, while you are boys and girls.

Above all, study the Bible—seek religion, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth, that your years may be long, prosperous, useful, and happy.

ZEAL.

ZEAL, without knowledge, is slavery in its highest refinement. It blinds its subjects, and renders them the dupes of knaves. They constitute a fifth class in the world, belonging not to the minority composed of great men; the majority, composed of the small, the knaves, or the fools. They are mere automatons, walking, talking, fighting machines; like Falstaff's soldiers, afraid of nothing but danger, and not quick in apprehending that.

Zeal is rather paradoxical in its operations upon the human race. It is like some baulky horses—they work best when blinded. It is lamentable to see the want of Zeal in all the benevolent and holy enterprises of the day. Look at the cause of pure and undefiled religion—compare the Zeal of its professed friends, with that of the idolaters, the Mahometan, the wild Arab. For ardent fervor, burning zeal, untiring perseverance, and scrupulous punctuality; the latter far surpass the most devoted Christian. How soon, how very soon, does the Zeal of our revivals die away. Our Zeal is only periodical, and those periods of short duration.

The Bible cause, the missionary societies, tract distribution, and Sabbath school operations; are all zealously attended to but occasionally, and not long at a time. This is Zeal with knowledge misimproved—Zeal in causes worthy of the noblest energies and untiring exertions of man. These are self-evident facts, that demand the prayerful attention and most serious consideration of every Christian. This awful indifference, that steals over us like a nightmare; is derogatory to the Christian character, an incubus upon the cause of our Lord and Master, a drag-chain upon the churches of Christ, a clog that retards spiritual advancement, a blot upon Christian graces, a heart-chilling disease, that affects the soul, as the ague does the body. It is the mesmerism of the devil, and the electro-magnetism of the world combined.

Awake Christians, lest you sleep the sleep of death. Let your Zeal be according to knowledge—a Zeal that shall convince the world you are in earnest in a glorious cause—and prepare to strike a blow for your conquering King, that shall resound through the wilderness of impenitent minds, and cause every tree to bud and blossom like the rose.

ZENO.

ZENO, the great philosopher, born at Cyprus, considered silence one of the cardinal virtues. In a qualified sense this is true. It would be a virtue in those who never say a good thing, to be silent. It would be well to observe silence, rather than talk nonsense, as thousands do, in public speaking and in private conver-

sation. Our tongues are the most consummate prodigals on earth, with this advantage over others—the funds seem inexhaustible, although they may not be of much real value. With nothing are we as careless, as with the use of this little flippant member. We are not only prone to let it run too much at large, but we permit it to become unruly, and intrude upon the rights of others. It was this fact, undoubtedly, that induced Zeno so much to admire silence. But to impose silence, or prevent mischief, is out of the question. We are doomed to suffer from it. We may as soon expect the wind will cease to carry thistle seeds on their feather cars, and plant them a thousand miles from their parent stem. Pythagoras imposed silence on his pupils for days together, but the moment the injunction was taken off, they gabbled more than ever, and much nonsense too.

But if we cannot stop, we can improve, by lessening the quantity and bettering the quality of our talk. This is more desirable than silence. This is what was designed by our great Creator—that we should speak, but speak only good and no evil. It was a saying of Zeno, that men have but one tongue and two ears, and should therefore hear much and speak little. If this hint of nature was better observed, it would be of vast benefit to our race. That too much is said, none will deny. We should have less and wiser talk—more and better work, in every department of life, from the domestic circle, up to the presidential chair. I am aware the present large quantity gives employment to lawyers, justices, juries, legislators, paper-makers, and printers; rather a problematical recommendation.

Let us endeavor to keep our tongues with all dili-

gence, remembering, that he who offends not in word, and never indulges in idle talk, is a wise man. Let us devote our tongues to the improvement of mankind—the propagation of truth—the advancement of the glorious cause of our immaculate Redeemer—and in preparing ourselves and our fellow men, for that glorious rest and felicity, prepared for all the true followers of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of all those who enlist under the banner of the cross, and hold out faithful to the end. Then we may hail with triumphant joy, the

“Great day, for which all other days were made,
For which earth rose from chaos—man from earth,
And an eternity—the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth—created **man!**”

APPENDIX TO THE PROBE.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments, long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same

object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation :

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us :

For protecting them by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states :

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world :

For imposing taxes on us without our consent :

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences :

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule in these colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments :

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, **FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES**; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the

British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

The foregoing declaration was, by order of congress, engrossed, and signed by the following members :

JOHN HANCOCK.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Samuel Adams, John Adams,
Robert Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

RHODE ISLAND, &c.

Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery.

CONNECTICUT.

Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington,
William Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

NEW YORK.

William Floyd, Philip Livingston,
Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris.

NEW JERSEY.

Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson,
John Hart, Abraham Clark.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin,
John Morton, George Clymer, James Smith,
George Taylor, James Wilson, George Ross.

DELAWARE.

Cesar Rodney, George Read, Thomas M'Kean.

APPENDIX TO THE PROBE.

MARYLAND.

Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone,
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

VIRGINIA.

George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee,
Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison,
Thomas Nelson, Jr. Francis Lightfoot Lee,
Carter Braxton.

NORTH CAROLINA.

William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, Jr.
Thomas Lynch, Jr. Arthur Middleton.

GEORGIA.

Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, George Walton.

CONSTITUTION
OF THE UNITED STATES.

PREAMBLE.

WE, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America.

ARTICLE I.
Of the Legislature.

SECTION I.

1. All legislative powers herein granted, shall be vested in a congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION II.

1. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several states; and the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature.

2. No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen.

3. Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this

union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each state shall have at least one representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the state of *New Hampshire* shall be entitled to choose three; *Massachusetts* eight; *Rhode Island and Providence Plantations* one; *Connecticut* five; *New York* six; *New Jersey* four; *Pennsylvania* eight; *Delaware* one; *Maryland* six; *Virginia* ten; *North Carolina* five; *South Carolina* five; and *Georgia* three.

4. When vacancies happen in the representation from any state, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill up such vacancies.

5. The House of Representatives shall choose their speaker and other officers, and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

SECTION III.

1. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years; and each senator shall have one vote.

2. Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided, as equally as may be, into three classes. The seats of the senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year; and if vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the legislature of any state, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

3. No person shall be a senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state for which he shall be chosen.

4. The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided.

5. The Senate shall choose their other officers, and also a president pro tempore, in the absence of the Vice President, or when he shall exercise the office of President of the United States.

6. The Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on oath or affirmation. When the President of the United States is tried, the chief justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

7. Judgment in case of impeachment shall not extend farther than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honour, trust, or profit, under the United States; but the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment according to law.

SECTION IV.

1. The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives, shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the place of choosing senators.

2. The congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

SECTION V.

1. Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members; and a majority of each

shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide.

2. Each House may determine the rule of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member.

3. Each House shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either House, on any question, shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

4. Neither House during the session of Congress shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses shall be sitting.

SECTION VI.

1. The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the United States. They shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to or returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either House, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

2. No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time; and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office.

SECTION VII.

1. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives; but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments, as on other bills.

2. Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objection at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House, it shall become a law. But in all such cases the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the Journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

3. Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary, (except a question of adjournment,) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

SECTION VIII.

The Congress shall have power—

1. To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States :

2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States :

3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes :

4. To establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the United States :

5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures :

6. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States :

7. To establish post offices and post roads :

8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries :

9. To constitute tribunals inferior to the supreme court :

10. To define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations :

11. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water :

12. To raise and support armies ; but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years :

13. To provide and maintain a navy :

14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces :

15. To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions :

16. To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the states respectively the appointment of the officers and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress :

17. To exercise exclusive legislation, in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular states and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased, by the consent of the legislature of the state in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings : and

18. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this constitution in the government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof.

SECTION IX.

1. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

2. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when, in case of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it.

3. No bill of attainder, or ex-post-facto law, shall be passed.

4. No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.

5. No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state. No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one state over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to or from one state be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

6. No money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

7. No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.

SECTION X.

1. No state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a

tender in payment of debts ; pass any bill of attainder, ex-post-facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts ; or grant any title of nobility.

2. No state shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws ; and the nett produce of all duties and imposts laid by any state on imports or exports shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States, and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of Congress. No state shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another state, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

ARTICLE II.

Of the Executive.

SECTION I.

1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and, together with the Vice President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows :—

2. Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress ; but no senator or representative, or person holding any office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

3. The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each ; which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President

of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose by ballot one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then, from the five highest on the list, the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. In every case after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them by ballot the Vice President.

4. The Congress may determine the time of choosing the electors and the day on which they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

5. No person except a natural-born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

6. In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President; and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall then act as President; and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

7. The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services

a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected, and he shall not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

8. Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation :—

“I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States.”

SECTION II.

1. The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States and of the militia of the several states, when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices; and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment.

2. He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present, concur: and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the supreme court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. But the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

3. The President shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions, which shall expire at the end of the next session.

SECTION III.

1. He shall, from time to time, give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration

such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both Houses, or either of them; and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper; he shall receive ambassadors and other public ministers; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed; and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

SECTION IV.

1. The President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

ARTICLE III.

Of the Judiciary.

SECTION I.

1. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior courts as Congress may, from time to time order and establish. The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour; and shall, at stated times, receive for their services a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

SECTION II.

1. The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more states; between a state and citizens of another state; between citizens of different states; between citizens of the same state, claiming lands

under grants of different states; and between a state, or the citizens thereof and foreign states, citizens, or subjects.

2. In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as Congress shall make.

3. The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury, and such trial shall be held in the state where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any state, the trial shall be at such place or places as Congress may by law have directed.

SECTION III.

1. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or confession in open court.

2. Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood, or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted.

ARTICLE IV.

Miscellaneous.

SECTION I.

1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each state to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state. And Congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

SECTION II.

1. The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states.

2. A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or

other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime.

3. No person held to service or labour in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour ; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.

SECTION III.

1. New states may be admitted by Congress into this union ; but no new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state, nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states, or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned, as well as of Congress.

2. Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory, or other property belonging to the United States ; and nothing in this constitution shall be so construed as to prejudice any claims of the United States or of any particular state.

SECTION IV.

1. The United States shall guarantee to every state in this union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion ; and, on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence.

ARTICLE V.

Of Amendments.

1. Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this constitution ; or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three-fourths

thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress; provided, that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the senate.

ARTICLE VI.

Miscellaneous.

1. All debts contracted, and engagements entered into, before the adoption of this constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this constitution, as under the confederation.

2. This constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, any thing in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. The senators and representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several state legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several states, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this constitution: but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office, or public trust, under the United States.

ARTICLE VII.

Of the Ratification.

1. The ratification of the conventions of nine states shall be sufficient for the establishment of this constitution between the states so ratifying the same.

Done in Convention, by the unanimous consent of the states present, the seventeenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the twelfth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

President, and Deputy from Virginia.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Nathaniel Gorman, Rufus King.

NEW JERSEY.

William Livingston, David Brearly,
William Patterson, Jonathan Dayton.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Mifflin,
Robert Morris, George Clymer,
Thomas Fitzsimmons, Jared Ingersoll,
James Wilson, Gouverneur Morris.

DELAWARE.

George Read, Gunning Bedford, jun.
John Dickinson, Richard Bassett, Jacob Broom.

CONNECTICUT.

William Samuel Johnson, Roger Sherman.

NEW YORK.

Alexander Hamilton.

MARYLAND.

James M'Henry, Daniel of St. Tho. Jenifer, Daniel Carroll

VIRGINIA.

John Blair, James Madison, jun.

NORTH CAROLINA.

William Blount, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Hugh Williamson.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

John Rutledge, Chas. Cotesworth Pinckney,
Charles Pinckney, Pierce Butler.

GEORGIA.

William Few, Abraham Baldwin.

Attest,

WILLIAM JACKSON, *Secretary.*

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Art. 2. A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

Art. 3. No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Art. 4. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Art. 5. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be put twice in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

Art. 6. In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have com-

pulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favour; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

Art. 7. In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved; and no fact tried by jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Art. 8. Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Art. 9. The enumeration in the constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Art. 10. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively or to the people.

Art. 11. The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

Art. 12. § 1. The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such a majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted

for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately by ballot the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.

2. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be the Vice President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice President: a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

3. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

THE period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust; it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country, and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction, that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you. But mature reflection on the then perplexed

and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself: and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honours it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances some-

times dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual! that a free constitution, which is the work of your hands may be sacredly maintained, that its administration, in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and virtue, that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of Heaven, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of liberty, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his council. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former, and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of

your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insiduously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts; of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The NORTH, in an unrestrained intercourse with the SOUTH, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in

the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The SOUTH, in the same intercourse benefiting by the agency of the NORTH, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the NORTH, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The EAST, in a like intercourse with the WEST, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The WEST derives from the EAST supplies requisite to its growth and comfort; and what is, perhaps, of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own production, to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest, as one nation. Any other tenure, by which the WEST can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate or unnatural connexion with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parties combined cannot fail to find, in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations. And, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues, would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which

under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty; and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the UNION as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation, in such a case, were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who, in any quarter may endeavour to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs, as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by GEOGRAPHICAL discriminations; NORTHERN and SOUTHERN; ATLANTIC and WESTERN; whence designing men may endeavour to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them, of a policy

in the general government, and in the Atlantic states, unfriendly to their interest in regard to the Mississippi. They have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties; that with Great Britain, and that with Spain; which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts, can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems, is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government. But, the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with a real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular delibe-

ration and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction ; to give it an artificial and extraordinary force ; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising minority of the community ; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men, will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government ; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions, that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country ; that facility in change upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion ; and remember, especially that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly dis-

tributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed. But in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness; and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate dominion of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual: and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which, nevertheless, ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils, and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foment occasionally riot and insur-

rection ; and opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true : and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of this spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks, in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern ; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation :

for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it, is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace; but remembering also that timely disbursements to *prepare* for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous

exertions, in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned ; not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives ; but it is necessary that public opinion should cooperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue ; that to have revenue there must be taxes ; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant, that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper object (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct : and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it ? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it ? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue ? The experiment at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas ! is it rendered impossible by its vices !

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded ; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affections,

either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion, what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace, often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim. So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another, produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favourite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exist, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favourite nation, of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld: and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favourite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligations, commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of

seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be **CONSTANTLY** awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard

the giving us provocation ; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation ? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground ? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humour, or caprice.

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world ; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it ; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary, and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand ; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences ; consulting the natural course of things ; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing : establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate ; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favours from another ; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character ; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not

giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favours from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure—which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations! but, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit; to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue; to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your representatives in both houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter, or divert me from it.

After a deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest, to take a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance and firmness. The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so

far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred without any thing more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will be best referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been, to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects, not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government; the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours, and dangers.

G. WASHINGTON.

United States, 17th September, 1796.

MINIATURE BIOGRAPHY

OF

WASHINGTON, THE SIGNERS, AND PATRICK HENRY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 22d day of February, A. D. 1732. He lost his father at an early age, and was indebted to the wisdom of his mother for the foundation of his subsequent greatness and unparalleled usefulness—died on the 14th of December, A. D. 1799, at Mount Vernon, situated on the west bank of the Potomac, sixteen miles below the City of Washington. October 7, 1837, his remains were removed to a new vault, near the old one, and placed in a highly finished marble sarcophagus, constructed and presented by Mr. Struthers of this city. They were in a state of preservation, unprecedented in this climate.

In life, taken as a grand whole, he has had no equal. He was like the blazing luminary in the firmament, eclipsing the lights of other days and of his own time, with the more brilliant refulgence and greater volume of his own. His triumphant career crowned him with fresher and greener laurels, with a richer and nobler greatness, than can be justly claimed for any other man of ancient or modern history. A sacred halo surrounds his name, his fame is imperishable, his god-like actions will be rehearsed by millions yet unborn, his memory will be cherished and revered through all future time.

ADAMS, SAMUEL—born at Boston, Mass., Sept. 22, 1722. He was educated at Harvard college, for the gospel ministry, but was diverted from this profession by the event of the American Revolution—died, October 3, 1803.

ADAMS, JOHN—born at Quincy, Mass., Oct. 19, O. S., 30, N. S., 1735. He graduated at Harvard college, at the age of twenty—died, July 4, 1826, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a few hours subsequent to the demise of Thomas Jefferson.

BARTLETT, JOSIAH—born at Amesbury, Mass., in Nov. 1729. He received an academical education, studied medicine under Dr. Ordway, became a successful practitioner—died, May 19, 1795.

BRAXTON, CARTER—born at Newington, Va., September 10, 1736, was educated at the college of William and Mary—died, of paralysis, October 10, 1797.

CARROLL, CHARLES, of Carrollton—born at Annapolis, Md., September 20, 1737—was a man of liberal views, pure patriotism, and universal charity. He died, November 14, 1832.

CLARK, ABRAHAM—born at Elizabethtown, N. J., February 15, 1726. He was a self-taught man, with a clear head and good heart—died suddenly, from a stroke of the sun, in June, 1794.

CLYMER, GEORGE—born in Philadelphia, in 1739. He lost his father at the age of seven, and was brought up by his uncle, William Coleman. He was a man of great originality, a virtuoso, an amateur, a logician, a mathematician, and a philosopher—died, January 24, 1813.

CHASE, SAMUEL—born in Somerset county, Md., April 17, 1741. He was a lawyer by profession, a man of warm temperament, bold, open, independent, honest, patriotic, and pure in motive. He headed the party that commenced the burning of stamped paper—died, June 19, 1811.

ELLERY, WILLIAM—born at Newport, R. I., Dec. 22, 1727. He was educated at Cambridge college, and graduated at the age of twenty. He was a successful practitioner at the bar, a man of energy and magnanimity of soul—died, Feb. 15, 1820.

FLOYD, WILLIAM—born at Suffolk county, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1734. He was liberally educated, enjoyed an ample fortune, was a man of great urbanity and of an amiable disposition—died, after four days' illness, August 1, 1821.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN—born, Jan. 17, 1706—was a self-made man, a sage, patriot, and philosopher. He was the first man who made a plaything of lightning, and invented the conductor of that powerful element—died at Philadelphia, April 17, 1790.

GERRY, ELBRIDGE—born at Marblehead, Mass., July 17, 1744. He was a graduate of Harvard college, was in the front rank of

patriots, and was elected Vice President of the U. S., in 1812—died at Washington city, November 23, 1814, highly esteemed and deeply mourned.

GWINNETT, BUTTON—born in England, in 1732, and settled in Georgia, where he rose, politically, with the rapidity of a kite in a gale of wind. He fell as suddenly, a victim to the unhallowed practice of duelling, and died from his wounds, May 27, 1777.

HALL, LYMAN—born in Connecticut in 1721. He graduated at Yale College, studied medicine, and settled at St. John's, Ga., where he became a successful practitioner, and the advocate of FREEDOM—died, in 1790, deeply lamented by his numerous friends and acquaintances.

HANCOCK, JOHN—born in Quincy, Mass., in 1737. He graduated at Cambridge college at the early age of seventeen, and was among the first who raised the standard of liberty in our beloved country. He was a man of elegant person and manners, and worthy of the great esteem he enjoyed—died of the gout, October 8, 1793.

HARRISON, BENJAMIN—born in Berkeley, Va. Of the time, no record can be found. He was a graduate of William and Mary college, and at an early age became a stern opposer of British oppression—died of the gout in April, 1791.

HART, JOHN—was born at Hopewell, Hunterdon county, N. J., in 1715. His father fought along with Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, and raised a volunteer company called the "Jersey Blues," a name still cherished and retained in that state. John Hart was a good farmer, a firm patriot, and an honest man—died in 1780, from exposure caused by the enemy.

HEVES, JOSEPH—born at Kingston, N. J., in 1730. He was educated at Princeton college, and after graduating, became a successful merchant in Wilmington, N. C. He was a zealous whig, and made great personal sacrifices for his country—died in October, 1790.

HEYWARD, THOMAS—born in the parish of St. Luke, S. C., in 1740. He had a liberal education, was a good lawyer, and a sterling patriot—died in March, 1809.

HOOPER, WILLIAM—born at Boston, Mass., June 17, 1743,

and located at Wilmington, N. C. He was a good scholar, an eloquent preacher, and a discreet legislator—died in Oct., 1790.

HOPKINS, STEPHEN—born in Scituate, R. I., March 7, 1707. He was the oldest of the signers, except Messrs. Livingston and Franklin, but not the less patriotic. He was pacific, cool, deliberate, but noble in resolve, firm in purpose, and prompt in action—died, July 19, 1785.

HOPKINSON, FRANCIS—born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1737. He lost his father at an early age, and received the first rudiments of his education from his mother, who was a woman of superior talents. He graduated at the Pennsylvania University, studied law under Benjamin Chew, and took a high stand among the patriots of the revolution—died, May 9, 1791, of apoplexy.

HUNTINGTON, SAMUEL—born in Windham, Conn., July 2, 1732. With a common school education he commenced the study of law, and became one of the brightest ornaments of the bar—died, January 5, 1796.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS—born at Shadwell, county of Albemarle, Va., April 13, O. S., 24, N. S., 1732. His name is immortalized by his being the author of the Declaration of Independence—died, July 4, 1826, a few hours previous to John Adams.

LEE, FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT—born in Westmoreland county, Va., Oct. 14, 1734. He was educated under the instruction of Rev. Dr. Craig, and became a good scholar, an ardent patriot, and an able statesman—died of puerisy in April, 1797.

LEE, RICHARD HENRY—a native of Westmoreland county, Va., and was sent to Wakefield, Yorkshire, Eng., to be educated, and became a finished scholar. His oratory was emphatically Ciceronean—died, January 19, 1794.

LEWIS, FRANCIS—born in Llandaff, South Wales, in March, 1713. He became an orphan at the age of five years, and was fostered by an aunt named Llawelling. He was instructed in the Cymraeg, Celtic, and classic languages, and at his majority commenced the mercantile business, and settled in New York city—died, December 30, 1813, loved, esteemed, and regretted.

LIVINGSTON, PHILIP—born at Albany, N. Y., January 15, 1706. He was a graduate of Yale College, a patriot dyed in

the wool, a consistent man, and an advocate of equal rights—died, June 12, 1778.

LYNCH, THOMAS—born in the parish of Prince George, S. C., Aug. 5, 1749. He received a good common education at the Indigo Society school, at Georgetown, in his native state, and completed his classical studies at Cambridge University, England, and then entered the Law Temple, as a finishing touch to his studies. He acted a bold and dignified part in the revolution. It is supposed that himself and lady were lost at sea, in 1779.

MIDDLETON, ARTHUR—born at Middleton Place, S. C., in 1743. He was highly educated in England, and was a prominent and efficient member of the Continental Congress—died, January 1, 1787.

M'KEAN, THOMAS—born at New London, Chester county, Pa., March 19, 1734. He was educated by the Rev. Francis Allison. He became a good lawyer, an ardent patriot, and an able judge—died, June 24, 1817.

MORRIS, LEWIS—born in the vicinity of the city of New York, N. Y., in 1726. He was educated at Yale college, was early an active whig—died in January, 1798.

MORRIS, ROBERT—born at Liverpool, England, January 20, 1734. He was the great financier of the American Revolution—died, May 3, 1806.

MORTON, JOHN—born in Ridley, Del. co., Pa., in 1724. His education was mostly self acquired, and of the most useful kind—died in April, 1777, deeply mourned.

NELSON, THOMAS—born at York, Va., Dec. 26, 1738. He was educated in England, and became a leading patriot—died, January 4, 1789.

PACA, WILLIAM—born in Hartford, Md., Oct. 31, 1740. He was educated at the University, Philadelphia, became an eminent lawyer, a good judge, and discreet governor—died in 1799.

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT—born at Boston, in 1731. He graduated at Harvard college, became an excellent lawyer, an able judge, and an advocate of Independence—died, May 11, 1814.

PENN, JOHN—born in the county of Caroline, Va., May 17, 1741. He was a self-educated man, became a strong lawyer, settled in North Carolina, and took an active part against oppression—died in September, 1788.

READ, GEORGE—born in Cecil county, Md., in 1734. He was educated under Rev. Dr. Allison, became a distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar, and a warm patriot—died suddenly in the autumn of 1798.

RODNEY, CÆSAR—born at Dover, Del., in 1730. He was a man of versatile talent, and acted well his part—died of a cancer in 1783.

ROSS, GEORGE—born at Newcastle, Del., in 1730. He was educated under his father, was a man of great strength of character, an eloquent lawyer, and a friend of FREEDOM—died, July 19, 1779.

RUSH, BENJAMIN—born near Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1743. He became an eminent physician, and was a whig to the core—died, April 19, 1813.

RUTLEDGE, EDWARD—born in Charleston, S. C., in 1749. He became a discreet lawyer, and entered his name on the Chart of Liberty.—He died, June 23, 1800.

SHERMAN, ROGER—born at Newton, Mass., April 19, 1721. He was self taught, became a lawyer, judge, and sage—died, July 23, 1793.

SMITH, JAMES—a native of Ireland, born in 1713. He was a good man, a sound lawyer, and zealous patriot, but very eccentric—full of fun—died, July 11, 1806.

STOCKTON, RICHARD—born near Princeton, N. J., Oct. 1, 1730. He was a graduate of Princeton college, became an eminent jurist, a bold advocate for Liberty, and died, October 5, 1787.

STONE, THOMAS—born at Pointon Manor, Charles co., Md., 1743. He was well educated, an able lawyer, a fervent whig, and modest man—died, October 5, 1787.

TAYLOR, GEORGE—born in Ireland in 1716. He absconded to America when a boy, bound himself out to pay his passage, educated himself, hated England, lived respected, and died regretted, July 23, 1784.

THORNTON, MATTHEW—born in Ireland, in 1714. He was a good physician, a flaming whig, and an honest man—died, June 24, 1803.

WALTON, GEORGE—born in Frederick county, Va., in 1740. He was a self-educated man, with a clear head and a good heart—died, February 2, 1803.

WHIPPLE, WILLIAM—born at Kittery, in Md., in 1703. He was a self-taught man, and became a general, a statesman, and a judge, with a heart of oak, and nerves of steel—died, November, 28, 1785.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM—born in Lebanon, Windham co., Ct., April 8, 1731. He was a graduate at Harvard college, took part in the French war, became a merchant, and in all things fulfilled the design of his creation—died, August 2, 1811.

WILSON, JAMES—born near St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1742. He had a liberal education, became a strong lawyer, profound judge, and able statesman—died, August 28, 1796.

WITHERSPOON, JOHN—born at Yester, Scotland, Feb. 5, 1722. He was highly educated, an eminent divine, president of Princeton college, and a devoted patriot—died, Nov. 15, 1794.

WOLCOTT, OLIVER—born at Windsor, Ct., Nov. 26, 1726. He graduated at Yale college, took part in the French war, was an active whig, a general, and a judge—died, Dec. 1, 1797.

WYTHE, GEORGE—born at Elizabeth city, Va., in 1728. He was educated by his mother, from whom he acquired Latin, Greek, &c. He was amongst the boldest champions of Liberty, and the preceptor of Thomas Jefferson—died suddenly from the effects of poison, June 8, 1806.

PATRICK HENRY.

THIS distinguished name stands conspicuous upon the pages of the history of our country, and shines, with peculiar brilliancy, amidst the constellations of the revolution. Time and the critic's pen have not detracted from the lustre of its fame—the patriot delights to dwell upon the bright and bold career of PATRICK HENRY.

He was a native of Studly, Hanover county, Virginia, born on the 29th of May, 1736. His father was a highly respected man, of Scotch descent; his mother was the sister of Judge Winston, who was justly celebrated as an eloquent and forcible orator.

During his childhood and youth, Patrick Henry was remarkable for indolence and a love of recreation—consequently, he arrived at manhood with a limited education and unaccustomed to industry. His native talents were not developed, his mind was not cultivated, nor his genius expanded, until after he was a husband and a father. His friends endeavoured to direct his course to a close application to business, by setting him up in the mercantile line; but in vain. In this he soon failed, preferring his fishing-rod and gun to the business of his store. After finding himself a bankrupt, he concluded that the toils of life and the troubles of his pilgrimage were too much to bear alone, and, therefore, married a wife, the daughter of a respectable planter, and became a tiller of the ground. Unacquainted with this new vocation, he soon found himself in the quagmire of adversity, and again tacked about and entered into the mercantile business. Still he was unfortunate, and poverty claimed him as one of her fa-

avourite children. An increasing family needed increased means of support, creditors became clamorous, duns showered in upon him, and, in a short time, Patrick Henry was reduced to misery and want. At last he was driven to his books, and resolved on the study of law. He now felt, most keenly, the lost time of his childhood and youth, and saw many of his age who had already ascended high on the ladder of fame, whose native powers of mind he knew to be inferior to his. He accordingly commenced the study he had chosen, and in six weeks after, at the age of twenty-four, he was admitted to the bar, more as a compliment to his respectable connexions and his destitute situation, than from the knowledge he had obtained of the intricate science of law, during the brief period he had been engaged in its investigation. The ensuing three years, folded in the coil of extreme want, he made but slow advances in his profession, and obtained the necessaries of life by assisting his father-in-law at a *tavern* bar, instead of shining at the bar of the court. He was still ardently attached to his gun, and often carried his knapsack of provisions and remained several days and nights in the woods. On his return, he would enter the court in his coarse and blood-stained hunting dress—take up his causes, carry them through with astonishing adroitness and skill, and finally succeeded in gaining a popular reputation as an advocate.

In 1764, he was employed as counsel in a case of contested election to be tried at the seat of the government of his native State, which introduced him among the fashionable and gay, whose exterior appearance and manners formed a great contrast with his. He made no preparation for meeting his learned and polished adversaries, and, as he moved awkward-

ly around among them, was looked upon by some who were gazing at his coarse habiliments and his eccentric actions, as *non compos mentis*. When the case came up for trial, the astonished audience and the court were completely electrified by his bursts of native eloquence and the cogency of his logic. Judges Tyler and Winston, who tried the case, declared they had never before witnessed so happy and triumphant an effort, in point of sublime rhetoric and conclusive argument, by any man. From that time forward, the fame of Patrick Henry spread its expansive wings, and he was enabled to banish want and misery from his door, by a lucrative and increasing practice. From his childhood he had been a close observer of human nature; the only remarkable trait in favor of his juvenile character. He had always cultivated and improved this advantageous propensity, which was of great use to him in after life. So well versed had he become with the nature, propensities, and operations of the human mind, that he seemed to comprehend and divine, at a single glance, all its intricacies, impulses and variations. This gave him a great advantage over many of his professional brethren, who had studied Latin and Greek *more*, but human nature *less*, than this self-made man. He took a deep and comprehensive view of the causes that impel men to action, and of the results produced by the multifarious influences that control and direct them. He investigated the designs of creation, the duty of man to his fellow and his God, the laws of nature, reason, and revelation, and became a bold advocate for liberty of conscience, equal rights, and universal freedom. Nor did he bury these principles of philanthropy in his own bosom. In the expansive view he had taken of the rights of man, of the

different modes of government, of the oppression of kings, of the policy pursued by the mother country towards the American colonies, he came to the conclusion that any nation, to be great and happy, must be free and independent.

He had viewed, with a statesman's eye, the growing oppressions of the crown; they had reached his very soul, and roused that soul to action. In Virginia, Patrick Henry first charged the revolutionary ball with patriotic fire, and gave it an impetus that increased and gathered new force as it rolled along. Had not the mighty theme of freedom engaged the mind of this bold and elevated patriot, he might have closed his career with its gigantic powers half unspent, and left his noblest qualities of soul to expire in embryo. Nature had so moulded him, that the ordinary concerns of life never roused him to vigorous action. It required occasions of deep and thrilling interest to awaken and put in motion his stronger energies. The exciting cause of the revolution was exactly calculated to bring him out in all the majesty of his native greatness.

In 1765, he was chosen a member of the Virginia assembly, and at once took a bold and decisive stand against British oppression. He introduced resolutions against the stamp act, that were so bold and independent, as to alarm the older members, who, although they approved and applauded the principles and liberal views of this young champion of liberty, wanted his moral courage to design and execute. To impart this to them, and stamp the impress of his own, upon their trembling hearts, was now the great business of Patrick Henry. In this he succeeded, and his resolutions were passed. Each resolution was drawn from

the translucent fountain of eternal justice, and based upon the principles of Magna Charta, which had been the polar star of England for centuries. The following is a correct copy:—

“Resolved, That the first adventurers and settlers of this, His Majesty’s colony and dominion, brought with them, and transmitted to their posterity, and all other His Majesty’s subjects, since inhabiting in this, His Majesty’s said colony, all the privileges, franchises and immunities, that have, at any time, been held, enjoyed and possessed by the people of Great Britain.

“Resolved, That by two royal charters, granted by King James I., the colonists aforesaid are declared entitled to all the privileges, liberties and immunities of denizens and natural born subjects, to all intents and purposes, as if they had been abiding and born within the realm of England.

“Resolved, That the taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, who can only know what taxes the people are able to bear, and the easiest mode of raising them, and are equally affected by such taxes themselves, is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom, and without which the ancient constitution cannot subsist.

“Resolved, That His Majesty’s liege people of this most ancient colony, have uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their own assembly, in the article of their taxes and internal police, and that the same hath never been forfeited, or in any other way given up, but hath been constantly recognised by the King and people of Great Britain.

“Resolved, therefore, That the general assembly of this colony has the sole right and power to lay taxes

and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony, and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whosoever, other than the general assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British, as well as American freedom !”

The justice of these resolutions, based as they were upon the well-known principles of the English constitution, confined within the limits of the ancient landmarks of that sacred instrument, could not be denied by the cringing sycophants of a corrupt and corrupting ministry, and were hailed by every patriot as the firm pillars of the temple of American liberty. They were enforced by the overwhelming eloquence and logic of the mover, and seconded by Mr. Johnston, who sustained them by arguments and conclusions that imparted new strength and courage to many a bosom that was, a few moments before, poising on the agonizing pivot of hesitation. They were strongly opposed by several members, who subsequently espoused the cause of equal rights, and affixed their names to the great charter of our independence. This opposition brought forth, for the first time, the gigantic powers of Patrick Henry. In all the sublimity of his towering genius, he stood among the great, the acknowledged champion of that legislative hall which he had but recently entered. Astonishment and admiration held his electrified audience in deep suspense as he painted, in bold and glowing colours, the increasing infringements of the hirelings of the crown upon the chartered rights and privileges of the colonists, who had waded through torrents of blood and seas of trouble and toil, to plant themselves in the new world. He pointed to the chains forged by the hands of tyranny, already clanking, with terrific sound, upon

every ear. To be free or slaves, was the great, the momentous question. He, for one, was prepared and determined to unfurl the banner of freedom, drive from his native soil the task-masters of oppression, or perish in the glorious attempt. His opponents were completely astounded, and found it impossible to stem the strong current of popular feeling put in motion by the proceedings of that eventful crisis. Seconded and supported by the cool and deep calculating Johnston, the resolutions passed amidst the cry of "*treason*," from the tories, and "*liberty or death*," from the patriots.

The seeds of freedom were deeply planted on that glorious day, and old Virginia proved a congenial soil for the promotion of their future growth. From that time forward, Patrick Henry was hailed as the great advocate of human rights and rational liberty. He stood on the loftiest pinnacle fame could rear, unmoved and unscathed by the fire of persecution, calmly surveying the raging elements of the revolutionary storm, already in commotion around him.

In August, 1774, the Virginia convention met at Williamsburg, and passed a series of resolutions, pledging themselves to sustain their eastern brethren in the common cause of their common country. As delegates to the first colonial Congress, they appointed Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Richard Bland, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

On the 4th of September following, this august assembly of patriotic sages and heroes met in Carpenter's Hall, at the city of Philadelphia. The object for which they had convened was one of imposing and thrilling interest, big with events, absorbing in character, and full of importance. The eyes of gazing

millions were turned upon them, the kindling wrath of the crown was flashing before them, the anathemas of tyranny were pronounced against them. But they still resolved to go on. Liberty or death had become the watchword—the hallowed fire of freedom had warmed their bosoms and impelled them to action. After an address to the throne of grace, they commenced their proceedings by appointing Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, president of their body. A deep and solemn silence ensued, each member appealing to heaven for aid and direction. At length Patrick Henry rose—echo lingered to catch a sound. With the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the philosophy of a Socrates, the justice of an Aristides, and the wisdom of a Solon, he took a broad, impartial, and expansive view of the past, the present, and the future; exhibited, in their true light, the relations between the mother country and her distant colonies; unveiled the designs of the base and unprincipled ministry that claimed the high and unwarranted prerogative of wielding an iron sceptre over America, and of reducing her sons to unconditional submission, and painted in the most vivid and lively colours, a nation's rights and a nation's wrongs. The dignity and calmness of his manner, the clearness of his logic, the force of his eloquence, and the solemnity of his voice and countenance, combined to inspire an admiration and awe, until then unknown to the astonished audience. On that occasion, his powers of thought seemed supernatural. He seemed commissioned by Heaven to rouse his countrymen to a sense of approaching danger. He sat down amidst repeated bursts of applause, the acknowledged Demosthenes of the new world, the most powerful orator of his day and generation.

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The succeeding year he was a member of the convention of Virginia that convened at Richmond, where he proposed immediate measures of defence, sufficient to repel any invasion from the mother country. In this he was strenuously opposed by several of the most influential members, who still felt a disposition to cringe to royal power.

That power, based as it was upon wrongs and injury, Patrick Henry held in utter contempt. His dauntless soul soared above the trappings of a crown, backed by military pomp and show, and looked for rest only in the goal of liberty.

The following extract from his speech in that convention, will best convey a correct idea of his feelings and emotions, deeply felt and strongly told:—

“Mr. President, It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things that so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst and provide for it.

“I have but one lamp to guide my feet, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past. Judging from the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen are pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has lately been receiv-

ed? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations that cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us—they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm that is coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions

have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

“In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, *we must fight!* I repeat it, sir, *we must fight!* An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that comes from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, *give me liberty or death!*”

The effect of this speech was electrical. The cry, “*To arms,*” burst from every quarter; “*Liberty or death,*” resounded and rang through every ear, and was responded by every patriot. The resolutions were seconded and supported by Richard Henry Lee, and were adopted without further opposition. A committee was immediately appointed to carry them into effect. From that time forward, the Old Dominion

was renewed, regenerated, and free. Her richest blood was poured out freely in the cause of liberty and equal rights.

Soon after this convention had adjourned, Lord Dunmore removed a part of the powder from the magazine at Williamsburg on board of one of His Majesty's ships. On being informed of this transaction, Patrick Henry collected a military force in Hanover and King William counties, and repaired to the seat of government, demanding the restoration of the powder, or its equivalent in cash. An order for the amount in money, was received, and no blood shed. A proclamation was issued against these daring rebels, which only seemed to unite the people more strongly in favour of their orator and soldier, whose conduct they highly approved at several public meetings convened on the occasion.

In August, 1775, Mr. Henry was again chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, and in June of the following year, governor of his native state. He held this important office during that and the ensuing year, but declined serving the third year, although unanimously re-elected. His zeal in the glorious cause he had espoused did not languish or grow cold. In 1780 he took his seat in the assembly of his state, and manifested all the activity and vigour that characterized the commencement of his bold and useful career. In 1788 he was a member of the Virginia convention, convened for the consideration of the constitution of the United States, then submitted for approval or rejection. To that instrument Mr. Henry was then strongly opposed, because, as he contended, it consolidated the states into one government, thereby destroying the sovereignty of each. His eloquence on that occasion was raised to its highest pitch, but could not

prevail. His closing speech on that now revered instrument, was said to have surpassed either of his former efforts, and operated so powerfully, that but a small majority voted for the new constitution. During his remarks, an incident occurred which enabled him to almost paralyze his audience. After describing the magnitude of the question, on the determination of which hung the happiness or wo of the present generation, and millions yet unborn, with a voice and countenance solemn as eternity, and his eyes raised upwards, he appealed to the God of heaven, and to angels, then hovering over their heads, to witness the thrilling scene, and invoked their aid in the mighty work before him. At that moment, a sudden thunder-gust commenced its fury, and shook the very earth. Upon the wings of the tempest his stentorian voice continued to rise—he figuratively seized the artillery of the elements as by supernatural power, hurled the liquid lightning at the heads of his opponents, and seemed commissioned, by the great Jehovah, to execute a deed of vengeance. The scene was awfully sublime, the effect tremendous. The purple current rushed back upon the fountain of life, every countenance was pale, every eye was fixed, every muscle was electrified, every vein was contracted, every heart was agonized—the scene became insupportable—the members rushed from their seats in confusion, and left the house without the formality of an adjournment.

He remained in the assembly of Virginia until 1791, when he declined a re-election, and expressed a strong desire to retire from public life. He had toiled long, faithfully and successfully, and wished for that repose, found only in the bosom of our families.

In 1795, President Washington, for whom he had an

unbounded veneration, offered him the high station of secretary of state. With becoming gratitude to his friend and the father of his country, he declined the proffered honour, and chose to remain in retirement. The following year he was again elected governor of his native state, but declined serving. In 1799 he was appointed, by President Adams, an envoy to France, in conjunction with Messrs. Murray and Ellsworth. His declining health would not permit him to accept of this last appointment with which he was honoured. Disease was fast consummating the work of death, and rapidly destroying the hardy constitution and athletic frame, that had enabled him to perform his duty so nobly during the trying scenes of the revolution. He was aware that the work of dissolution was going on, and awaited his final exit with calm submission and Christian fortitude. On the 6th of June, 1799, he resigned his spirit to Him who gave it, threw off the mortal coil, and was numbered with the dead, aged but 61 years. His loss was deeply mourned by the American nation, and most strongly felt by those who knew him best. The following affectionate tribute is from the pen of one who knew him well:—

“Mourn, Virginia, mourn! your Henry is gone. Ye friends of liberty in every clime, drop a tear. No more will his social feelings spread delight through his happy house. No more will his edifying example dictate to his numerous offspring the sweetness of virtue and the majesty of patriotism. No more will his sage advice, guided by zeal for the common happiness, impart light and utility to his caressing neighbours. No more will he illuminate the public councils with sentiments drawn from the cabinet of his own mind, ever directed to his country's good, and clothed in eloquence

sublime, delightful and commanding. Farewell, first-rate patriot, farewell. As long as our rivers flow, or mountains stand, so long will your excellence and worth be the theme of our homage and endearment; and Virginia, bearing in mind her loss, will say to rising generations—imitate my Henry.”

In reviewing the character of this truly great man from the commencement of his public career, his examples in public and private life are worthy of veneration and the closest imitation. The rust of his youth was soon removed, and he became, in all respects, a brilliant and polished man. His habits were rigidly temperate—his conduct, as a gentleman, a public functionary, an amiable citizen, and a devoted Christian, was beyond reproach. Although, when he believed himself in the right, he maintained his position with great zeal and ardour, he was always open to conviction. He opposed the adoption of the federal constitution when it was under consideration, but subsequently became convinced of its utility, and highly approved of its form and substance.

As a husband, a father, a master, a neighbour and a friend, he had no superior. As an advocate, an orator, a statesman and a patriot, his fame stands, in all its glory, uneclipsed and unsurpassed. As Grattan said of Pitt, there was something in Patrick Henry that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world, that should resound through the universe.

He was twice married, and the father of fifteen chil-

dren. The closing paragraph of his will is worthy of record, and shows the veneration he felt for the religion of the Cross:—

“I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had this, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.” This short paragraph, coming from one of the most gigantic minds that ever investigated the truths of revelation, speaks volumes in favour of that religion which is despised by some—neglected by millions—and is the one thing needful to fit us for heaven and prepare us for enduring bliss.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

EXTRACT.

ADMIRING nations have united in applauding the declaration of our rights, penned by Jefferson, and sanctioned by the Continental Congress on the 4th of July, 1776. As a master-piece of composition, as a clear and lucid exposition of the rights of man, the principles of free government, the sufferings of an oppressed people, the abuses of a corrupt ministry, and the effects of monarchy upon the destinies of man, it stands unequalled. Pure in its origin, graphic in its delineations, noble in its features, glorious in its career, benign in its influence, and salutary in its results, it has become the chart of patriots throughout the civilized world. It is the *ne plus ultra* of a gigantic mind, elevated to a lofty eminence by the finest touches of Creative Power; displaying its boldest efforts, its brightest conceptions, its holiest zeal, its purest desires, and its happiest conclusions. It combines the attributes of justice, the flowers of eloquence, the force of logic, and the soul of wisdom. It is the grand palladium of equal RIGHTS, the polar star of rational LIBERTY, the Magna Charta of universal FREEDOM, and has crowned the name of its author with laurels of immortal fame.—*Judson's Biog. of the Signers.*



JUN 3 1934

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